

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1905

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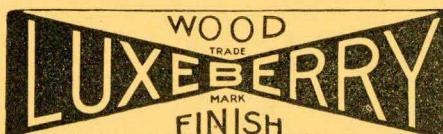
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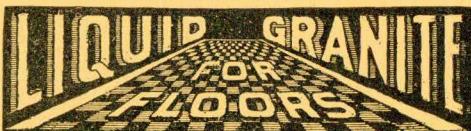
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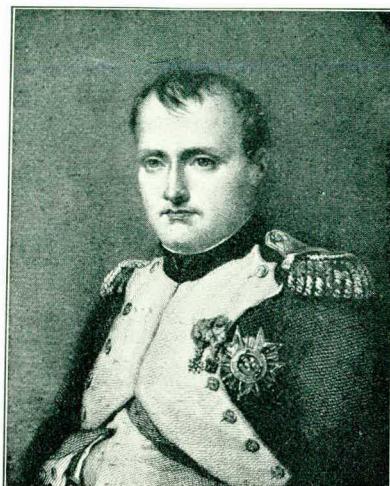
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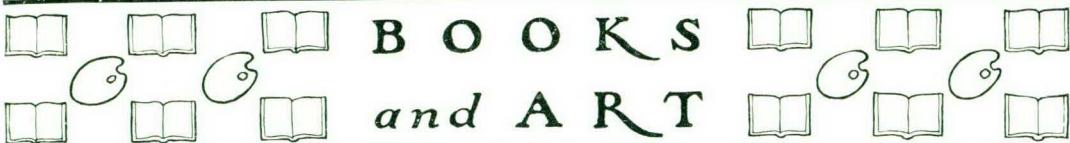
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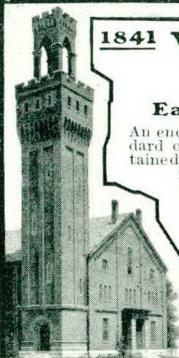
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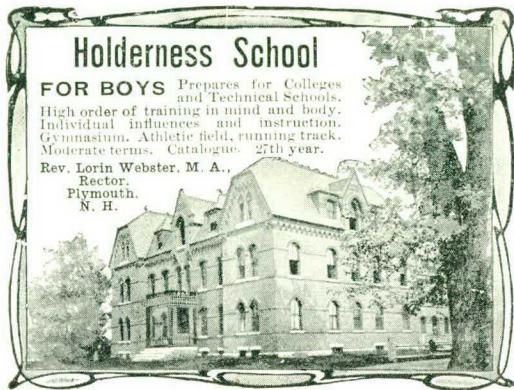
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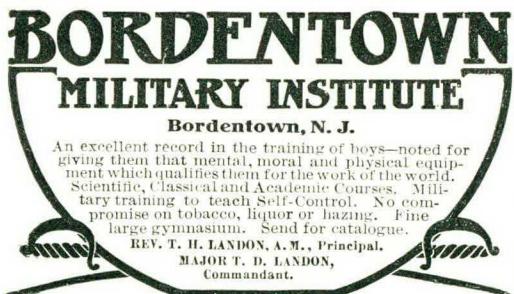
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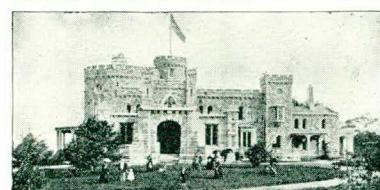
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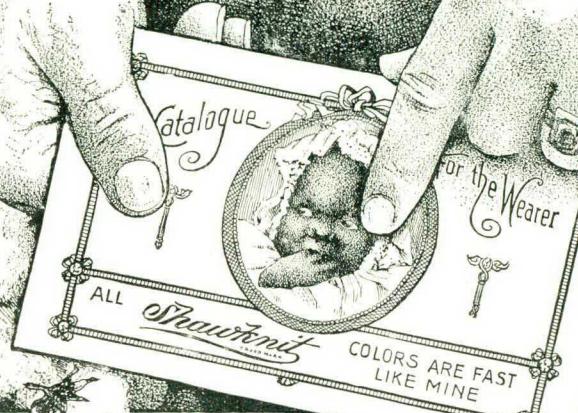
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Henry D. Sedgwick

is a familiar writer to readers of the Atlantic. Among his more recent papers have been "Francis Petrarch," and "The American Coup d'État of 1961."

Winfield S. Moody

was for many years the Editor of "The Book-Buyer."

Chester W. Holcombe

was from 1871 to 1885 interpreter and secretary of the United States Legation in China. He is the author of many works, both in Chinese and in English, among the latter "The Practical Effect of Confucianism upon the Chinese Nation," "Travels in Western China," "The Real Chinaman," and "The Real Chinese Question." He is well known as a contributor to the magazines and as a lecturer, and has acted as a special agent of the Chinese government in many important affairs.

William Garrott Brown

is a writer well known to readers of the Atlantic. He is the author of many historical works, among them, "A History of Alabama," "Andrew Jackson," "Stephen Douglas," and "The Lower South in American History." Some of his recent articles in this magazine have been: "Lincoln's Rival," February, 1902; "Golf," June, 1902; "The Foe of Compromise," April, 1903; "The Problem of the American Historian," November, 1903. The N. Y. "Evening Post" says of the present series of papers: "They ought to present such a picture of Reconstruction days as has not yet got into our history. Mr. Brown's power of imagination and fervent but restrained style fit him, as probably no other scholar in the country is fitted, for describing life in the South during those tragic years."

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has contributed to the Atlantic two poems, "The Lost Spell," and "Escape." Her home is in Hartford, Connecticut.

James Laurence Laughlin

is Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago, and the editor of the "Journal of Political Economy." He is the author of many works, among the more important "A Study of Political Economy," "A History of Bi-Metalism in the United States," "Facts about Money," "Reciprocity." In 1897 he prepared for the government of San Domingo a scheme for monetary reform which has since been adopted.

Margaret Sherwood

is an Associate Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, and the author of several novels, one of which, "Daphne," will be pleasantly remembered by readers of the Atlantic.

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another contributor familiar to Atlantic readers, is an author of works in history and belles-lettres, and is particularly well known for his work in the history of modern Italy.

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is well known to readers of the Atlantic. Among her best known volumes of verse have been "The White Sail and Other Poems," "The Roadside Harp," "The Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems." She has written some successful prose, her latest and most important work being a memoir of "Hurrell Froude." She is at present living in Oxford, England, engaged in literary work.

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is one of the oldest contributors to the Atlantic, and the author of a long list of well-known books.

Alice M. Bacon

has taught in Japan and been intimately connected with many of the new movements in Japanese life. She is the author of "Japanese Girls and Women," and of "Japanese Interiors." Her most recent contribution to the Atlantic was "The Independence of Saburo."

Ferris Greenslet

Assistant Editor of the Atlantic, and an occasional contributor, is the author of various works of biography and criticism, among them the "Life of Walter Pater," and a forthcoming memoir of "James Russell Lowell."

Agnes Repplier

is one of the best known of American essayists. Among her volumes of collected essays are: "Books and Men," "Points of View," "Essays in Miniature," "Essays in Idleness," "In the Dozy Hours," "Varia," "Philadelphia, the Place and the People," "The Fireside Sphinx." The first in this series of Convent Sketches was "Marianus," which appeared in the Atlantic for December, 1904.

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for many years a prison chaplain is now engaged in general literary work,

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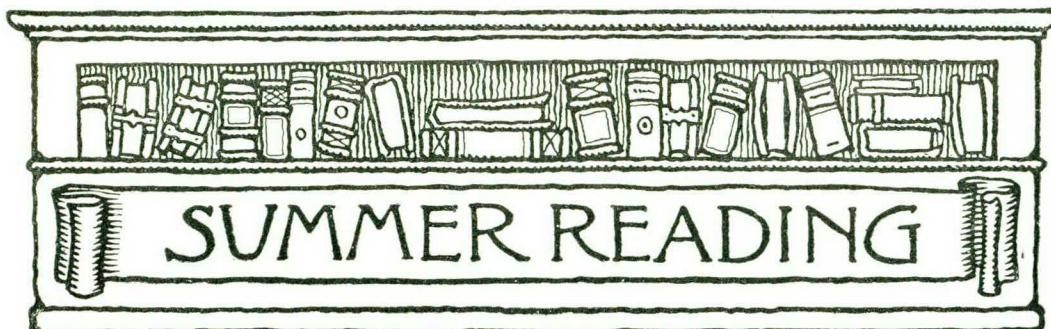
is a young writer who makes his first appearance in the Atlantic with the present sonnets. He has recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University, and is now engaged in general literary work.

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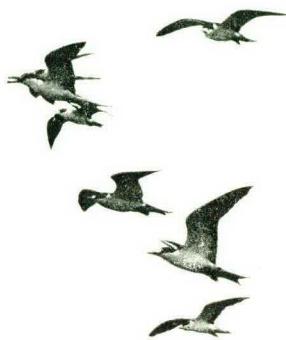
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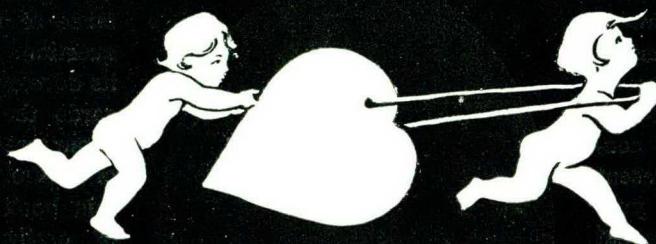
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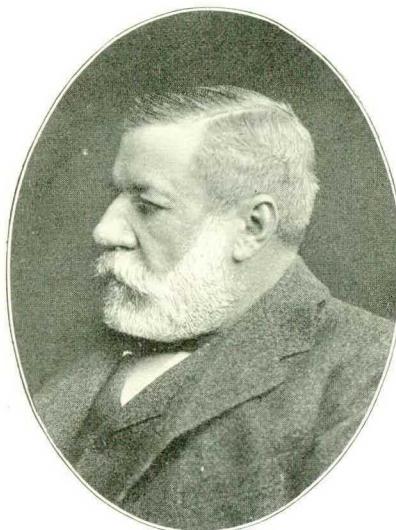
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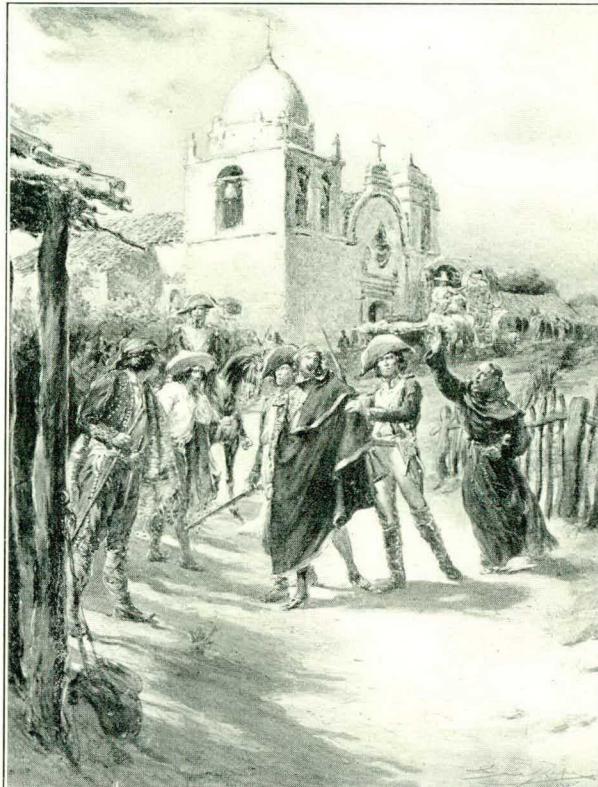
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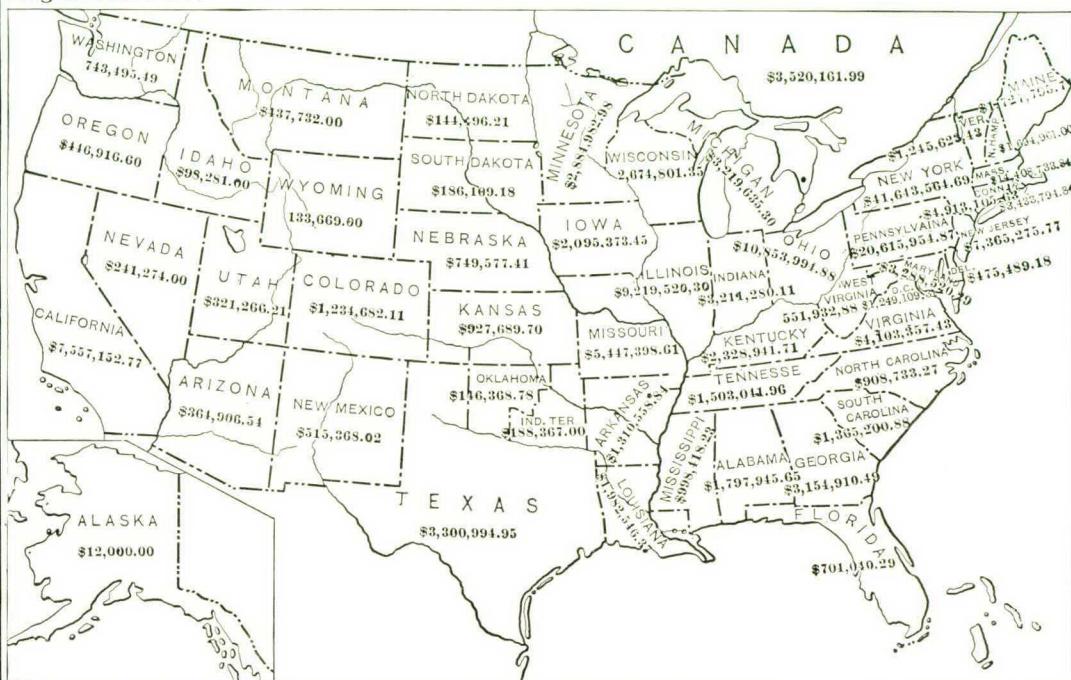


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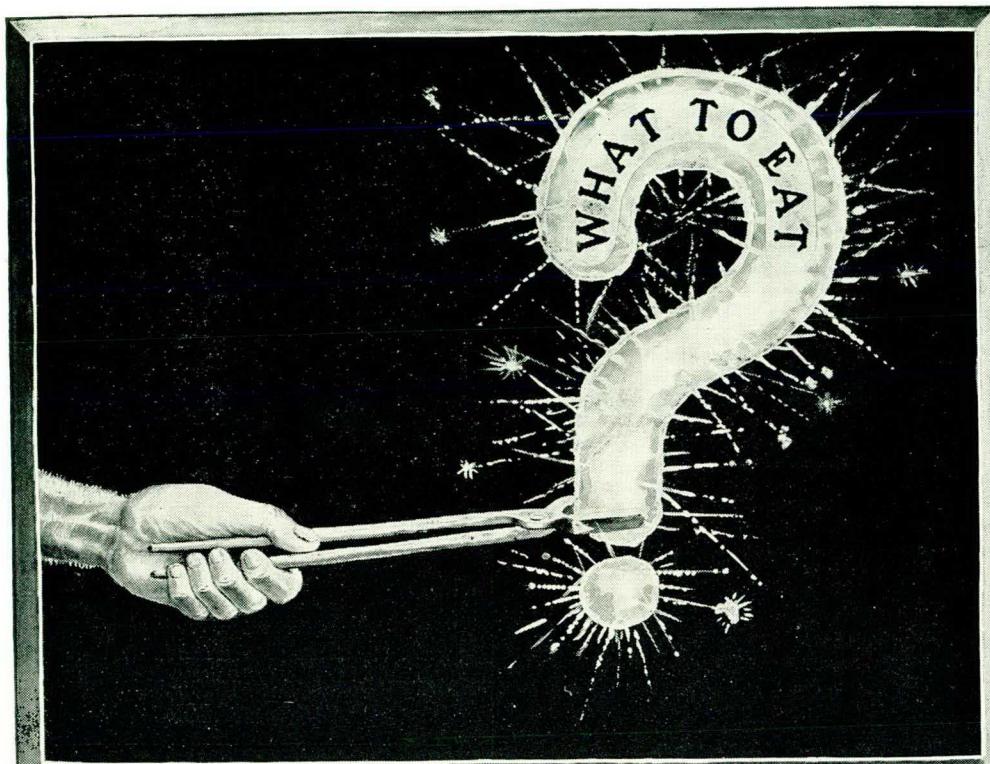
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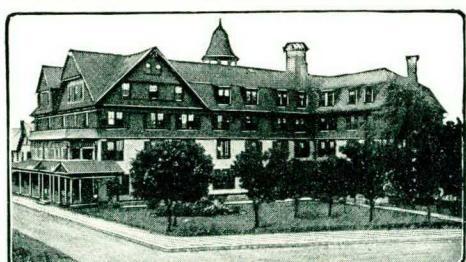
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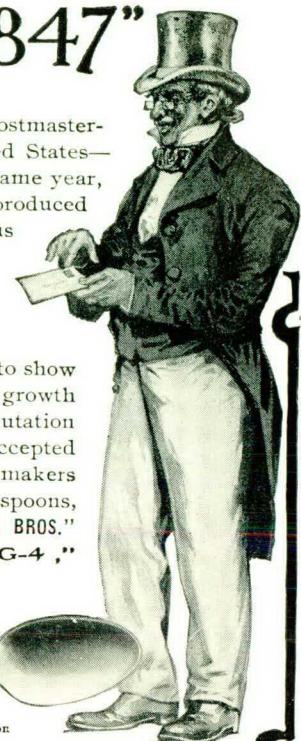
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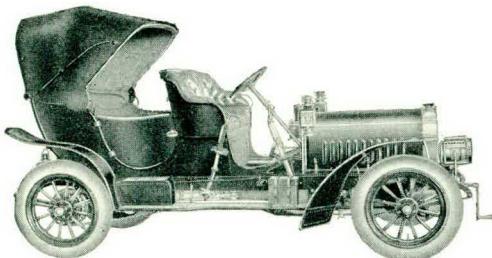
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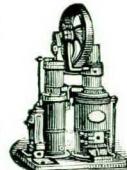


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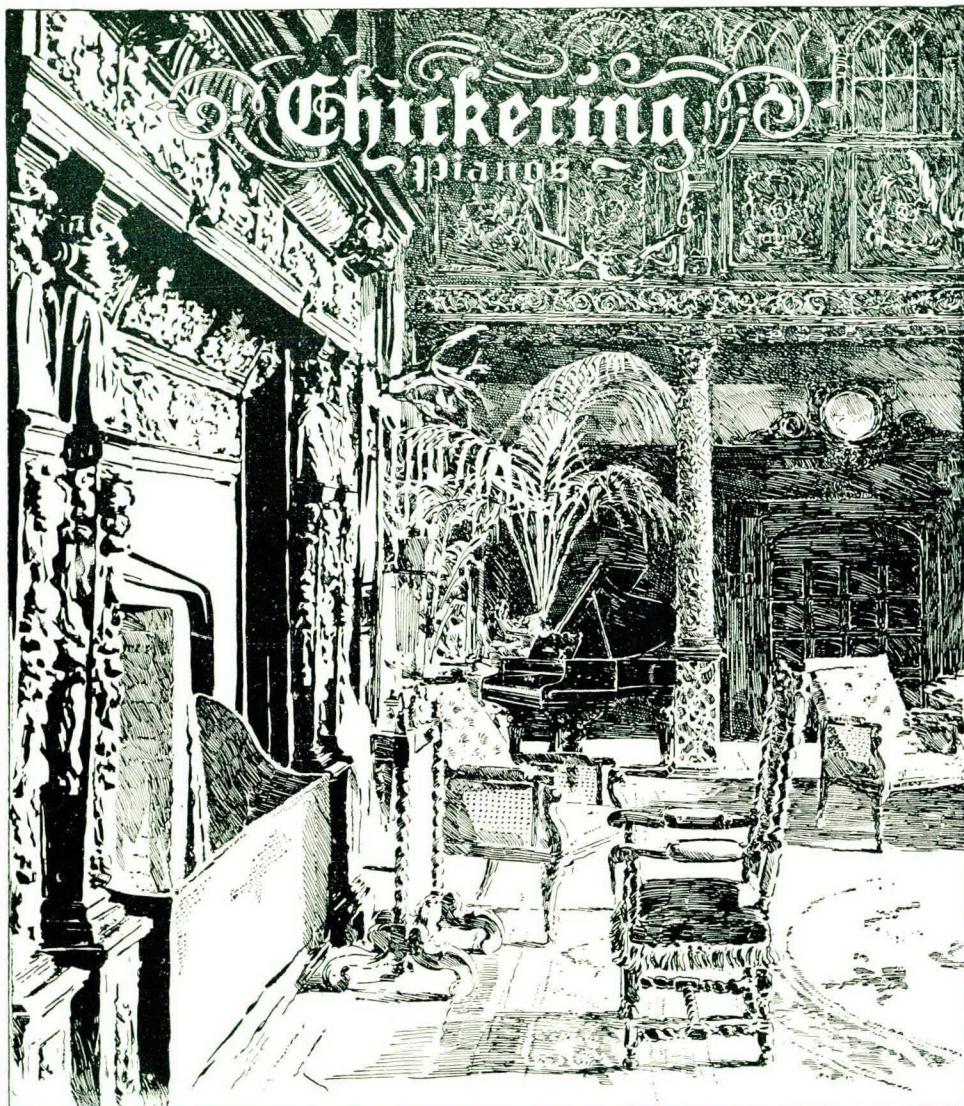
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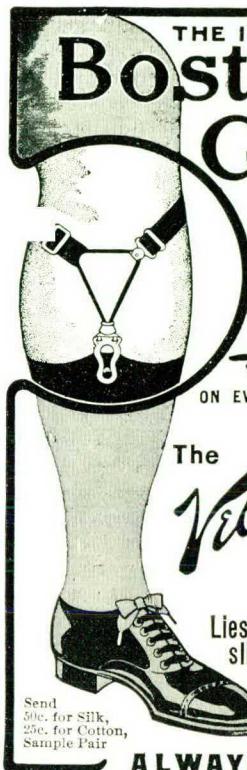
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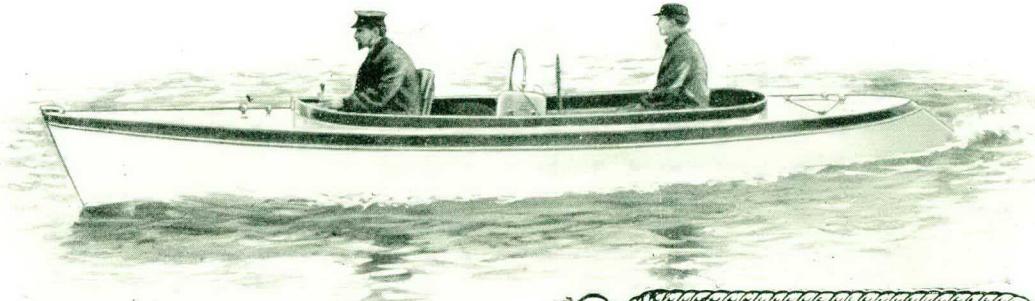
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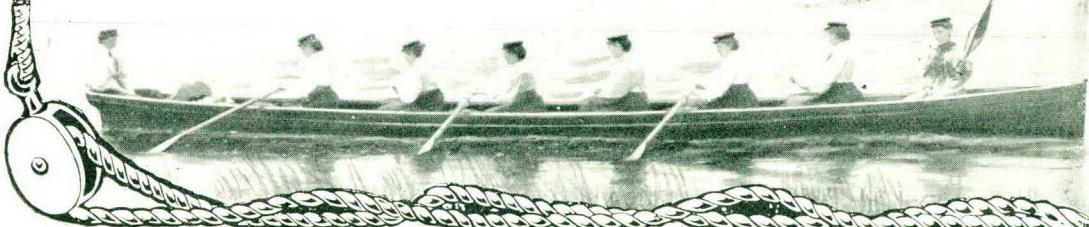
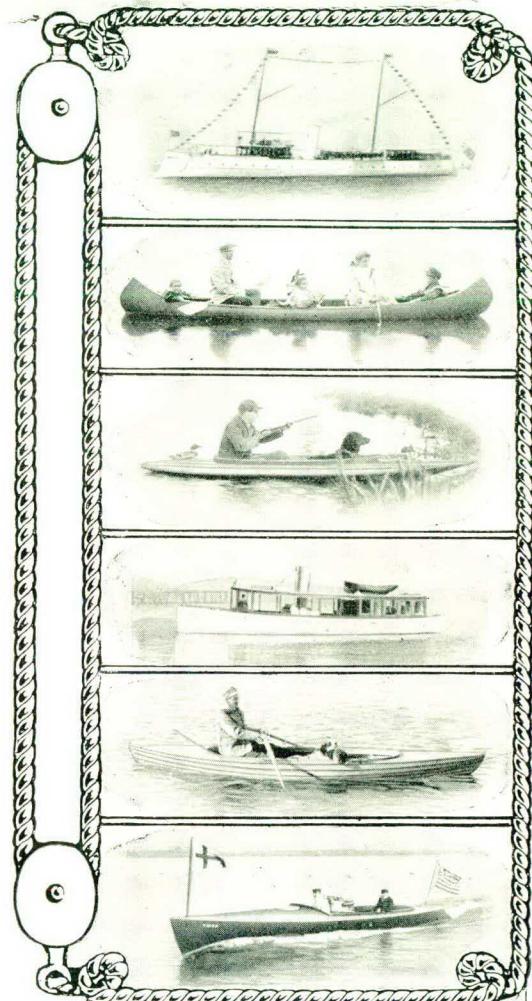
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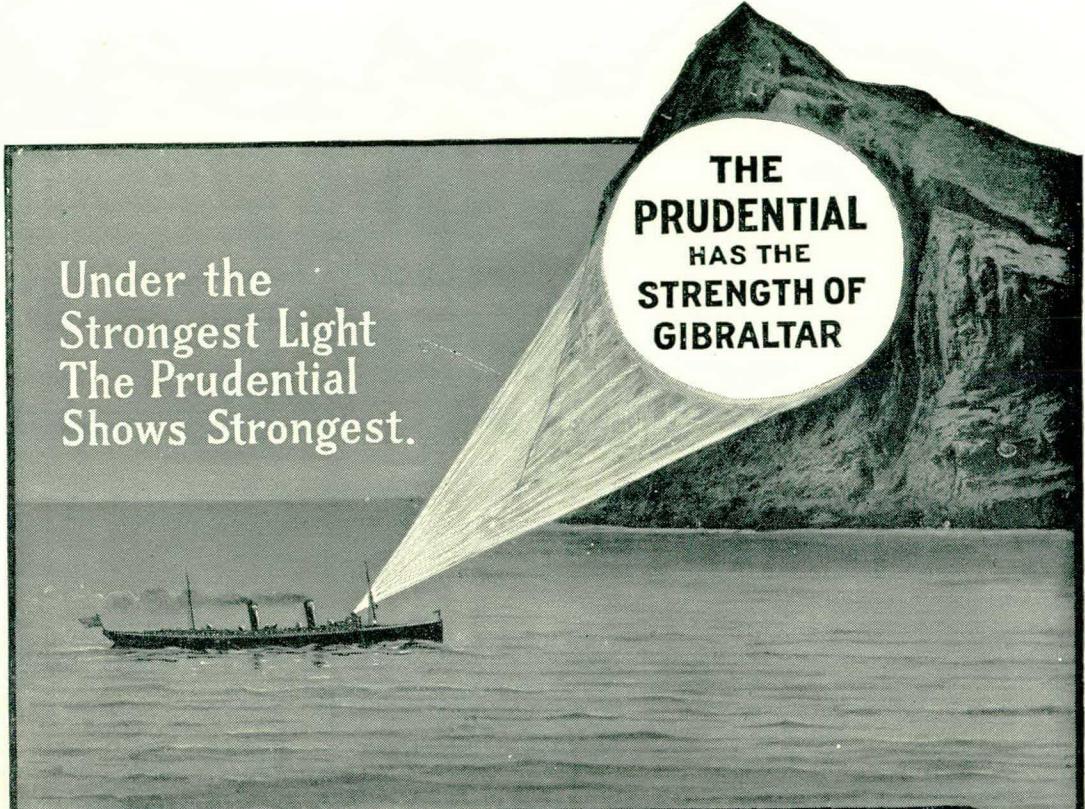
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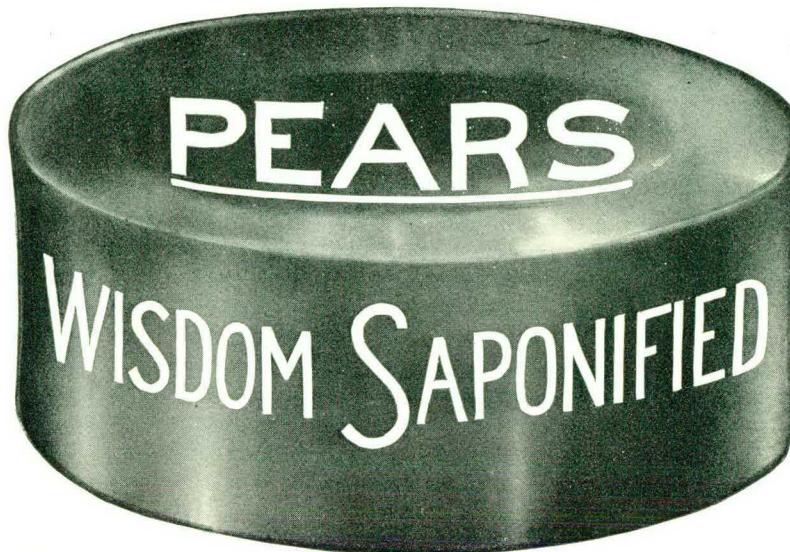
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1905

PUBLICITY FOR EXPRESS COMPANIES

BY FRANK HAIGH DIXON

SIXTY-SIX years ago, and but a few years after railways had demonstrated their practicability, William Harnden met what seemed to him to be a real economic need by offering to carry valuable packages from New York to Boston, and for a consideration to assume responsibility for loss. Harnden's valise, carried by steamboat from New York to Providence and thence by rail to Boston, was the beginning of a service which has advanced hand in hand with the railway industry, with which it is necessarily closely associated. Recognition of the economic value of the service was immediate. Companies were organized which selected particular sections of the country as their special fields of activity, until now an express service is found wherever transportation facilities exist, whether it be railway, steamboat, or stagecoach; a service which handles almost every form of traffic that can bear the charges imposed.

Of this large transporting agency, whose receipts reach the enormous sum of seventy-five million dollars yearly, and which, for certain kinds of service, has become apparently an indispensable part of our industrial mechanism, the general public knows almost nothing. The companies neither make reports themselves, nor are reports required of them by any governmental department.

It is the purpose of this article to bring together such information as can be gathered from existing sources, and thus make clear the necessity for the provision of means by which these facts may be supplemented and the information required by the public supplied.

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The express business of the country was conducted for many years by a large number of companies operating within limited fields; but it was natural, if not inevitable, that consolidation should eventually take place. It is sufficient for our purposes to state that at present there are in the country six large express companies and a few smaller ones. The four largest are the Adams, American, United States, and Wells-Fargo companies. The first three are joint stock companies organized under a New York law that grants them the right to issue transferable shares representing a beneficial interest in the company, and subjects the members to full personal liability as partners; while the fourth is a Colorado corporation. The Adams Express Company, operating on about 35,000 miles of railway, has 120,000 shares, valued on the market at \$14,000,000, upon which it pays, at present, a regular dividend of 4 per cent and an extra dividend of the same amount. In 1898 it distributed to its members a 100 per cent extra dividend consisting of \$12,000,000 in 4 per cent debentures, to dispose of a surplus which had been accumulating for nearly fifty years to protect stockholders against the personal liability due to the form of their organization. The capital of the American Express Company is given a face value of \$18,000,000, upon which regular dividends of 6 per cent are paid, with, usually, an extra dividend of 2 per cent. It has no bonded debt. Its business extends over about 45,000 miles of railway. The United States Express Company has a capital valued at \$10,000,000, upon which a 4 per cent dividend

is paid, and has no bonded debt. It has contracts covering 30,000 miles of railway. Wells-Fargo and Company, a corporation with power to do an express and banking business, has a capital stock of \$8,000,000, paying a 6 per cent regular dividend and a 2 per cent extra dividend, and has no bonded debt. It operates on more than 48,000 miles of railway, steamship, and stage lines. Besides these four companies, there are the Southern Express Company and the Pacific Express Company, both corporations, the one operating in southern territory, the other largely west of the Mississippi; the National, a joint stock company, on the Vanderbilt roads; two Canadian express companies whose business extends into the United States; and several companies organized by the railways themselves, operating on single systems or jointly over connecting lines. These last named, such as the Denver and Rio Grande, Great Northern, and Northern Pacific, are similar to the fast freight lines in their relation to the railways served, in that the corporation performing the express service is merely nominal, and the business is in every sense railway business. To this list should be added a large number of local companies which confine their business to the cities, or to the territory immediately adjoining them.

It is frequently asserted that the express companies have divided the country among them, delimiting their spheres of influence and maintaining a monopoly within their chosen territory, and this assumed division of the field is often referred to as an illustration of what will be the ultimate outcome of the present tendency in railway diplomacy. However, careful examination of the conditions reveals the fact that, except in one or two cases, it is difficult to determine whether or not a single express company exercises a predominant influence in any particular section. For example, New England is commonly said to be the home of the Adams Express Company, and New England and New York business its chief reliance. As

a matter of fact, while it controls the business of southern New England, it operates over extensive systems in the South, such as the Louisville and Nashville and the Queen and Crescent, is found on the New York Central and the New York, Ontario and Western, moves west over the Pennsylvania to Chicago, and continues its influence still farther by way of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and the St. Louis and San Francisco. In New England, it operates over only half as much mileage as the American Express Company. The latter has virtual control of northern New England, spreads out over the West and Northwest on the lines of the Vanderbilt system and the Chicago and Northwestern, and south on the Illinois Central. The United States Express Company has contracts in the East with a number of the coal roads, including the Reading, Lehigh Valley, and Lackawanna, reaches Chicago over the Baltimore and Ohio and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, serves many small systems in the middle West, and reaches trans-Mississippi territory by way of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. The Southern Express Company is predominant in the section of the South east of the Mississippi. It shares a few of the railways with the Adams; but operates all the rest exclusively. The Pacific Express Company, while choosing the Southwest as its special field at the beginning, and operating at present in this section over the lines of the Missouri Pacific and other smaller railways, reaches Pittsburgh over the Wabash, and the West and extreme Northwest over the Union Pacific, Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and Oregon Short Line. Wells-Fargo and Company controls most of the Pacific coast traffic, but it does not by any means confine its activities to this section. It comes east over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, has contracts with the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Chicago Great Western, and reaches the coast over the Erie. The National Express Com-

pany has contracts with some of the Vanderbilt lines, with the Grand Trunk and the Wisconsin Central. Thus, instead of operating in sections exclusively their own, different express companies often serve the same territory and transport their traffic on parallel railways reaching the same termini, and in some few cases even work side by side on the same railway system. Instead of a necessary monopoly, therefore, there is in many sections opportunity for competition. Does competition appear with the opportunity for it? The relation of the companies to one another, and the composition of their directorates, may assist us to answer the question.

It is generally known that the Adams Express Company controls the Southern Express Company; they operate side by side on several Southern railway systems. The National Express Company is regarded as but an offshoot of the American, and an examination of the directorates of the two companies confirms the general impression. President James C. Fargo of the American is a director of the National, while President Livingston and Vice-president Ledyard of the National are both directors of the American. Again, it is to be noticed that President Fargo of the American and President Weir of the Adams are both directors of the United States Express Company. The appointment of these gentlemen started rumors of the prospective consolidation of the three companies, and Mr. Weir is quoted as saying in reply: "A consolidation of the three companies is no more possible than a consolidation of all the newspapers in New York. These companies have different territories, and serve different railroads. We can't consolidate. The Adams and the American companies used to have directors in common. This new move is simply an investment on our part by which we hope to make a little more money." It is evident that an invitation to these gentlemen to places on the board of directors of the United States Express Company meant either that they repre-

sented a considerable investment in the stock, or else that a community of interest plan was to be worked out among the three companies, or possibly both. We have no means of settling the question definitely, but we do know that when the Adams issued its debentures, among the securities which it pledged with the Mercantile Trust Company was \$100,000 of American Express Company stock. A merger of the Pacific and Wells-Fargo companies has been predicted because of the fact that the Harriman interests possess large holdings in both companies.

All this would argue against the probability of vigorous competition between the various companies, but it is not necessary to rest the question on a basis of probability. It is a matter of common knowledge that the companies agree among themselves upon the rates to be charged, and that their agreements are, as a rule, carefully observed. Rate wars are practically unknown. Notices of changes in rates agreed to in conference between express companies appear as news items in the financial journals. President Ingalls of the Big Four testified before the Industrial Commission: "They [the express companies] manage their own business by making agreements. I should be sorry to have them put on the same basis as railroads, so they could not agree."

It has been a common belief that the exclusive use of a railway system, secured by means of a written contract, is granted to the highest bidder among the express companies; but in view of the facts already presented, such competition must be regarded as purely perfunctory, and the refusal of the express companies to make their contracts public, on the ground that such action would benefit their competitors and correspondingly injure them, is obviously a mere subterfuge. These contracts vary to some extent in their details, but in general are similar. They are not as a rule made public, and only in a few instances, where demanded by state railway commissions, are they publicly on

file. The general terms are obtainable, however, from the testimony of officials before various investigating commissions. The railway companies provide baggage-cars, heat and light them, attach them to passenger trains, and haul them over their lines, together with the messengers needed to care for the traffic *en route*. They carry at their risk all equipment of the express companies needed at the various points on the road. They grant free approach to all stations, and reasonable time in which to load and unload express matter. At the way-stations they permit gratuitous use of a part of the station houses for the temporary storage of goods. They agree not to transport on their passenger trains in competition with the express companies any matter except passengers' baggage, milk, and railway matter carried free, and to grant to the express companies the exclusive use of their lines, including any additions to their operated mileage, during the life of the agreement. The express companies on their part assume all risk for damage to express matter and all liability for injury to their own employees while engaged in their employment. They load, unload, and handle all express matter, and when the services of railway employees, such as train baggagemen and station agents, are utilized, they pay a portion of their salaries. They transport all valuable packages of the railway companies, such as money and tickets, free of charge; in fact, they accept any property of the railway companies, below a specified weight, for free transportation, and property exceeding this weight at a reduced rate. At the terminals they provide their own storerooms. They permit the railway companies to determine the trains upon which express matter shall be carried. In times of heavy traffic this matter is often delayed for many hours and then goes by the slower trains; frequently it is carried on night trains, and in bulk, and seldom, if ever, is it distributed over a large number of trains per day. Only in a few instances are express cars operated in solid trains. They agree to fix the

minimum rate at one and one half times the freight rate of the railways, except where competition compels reduction, and then the permission of the railway companies must be secured. Finally, they pay the railway companies from 40 per cent to 60 per cent of their gross earnings, with a guaranteed minimum annual rental, and give the railways access to their books and records. In some instances the contracts call for the payment of a definite sum based upon tonnage or space occupied; but the gross earnings plan is much the more common.

Such contracts would appear to grant very favorable terms to the railways, and might suggest that they had taken advantage of their position to drive a hard bargain, were it not for the very important fact that they place no limit on the charge which the express companies may exact from the public. Available facts would tend to show that the railways, instead of regarding the express companies as legitimate objects of exploitation, are becoming, through stock ownership and representation on the directorates, personally interested in the management of the express business. A few illustrations from the present situation will make this point clear. The Morgan influence, predominant in so many railway systems, is represented on the board of the Adams Express Company by Charles Steele, on that of the United States Express Company by Francis Lynde Stetson. Vice-president Ledward of the National Express Company is a director of the Boston and Maine and of the Maine Central; Charles M. Pratt is a director of the American Express Company and of the Boston and Maine; M. F. Plant, chairman of the board of directors of the Southern Express Company, is a director of the Atlantic Coast Line; President Fargo of the American is a director of the Chicago and Northwestern; President Weir of the Adams is on the board of the Iowa Central, and of the Minneapolis and St. Louis; the chairman of the board of Wells-Fargo and Company is E. H. Harriman of the

Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, and President Underwood of the Erie is a member. As examples of stock ownership it may be noted that in 1902 the New York Central purchased \$3,000,000 of the capital stock of the American Express Company, while the Union Pacific owns \$2,400,000 of the \$6,000,000 capital stock of the Pacific Express Company, and the Southern Pacific possesses \$1,530,000 of Wells-Fargo stock. On May 1, 1900, the American Express Company held 29,000 shares of Boston and Maine stock, a tenth of the total capital, and among the stocks pledged as collateral for its debenture issue by the Adams are a large number of railway shares, including Pennsylvania, New York, New Haven and Hartford, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Boston and Albany, Boston and New York Air Line, and Chicago and Northwestern. Other illustrations, such as the joint ownership of express companies and fast freight lines, might be given on the authority of financial circles, but they are omitted because definite proof of such alliances is impossible. One may infer much or little from such facts; but certainly they would hardly support any claim of serious rivalry or hostility between the two agencies.

It seems reasonable to assume that conditions are fairly satisfactory to the railway companies. They prefer to divide traffic with the express companies and obtain half the earnings from express traffic, rather than attempt to handle it all themselves. The need of an agency that would transport packages of great value was the occasion for the appearance of the express business, but the whole character of the business is now changed. While almost anything is accepted for transportation upon which the shipper will pay the charges, yet the greatest development has been in traffic which demands speedy delivery, such, for instance, as live-stock, fresh fruit, vegetables, fish, and oysters. The individual now has the option between slow shipment by freight at reasonable cost, with an added charge for cart-

age at destination, and transportation on passenger trains with store-door delivery. For the superior service he pays, on the average, four times as much. There is no indication that the railways, except in the products of the packing and fruit industries, in which they have been prodded by the private car owners, have any intention of developing this traffic and displacing the express service. Yet it is difficult to determine whether the railways are doing their full duty, without having some definite information regarding express traffic.

It is pertinent, therefore, to inquire what attempts have been made to secure information upon which the public might base judgment as to the necessity of the service performed by this agency over which no control has ever been exercised. Immediately after its organization, the Interstate Commerce Commission, in pursuance of the requirement that all common carriers subject to the act should file their tariffs with the Commission, was compelled to decide whether its jurisdiction extended to the control of express companies. The Commission deemed it wise to include express companies under the provisions of the act, and accordingly ordered that their tariffs should be filed. A few of the smaller companies complied, but most of the companies refused, and an opportunity was given them to present their objections. It was argued by them in defense of their attitude that the history of the agitation for railway legislation showed that other traffic than that of the express companies had been in the mind of the public; that they were innocent of the evil practices which the act was intended to punish and eradicate, and that an unjustifiably broad construction of the statute would be necessary to include them within its provisions; that they had not practiced secret rebates, nor had they frequently made greater charge for the short than for the long haul, nor had they practiced unjust discriminations between persons and places. Finally, they argued their practical inability to meet the wishes

of the Commission, for so numerous were the points to which their business extended that a collection of tariffs such as the law required would be beyond the capacity of any Washington building.

In answer to the last objection, it was properly pointed out by the Commission that the companies seemed to have no difficulty in putting such printed tariffs into the hands of their agents as were necessary for the conduct of the business, and that it was a fair assumption that what the agents could understand the public could comprehend sufficiently well for their purposes. As for the claim to exemption on the plea that they were not guilty of the evil practices legislated against, it is a sufficient answer to say that the public was without facts on which to base judgment, and that these assertions of innocence rested solely on the testimony of the companies themselves. To be sure, there have been few complaints against express companies on the ground of unjust discrimination; but the act was intended to take cognizance of excessive rates as well, and complaints of this character have been numerous. The contention that the history of railway legislation argued against the inclusion of the express companies within the statute had more force, and was evidently the determining factor with the Commission. It was held that the express business, when conducted by a railway company itself as a branch of its business, was subject to the act, but when conducted by an independent organization which acquired its rights by contract it was exempt, because the terms of the act were not sufficiently precise to warrant the Commission in taking jurisdiction. Justice to the express business demanding that any action by the Commission should have general application, the Commission declined to discriminate against express companies operated by railway companies. In every report, from that time up to 1900, the Commission, through its statistician, has urged that legislation be enacted which would make it possible to secure from

express companies reports similar to those now returned by the railways, but Congress has turned a deaf ear to these repeated requests. The result is that nothing more is known of these great transportation agencies by either national or state government than is known of the operations of a corner grocery in rural New England.

Moreover, it is evident from the testimony of express company officers and managers in various legislative investigations that, without a complete reform in their statistical methods, the companies would be unable to give any satisfactory account of the extent or character of their traffic or of the reasonableness of their charges. Testimony given before the Railway Mail Pay Commission in 1898 and 1899 brought out the fact that, with the exception of the American Express Company, no company attempted to keep any traffic statistics, and it is understood that the agents of this company, on January first of this year, were ordered to discontinue the practice. As might be expected, therefore, the testimony of officers before investigating commissions has been invariably vague and unsatisfactory. Testimony as to the average weight of packages carried, the typical kind of merchandise, the proportion of express traffic which is mailable, and the average charge per package, appear to be merely individual opinions based on observation, and are frequently contradictory. Statistics of express business published in the Census of 1890, and including, besides figures relating to mileage, equipment, employees, and expenditures, the number of packages carried and their weight, have often been used to determine the character of express traffic and the reasonableness of the charges; yet General Manager Juiller of the American Express Company testified before the Railway Mail Pay Commission that the statistics furnished by him after repeated requests of the census agents were merely estimates hastily prepared. In view of the fact that none of the other companies keeps any traffic

statistics whatever, the census figures may be cast aside as worthless.

Public knowledge of express charges is of the most superficial character. It is known that express tariffs are not so complicated as railway tariffs because there is but a rough classification of traffic; that the tariffs are based largely on the rate per hundred pounds, with greater proportional charges for less weights; that the element of distance affects the rate, but not proportionately, as the principle of group rates prevails; that the element of risk is recognized in the practice of charging a higher rate for traffic of more than ordinary value; that peculiar forms of traffic are given arbitrary rates; that, when competition prevails between mail and express service, rates are given that will ensure the business, especially if the shipper is a large one; that this competition is more apt to prevail in the East, where the traffic is denser and the shipments are made on the average for shorter distances. These few facts give us no basis for judging of the method of computation of rates or of reasonableness of express charges, either in themselves or in comparison with other forms of service.

Nothing is known of the amount of money invested in the business, or of the expense of conducting it. Only in a few individual instances, under pressure from investigating bodies, have the contracts with the railways been made public. We know that under their contracts the express companies paid the railway companies for the year ending June 30, 1903, over \$38,000,000, which represented from 40 per cent to 60 per cent of their gross earnings, but this is the sum total of our information.

From the standpoint of the express companies, this failure to keep adequate statistics is entirely justifiable. Most of their contracts with the railways are on the basis of gross earnings, a few on the basis of the space occupied, and almost none on that of the traffic handled. Railway compensation is figured by the express company's auditor from the original

way-bills, and no necessity for tonnage statistics exists.

But from the public standpoint, the case is far otherwise. That the express companies are common carriers is no longer an open question. Their relation to the public has been many times judicially established. Congress has recognized their character by including them in legislation affecting common carriers, engaged in interstate commerce, in such acts, for example, as that prohibiting the transportation of obscene literature, and that for expediting the delivery of imported parcels. Upon this common carrier the public relies for the performance of a particular service. The shippers have no dealings with railway companies; in case of loss or damage to property in transit, they look for relief to the express company; and this agency enjoys an immunity from interference all the more extraordinary when contrasted with the policy of government toward the railways upon which express companies operate. In return for their franchises, the railways are subjected to control both as to the reasonableness and the equality of their rates; they are required to make reports which throw the business open in large part to the inspection of the public. The express companies, likewise common carriers engaged in interstate commerce, secure by contract with railway companies all the privileges which railways enjoy, but because of a slight variation in the character of their business are exempt from that control to which railways submit in return for advantages secured.

From the competition between express companies to secure these railway privileges, even if it is genuine, the public derives no benefit. It simply results in an increased revenue to the railway. Competition between express companies on the same railway system does not exist, and is probably impossible if the railway elects to prevent it. While the laws of a few states, upheld by their courts, have required that railways shall extend equal facilities and accommodations to all persons

and companies doing an express business, the United States Supreme Court in 1885, in the Express Cases, held that railways are not common carriers of common carriers, and are not obliged either by common law or usage to do more than to provide the public with reasonable express accommodations. This decision has been recognized as establishing the principle of exclusive privilege.

Competition between express companies operating on different railways serving the same termini is never heard of. There has been occasional friction in the interchange of through traffic, but it has been only temporary, the public usually paying the charges of two express companies instead of one. As already noted, rates are scrupulously observed, and the semblance of competition leads to the maintenance by each company, at many points, of facilities far beyond the need of the community served, entailing an unnecessary burden upon the public.

Three considerations, then, would seem to argue in favor of greater publicity for the express business. In the first place, this great transporting agency is being permitted to derive all the advantages of a common carrier, and to assume none of its obligations. Justice to other agencies of transportation which have been brought under control, and the absolute necessity of publicity in the affairs of public service companies, demand that action should be taken.

In the second place, as has been urged by the statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is impossible to make thoroughly effective the working of the Interstate Commerce Law, if this important agency is exempt from investigation. It has frequently been charged that railways have found it to their advantage to withdraw facilities for fast freight in order to divert business to the

express companies, from whom they receive nearly half of the gross return. What unreasonable or discriminating practices may exist as the result of this contractual relation cannot be known, without fuller knowledge of express company matters.

Finally, there is an increasing agitation in this country for the introduction of a parcels post. It is probable that the United States government could not constitutionally make this extension of its mail service a monopoly, but that it could create an effective and salutary competition with the express companies is undoubted. It is a very great question whether the express business has not become in these last years an unnecessary agency, and a public burden, — whether a reasonable extension of the fast freight service of the railways, on the one hand, already to some extent developed, in the milk, fruit, and meat traffic, and the inclusion in the mail service of a parcels post, would not make it possible, with a slight increase of their present facilities, to do away with the express service altogether. The only function of real social utility performed by this agency, not already covered by the other two, is its delivery service by wagons. and English experience has shown that this may be made an efficient part of the railway service. But such a large problem as this is not to be settled out of hand. More must be known of the detailed working of the express business before judgment on this question would be warranted.

From whatever standpoint, therefore, the question be approached, the first step seems to be clear. To require of express companies reports similar to those required of railways would seem to be the immediate duty of Congress. The express business is, from every point of view, an industry which should be subjected to the principle of publicity.

THE MOB SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

A MOB — I use the word without disparagement — is one of the simplest forms of social organism. It is not a mere aggregate of individuals, but a new and distinct body, which is subject to emotions, and demeans itself as a collective body, with traits and attributes of its own. A mob may be the beginning of a higher social form, as where a political mob becomes a convention, or it may be the disintegration of a higher form, as a crew in mutiny; but, ordinarily, it is brought into existence by the coalescence of a crowd of individuals, lives fast and furiously, and then resolves itself into its constituent elements. Mobs are of several kinds, as the street mob, the political mob, the lynching mob, the religious mob, the panic-struck mob, the reading mob, etc. These species differ among themselves primarily by the character of the object which arouses the mob spirit. Minor differences split species into varieties, as a street mob may be subdivided into an anti-conscription mob, an abolitionist mob, a no-popery mob, or a reading mob into an upper middle-class and a lower middle-class mob. The street mob is the normal type; it displays in simplest form the eager emotion, the imperfect comprehension, the irrational action, that mark the mob. The principal mabbish traits may be enumerated thus:—

(1) *Numbers are essential.*

No two or three people, whatever their passions, desires, or acts, can constitute a mob. There must be a great congregation, so that many individuals may act and react upon one another. The greater the sum of these interactions, the more coherent, the more sensitive, the more compact, the more mobile, the body becomes. Where the number of persons is

very great the new organism wholly dominates the individual members; where the number is small, the mob is of low vitality, torpid, flaccid, and exercises only a shadowy control over its members, who retain practically all their independence as individuals. The importance of numbers is best seen in a street mob, which becomes more tumultuous, more passionate, more a creature of instinct and less a creature of reason, the larger it is. So, too, the reading mob, the bigger it grows, becomes more emotional, more excited, it reads and talks with greater avidity, is increasingly vehement in its likes, dislikes, and opinions, forces the book on its neighbors with greater rigor, buys, borrows, gives, and lends more and more with the swift and sure emotions of instinct. The reading mob is, perhaps, the largest species. The numbers who read the lower bourgeois novel are fabulous. Those who read the higher bourgeois novel are very numerous. In the meridian of its glory the mob novel soars up to several hundred thousands. *The Crisis*, before it had run its course, had sold 405,000 copies, the *Eternal City* 325,000, *The Leopard's Spots*, with its career before it, 94,000, *When Knighthood was in Flower* over quarter of a million; others have sold similar numbers.

(2) *The composition of a mob is largely immaterial.*

Men and women, individually governed by their own psychical laws, meet, coalesce, and form a new social body. The component individuals may be of all classes and conditions, of all occupations and businesses, of diverse education and training, of opposite sex; they may be mild-mannered or harsh, equable or capricious, sour or jovial; once united as a

mob, they strip themselves of those traits, and acquire instincts and inhibitions, sensibility to stimuli and tendencies to reactions, to which as individuals they were total strangers. For example: a mob composed of the Rev. Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other abolitionists, meets to liberate a negro slave. It hearkens to a fiery harangue, surges down the street, pounds on a prison door, defies the policeman, and displays the ordinary symptoms of the mob spirit. Colonel Higginson all alone would not have behaved so. This difference between the mob and an individual member accounts for the rejection of a genuine mob novel by a publisher's reader, as so often happens.

The reading mob is of indiscriminate composition, except that it acquires a certain appearance of homogeneity from its division into three varieties: the proletariat reading mob which reads dime novels, the lower bourgeois reading mob which reads the novels of Albert Ross, E. P. Roe, and the like, and the upper bourgeois reading mob which reads Winston Churchill, Charles Major, Thomas Dixon, Jr., Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Hallie Erminie Rives, and others. These three varieties differ in sundry ways. Our immediate concern is with the upper bourgeois novel-reading mob, which buys its books over the book-counter of department stores, on the train, at the newsstand, from the book agent at the front door, or borrows them from circulating libraries.

(3) *The locus congregandi.*

Numbers by themselves are nothing. Persons might stand side by side for a hundred years, like ghosts in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and no change take place; the individuals must affect one another, they must enter into mutual relations; they must meet and coalesce. A street mob may meet in the Place de la Concorde, on the Boston Common, or in Trafalgar Square; but the necessary condition of meeting is not physical, but psy-

chical. In the case of a street mob, physical juxtaposition aids psychical unity, but it is only valuable as an aid. Instead of the immediate give and take of physical effluences and emanations, of pushes, shoves, shrieks, words, and animal magnetism, there may be communication at a distance, by any means capable of conveying emotions while they are still warm. Books are as serviceable as any other vehicles of emotion.

(4) *The begetting cause of the mob spirit.*

The fourth point to be considered is the nature of the relations between the members who compose the mob, the character of their mutual influences, of the contagion that leaps from one to the other. It is this contagion which gives birth to the mob spirit, and converts an unconnected, unrelated congregation of persons into a mob. "Hast thou considered," says Carlyle, "how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men?" In the case of a street mob, elbows in ribs, heels on toes, high shoulders bumping low chins, crackling with inflammatory ideas, harangued by an orator, it is easy to understand, practically, if not scientifically, the nature of this mutual influence. This chemical union, this crystallization, of the mob, depends on two things, a proper condition of receptivity and a power of suggestion, mutually acting on each other. In ordinary hypnosis it is generally agreed that there is some peculiar trance-state in the patient and some special power of suggestion in the physician. As this trance-state is often indistinguishable from ordinary waking, and suggestion from a wish or a command, and as we all, probably, are somewhat susceptible, and all have the power of suggestion, it is likely that the influences passing to and fro among mob members are of an analogous psychical order. The miraculous cures at Lourdes, Loreto, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, are also analogous; the patient is thoroughly receptive; he is especially conscious of the sense of numbers, that he is not an isolated cripple

come to be cured, but a constituent part of a miraculous circuit of true believers sensitive to the thrills of life from some great and mysterious source. He is physically alone, but psychically one of many, and reacts to the sense of numbers.

In other mobs contagion is effected by analogous means, but in a somewhat different manner. Take the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease;" for instance, a mob of sonneteers of Elizabethan England. Multitudes of sonnets are written; they pass from hand to hand, from hall to hall, from salon to salon; they are read, recited, repeated again and again; everybody talks of everybody else's sonnet. Idlers abandon their idleness, busy men forsake their business; all pick up current ideas, conceits, and rhymes, roll them up into a fourteen-line posy, and send them to spread their pollen broadcast. Such a process formed Italian sonneteers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries into the berhyming mob known as the "Arcadia." Gentlemen and ladies met, pelted one another with distichs, canzoni, quatrains, odes, and ballate, shouting "bravo," "brava," "magnifico," "bellissimo." Apropos of this I quote from Goldoni's memoirs the account of his experience at Pisa. "I was walking one day near the castle, when I saw a doorway with carriages stopped before it; I looked in and saw a great court with a garden at the end and a quantity of people crowding together under a sort of pergola. I went a little closer and asked a servant in livery what reason had brought so many persons together. He, most polite and well informed, did not fail to satisfy my curiosity. 'That assembly that you see,' he said, 'is a Colony of the Arcadians of Rome, it is called the Alphean Colony, that is, the Colony of Alpheus, a very noted river of Greece, which flowed by the ancient Pisa in Aulis.'" Goldoni was passed on to a servant of the Academy, and given a seat, "where I listened to good and bad, and applauded the one and the other equally. Everybody looked at me, and seemed curious to know who I was, and I

had a wish to satisfy them. The man who had brought me in was not far from my chair, I called him and begged him to go and ask the President of the assembly, whether a stranger might express in verse the satisfaction that he felt. The President put my question to the assembly, and it acceded. I had in my head a sonnet which I had composed when a lad for a similar occasion, so I changed a few words that they might better apply to this situation, and recited my fourteen lines with tone and inflections to set off the rhymes and the sentiments. The sonnet appeared to have been composed on the spot, and was warmly applauded. Everybody got up and thronged about me." Of course, numbers and mob contagion were necessary to produce this social phenomenon. Nobody, alone, would assume a pastoral name and declaim his own sonnet. This Arcadia is an interesting variety of mob, a kind of hybrid, combining the literary *locus congregandi* of the reading mob, and the physical *locus congregandi* of the street mob.

The reading mob exhibits the phenomena of contagion, this union of receptivity and suggestion, in its own special form. It displays expectation, fixed attention, and eagerness, — "I must get the book right away," "You must read it at once," — haste to get at the plot, to assimilate experience, to devour the story, the irritation of suspense. It displays a craving for emotional stimulus, and also that peculiar mabbish behavior which we detect in the difference between the perusal of a classic, Balzac or Thackeray, and that of a current novel. It shows the excitement caused by the sense of numbers, the feeling that the individual is of no consequence except as one of a crowd, represented by such phrases as "*everybody* is talking of it," "*everybody* is reading it." The element which, acting upon analogy, I call suggestion, comes in various ways. The most conspicuous factors are advertisements, publishers, wholesale booksellers, retail dealers, book agents, news-stands, parlor-car peddlers, and circulating libraries;

but far more effective than these are the murmurous buzz and hum of question and answer, "Have you read it? . . . No? you must," repeated in boudoir, drawing room, club, in the train, at the lunch-table, over teacups, over the cigarette, under the umbrella. Expectation quickens, attention becomes rigid, and the mob novel, like a magnet, draws all to it.

The spread of contagion is extraordinary. I note some statistics. In September, 1901, *The Crisis* was the most read novel (of the upper bourgeois type) in Portland, Boston, New Haven, Providence, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Memphis, Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis, Dallas, Albany, Rochester, Toledo, Toronto, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Paul, Kansas City, Salt Lake City, Denver, Los Angeles, and Portland (Oregon). From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, the whole reading mob was deep in *The Crisis*. The next month defervescence began, and the mob's attention shifted to *The Right of Way*, which took first place in popularity, and kept the lead in November and December, January and February. During the period while *The Crisis* was the popular leader, *The Helmet of Navarre* trod on its heels in mabbish favor. In New York, Boston, and Cleveland, *The Helmet of Navarre* was second in the race, in New Haven, Portland (Maine), and Dallas, it was third, in Portland (Oregon) and Denver it was fourth, and in Louisville it ran ahead.

These waves of contagion sweep over the reading mob, just as contagious emotions ruffle up a street mob. But the initial cause is obscure. What does first stir the reading mob toward a particular novel? Advertising is a factor, but the outward cause, the suggestion, is far less important than the condition of receptivity. The same is true of the street mob. The exciting cause seems inadequate to the convulsive burst into action, which is rather due to the highly explosive condition of the mob. I take as an illustration the French mob of July 14, 1789. Michelet says (*Révolution Française*, vol. i, p.

106), "The attack on the Bastille was not a matter of reason. It was an act of faith. Nobody made a suggestion. But all had a belief and all acted. Along the streets, quays, bridges, boulevards, crowds shouted to crowds, 'To the Bastille, to the Bastille.' Nobody, I repeat, gave the initial push." In the analogous situation of the reading mob, when "Read *The Crisis*" is shouted from Portland east to Portland west, the wave of emotional excitement rises internally, sweeps over the continent and gradually subsides. The novel itself hardly seems to shed any light on the question. In relation to the Bastille mob Michelet says (vol. i, p. 109), "Et qu'est-ce que la Bastille faisait à ce peuple?" "What had those people got to do with the Bastille?" For in the Bastille aristocrats, not the people, were locked up. Yet the Bastille was chosen as appropriate to satisfy the mob appetite; the Palais Royal, the Louvre, the Palais des Tuilleries, were left. It must be taken on faith that there is some element in a mob novel that arouses the mob appetite for perusal.

(5) Rudimentary intellectual life.

In a mob there is no proper division of function, no coördination of parts, no members doing diverse tasks for the common weal, no reasoning or critical faculty. A street mob, so far as reason is concerned, has the mental apparatus of a jellyfish, but it has a high emotional development, great capacity for hasty action, and is extremely sensitive to certain simple ideas. In the case of the Lord George Gordon riots, for example, the mob conception of law is shown by the fact that it rummaged for parchment so that the "skin of an innocent lamb might no longer be converted into an indictment." The idea is simple, the emotion strong, the action vigorous. A panic-stricken mob has but the two ideas, fire and escape, but it behaves very violently. If one looks at the Arcadian mob, one will find the mob sonnet compact of exceedingly simple conceits, the red cheeks, the Aphrodite smile, the alabaster bosom, and so forth.

The intellectual development of the reading mob is well illustrated by the heroes and heroines that interest it. Of these I shall quote several examples. All are taken from mob novels of the upper bourgeois type.

Heroine: "Her skin was like velvet; a rich, clear, rosy snow, with the hot young blood glowing through it like the faint red tinge we sometimes see on the inner side of a white rose leaf. Her hair was a very light brown, almost golden, and fluffy, soft, and fine as a skein of Arras silk. She was of medium height, with a figure Venus might have envied. Her feet and hands were small, and apparently made for the sole purpose of driving mankind distracted. . . . Her greatest beauty was her glowing dark brown eyes, which shone with an ever changing lustre from beneath the shade of the longest, blackest upcurving lashes ever seen."

(*When Knighthood was in Flower.*)

Hero: "His were the generous features of a marked man—if he chose to become marked." He had "a natural and merciless logic—a faculty for getting at the bottom of things. His brain did not seem to be thrown out of gear by local magnetic influences,—by beauty, for instance. Here was a grand subject to try the mettle of any woman." His "features were sharply marked. The will to conquer was there. Yet justice was in the mouth, and greatness of heart. Conscience was graven on the broad forehead. The eyes were the blue gray of the flint, kindly yet imperishable." He was "trusted of men, honored of women, feared by the false." Sometimes, once at least, "an ocean-wide tempest arose in his breast."

(*The Crisis.*)

A Rival has "delicately chiseled features, with their pallor, and satiety engraved there at one and twenty, . . . lazy scorn in the eyes, and the look which sleeplessness gives to the lids, . . . the willful indulgence—not of one life, but of generations—about the mouth . . . a face to dare anything and to do anything." "He had the carriage of a soldier,

the animation and endurance of the thoroughbred when roused." (*The Crisis.*)

Another heroine: "The second was a tall, beautiful girl, with an exquisite ivory-like complexion, and a wonderful crown of fluffy red hair which encircled her head like a halo of sunlit glory. I could compare its wondrous lustre to no color save that of molten gold deeply alloyed with copper. It was red, but it also was golden, as if the enamoured sun had gilded every hair with its radiance . . . [it] fringed her low, broad forehead, and upon the heavy black eyebrows, the penciled points of whose curves almost touched across the nose . . . the rosy-tinted ivory of her skin . . . the long eyes which changed chameleon-like with the shifting light, and varied with her moods from fathomless green to violet, and from violet to soft voluptuous brown," etc. (*Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.*)

Here is another: "Upon her alabaster skin, the black eyebrows, the long lashes, the faint blue veins and the curving red lips stood in exquisite relief, . . . her round snowy forearm and wrist . . . the perfect curves of her form." (*Ibid.*)

Another: "A slender girl . . . of that age when nature paints with her richest brush. Her hair was a wave of russet lights, with shadows of warmer brown. Her face, rose-stained, was the texture of a rose. Her mouth, below serious eyes of blended blue, gave a touch of willfulness. If there was intentness on the brow, so was there languor in the lips, red, half-ripe, the upper short and curved to smile. She was all raptures—all sapphire and rose-gold, against the dark cushion." (*Hearts Courageous.*)

(6) *Absence of reasoning and critical faculties.*

Another marked mobbish trait or perhaps another aspect of the last trait,—low intellectual life,—is the absence of duly constituted authority. Leaders must be improvised on the spur of the moment. At the head of the two columns that attacked the Bastille were Hullin, a

watchmaker from Geneva, and Elie, a soldier of fortune; they had no previous authority; their credentials were the spasmodic needs of the moment. So, too, our reading mob has no leaders, no guides. In the mob itself there is no critical faculty. Reflex action answers to peripheral stimulus; there is no pondering, no consideration, no choice of acts. If there were critics, men of natural gifts and educated taste, experienced in the humanities, there would be no mob; for the condition of headlessness, of unguidedness, is essential to a mob. But there are no American critics, except Mr. Henry James, who confines himself to a consideration of foreigners. If he would turn his mind to American criticism —

Ae, veluti magno in populo quum saepe coorta
est

Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile vulgus — authoritative with literary piety and desert, he might become a disciplinary and coordinating force. Other writers wander about the ante-chamber of criticism, — *la salle des pas perdus*, — and speak sympathetically to the mob. They obey the gregarious impulse. It is so with all mob leaders. To the Bastille mob, Hullin and Elie cry, “En avant, nobles esprits!” to the religious mob the Herr Pfarrer shouts, “Gott mit uns;” to the Roman citizens Mark Antony says, “Good friends, sweet friends.” The mob leader is infected with the mob spirit, and seeks to take advantage of it, not to correct and overcome it. Our mob critics, naturally somewhat afraid of the mob, use a series of adjectives (as a drover’s boy shouts “gee” and “haw” *post eventum*, to conceal the fact that he follows, and does not guide, his steers), — “suggestive,” “unique,” “exclusive,” “convincing,” “vital,” “well - visualized;” or brief phrases, — “a book of distinction,” “chastity of diction,” “the touch of sureness,” etc., and then encourage the mob by one of three methods of appeal. The first is to say that the author is a good story-teller, which to the mob means, “Mob, you have excellent judgment in plots;” the second,

that the tale is highly moral, “Oh, virtuous mob!” the third, that the story is American. For instance, one critic says: “One of the most cheerful features of the whole matter is the fact that that growth of Americanism to which we had occasion to refer last winter is becoming steadily more apparent. Of the seventy-five places held among the first selling books by the novels that we have mentioned [of the upper bourgeois sort] all but fifteen are to the credit of American authors.” This is the regular patriotic device of the mob orator. All the Roman mob orators lay stress upon the fact that their hearers are Romans. Antony says, “You gentle *Romans*,” and “Friends, *Romans*, countrymen.” Brutus says, “*Romans*, countrymen, and lovers.” As for morality, it is a well marked trait in a mob to esteem itself highly moral, and, in its way, to be highly moral. The Lord George Gordon mob destroyed much gold and silver plate, but stole none. The Abolitionist mob was notoriously self-righteous. Nevertheless, morality is not always characteristic of mobs, even of reading mobs, though self-imputed morality probably always is. To praise the mob, however, is certainly the safest, perhaps the only, course open to the mob orator.

Thus we see that mobbish traits consist in numbers, union, coalescence, low organic structure, imperfect functions, violent emotions, infectious actions, and the absence of any controlling or critical faculty; and, finally, that numbers and the absence of authority are the two chief characteristics. This analysis is partially but strongly confirmed by an investigation from an entirely different point of view, — from the standpoint of art.

Art is a matter based upon the experiences, not of all men, as is science, but of the few. An individual, one man out of millions in ordinary places, one out of hundreds in highly gifted communities, perceives something which disturbs his viscera, makes his heart beat faster, brings color to his cheek, brightness to his eye, buoyancy to his spirit, which kindles joy,

tenderness, sentiment, triumph, exultation. Excited by his experience, he broods over it, and tries to counterfeit what he conceives to be the stimulating cause, primarily because of the felicity which comes as he busies himself with this enriching experience, partly that he may see his own sensations reflected in other faces, and incidentally that he may win honor, money, or whatever unconsidered, secondary consequences may chance to follow. This happy but solitary man, who quivers like a racehorse at what other men pass like oxen, is the artist. His experiences are the facts of art; his counterfeits of the stimulating causes are what we call works of art. The experiences of beauty, of harmony, of color, or whatever it may be, which other men have, are of a different order, and have no artistic significance. However, there are men who have direct business with the artists' experiences; they are the critics. They may be wholly unable to counterfeit the stimulating causes, and yet they comprehend the artists' experiences, and interpret these experiences to the many. The critic's business is to study these experiences, compare and classify them, and render them, as far as may be, intelligible to the crowd. His mission is revelation, and his attitude must be one of authority.

Here, then, we have art, the experience of the few, and authority, the judgment of the few, both antithetical to the mob spirit, which knows neither law nor authority, and follows the gusty impulses of instinct. Art and the mob are mutually exclusive, like heat and cold. A mob cannot have its attention fixed by a work of

art. When the crowd reads *Hamlet* or stares at the *Monna Lisa*, it acts in obedience to authority — to the authority of the critics; it has ceased to be a mob, it recognizes the word of command, given by Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, or Ruskin, and marches, as to military music, rank upon rank, in orderly sequence, and salutes the world's masterpieces. Discipline, whether it proceeds from the presence of a general, an archbishop, or a critic, is a certain sign that the crowd has passed beyond that stage of homogeneous incoherence, as Herbert Spencer would say, which is essential to a mob. This transformation is normal; a mob must either turn into a disciplined body or resolve itself into its constituent elements. As regards the reading mob, the transformation into an educated body of readers is, of course, infinitely slower than the change from a street mob into an orderly group of burghers; it will depend on the number of artists and of critics. The public schools, and our general system of education, to which we ordinarily turn in such difficulties, unfortunately supply the conditions that make a reading mob possible, and do not offer any hope of cure. Art and authority are the only remedies. In a country so large, so thickly populated, where there is so much vigor, energy, and will, it is not unreasonable to hope that artists will come; but they will require sympathy, comprehension, support, and these can be made ready only by the critic. His first task must be to tame the turbulent mob spirit, in which we Americans take so much pride and pleasure.

ANY MAN AND ANY WOMAN

BY WINFIELD SCOTT MOODY

THE new heaven and the new earth had just opened before the two young people. The girl's shy eyes were raised and looked evenly into her lover's eager face, and both her hands lay contented in his clasp.

"Yes, and yes! you dear boy," she said.

"Mildred!" he cried, and then, for a while, there were no more words.

The sober, quietly ticking old clock on the mantel had never been so utterly disregarded before in all its long life. Its slender steel hands moved around with an astonished dignity in being so entirely forgotten, as some placid chaperon might have slowly realized that her very existence no longer counted for anything. It was the fire, whispering to itself with soft, crackling laughter, that broke the spell at last. A big stick, burned at the middle, fell apart, and one end scattered sparks upon the rug. The young man was betrayed into a sudden leap to brush back the little red coals, and then, again, there were two persons, very close to each other and very blushingly happy, but still two responsible human beings, capable of articulate speech, and conscious once more of the world in which they lived.

"Let's always have an open fire in — in our house, Arthur," suggested Mildred, with a rose color in her cheeks for which the blazing hickory on the hearth was not responsible.

"Always — all summer, too," echoed Arthur, in munificent assent. "And it will always mean just this thing to us, dear, — that it heard your promise, and it is a witness between us that nothing in the world can ever make me lose you, now;" and Arthur's eyes glowed into Mildred's until the long lashes once more hid their retreat.

"Nothing can ever come between us,

now, can it, dear?" she whispered as she leaned against his shoulder, and her hand clung in his strong clasp.

"Never, my Mildred," murmured the discoverer of a new world to his fellow adventurer. "And it seems so wonderful to think that all this happiness should have come to me, who don't deserve half of it," he added, virtuously, if humbly enough.

"Why, yes, you do deserve all I can ever hope to give you, Arthur — I know you do, and you must not talk in that way — it hurts me."

"But no man could ever be quite good enough for you, dearest," he said softly. "And of course I don't mean that I am wicked in any way, but only that you are such an angel, and I am just a man, who has had to live a man's life, so different from the sweet, sheltered life of a woman, you know."

He stopped for a moment, in a sudden pause, and then went on, with a touch of awkwardness, "I think — that is — I think I ought to tell you something, Mildred."

Quite unconsciously to herself, she was not leaning against him so unreservedly, now.

"Why, yes, Arthur," she said. "You know I always love to hear every word you tell me — something about yourself, you mean?"

"Yes." The word came out with a reserve which was instantly felt.

"But not unless you really want to, Arthur, of course. Why, I don't know" —

She was sitting quietly, now, but upright beside him and looking squarely at him. There was no lack of tenderness in her eyes, but there was something like surprise, too.

"I don't want to hear it if it will hurt

you to tell me, dear," she said, very softly. "I don't *need* to know. We trust each other, and I shall *never* ask you."

"But I think I ought to tell you, dear," he persisted. "I think you have a right to know."

"Why, it's nothing — it could n't be anything — dishonorable, Arthur" —

"Oh, no!" he said, quickly. "I think you are sure of that, are n't you?"

"Of course I am, Arthur," said the girl in a tone so tender that he half closed his eyes, as if suddenly conscious of an overpowering perfume.

He shifted his position, in a physical restlessness which was the reflection of the stirring of conscience that had made him unwilling to remain silent, at this moment, in the presence of the girl's utter love and trust.

"I think I ought to tell you," he repeated, haltingly. "You see — that is, it's about myself — and another girl."

She drew back with a little cry. "Another girl! Oh, Arthur, it did n't seem as if there had ever been anybody but just ourselves in all our lives — it seemed as if we had existed just for each other since the beginning of all time." And after a moment, "Did — did you really *love* her, Arthur?" while the color flashed up and then faded as quickly as it had come.

"Oh, I don't know," he said uneasily. "I did, or I thought I did. We were engaged to be married."

"Oh" — and Mildred's hands clasped themselves tightly in her lap, and she sat shrinking into herself, her face as white as her frock.

"You see," the man began slowly, "it was four or five years ago — long before I had known *you*, dear," and his eyes sought her face. But Mildred's eyes were hidden, and he blundered along.

"We were both very young, and we — I — I thought I was really in love with her, at first, and she with me, and it was six months before I realized that — that something was the matter — that things were not the same — that — oh, that I did n't love her any more, or at

least, I did n't love her as — as I used to, and" —

He floundered pitifully. Mildred did not speak, but her face was lifted, and her hand crept toward him and touched his arm.

"And so, you see, it was pretty hard, but it had to be broken off, and — it was broken off. And I tried to do the square thing, you know, for it would n't have been right for me to go on, of course, and so it was all ended. But I thought I ought to tell you — I thought you ought to know."

His eyes, which had strayed everywhere during his disjointed speech, now sought Mildred's eagerly. She did not reply, for a few moments, and her own eyes were again turned away. Then, meeting his earnest gaze with a little hesitation, she said, —

"Yes, Arthur, I'm glad you told me, if it's easier for you to share the knowledge of it with me. But hearing it all so suddenly startled and — and confused me, a little, for the moment. It was like reading somebody else's letter by mistake. But I know you were as good and kind to her as — oh, as you always are, and — it must have been awfully hard for you to tell her."

Arthur flushed a dark crimson.

"Why, Mildred!" he said, reproachfully, "you know I could n't do that."

The girl looked at him in blank surprise.

"Why, you just told me you broke it off because you did n't care for her any more!"

"Oh, Mildred! I did n't say anything of the kind! How could I do such a — a contemptible thing? Of course I did n't break it off. I gave *her* the chance — it belonged to her. Everybody knows that!"

The girl's eyes were very wide, and when she spoke her voice was lower, and not quite steady.

"Do you mean to tell me," she began; and then, "oh, was it she who had changed her mind? Did n't she care for you?" she ended breathlessly.

"Why, yes, I think she cared, of course," the young man replied, a little impatience mingled with the regret in his tone, "but I didn't love her as I had thought I did. Don't you see? I had to make it as easy for her as I could. Any decent man would do that. It was the only honorable way out of it. I gave her the chance to break it off."

Mildred hesitated between doubt and fear. She could see neither reason nor proper sequence in his words. They must be at cross-purposes, somehow.

"You say you tried to make it as easy for her as you could — what a strange thing! Why, it was nothing *she* knew about. How could she know unless you told her?" she said uncertainly.

Arthur had stretched his legs out toward the fire in a grotesque unconsciousness of what he was doing, and his hands were stuffed deep into his pockets, while he stared into the glow of the burning logs and watched the white feathers of ash fall in little heaps between the brass fire-dogs. His heels were dug into the thick hearth-rug, and his whole attitude was that of a man who has completely forgotten himself in the sudden encounter with an abstract problem. Puzzled, a little startled, and with an indefinite sense of unseen danger, he searched his mind in perplexity quite as honest as it was profound, to his unanalytical habit of thought.

"Why," he answered at last, with such a feeling of bewilderment as he might have had, when a schoolboy, if the axioms in his Euclid had suddenly become reversed before his eyes, "of course she could see, after a while, that it was — different, somehow. I — I had to let her see. I was n't at her house so regularly — so often — and I stopped doing some little things — oh, I think I forgot to do them, perhaps. At any rate, it seemed forever, to me, before she saw" —

He stammered, and stopped. But he did not look toward Mildred, and did not see how still she sat, and how tightly her hands were clenched in her lap. He ex-

amined every separate coal in the fire, carefully, before he went on, with a simplicity of retrospective regret that no liar's ingenuity could imitate, and a gathering fluency, as he stated his case: —

"It was pretty hard for me, Mildred. I wished to spare her all I could, but it certainly would not have been honorable for me to let things drift, since I felt sure that we should never be happy together. So I made up my mind to let the whole thing fall on me, and not to put her in a hard place on account of my own change of mind, or heart, or whatever it was. But it was nearly two months before she broke it, and I hope," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "that a kind Heaven will never send me, in the future, even two hours of such pain as I endured during all that time."

A long pause followed his last words. Suddenly Arthur felt himself grow cold from head to foot, and he became conscious that Mildred was looking at him as though from a great distance, and he heard her say, —

"I believe I understand what you have been telling me. You deliberately set yourself to create a different relation between you and her. You did n't go to see her so often, you did n't bring her flowers — you broke your appointments with her, too, did n't you?"

She waited for an answer. "Did n't you?" she repeated.

"Why, yes — I think so," said Arthur, wondering why the admission had suddenly become difficult when it had been one of the matters of course in the actual happening.

"And she wondered why you were so different," Mildred went on calmly. "She asked you why, did n't she?"

She paused again.

"Yes," said Arthur desperately, and wondered why he felt desperate.

"What did you tell her?"

A long pause. Then, "I don't know," said he.

"Why did n't you tell her the truth?" asked Mildred.

"It would have been brutal!" said Arthur, with a flash of pride.

"Don't you think it was brutal to torture the poor girl and keep her in the dark as to the reason?" flashed back Mildred, swiftly as a mirror throws a reflection. "Don't you think it was brutal to save yourself at her cost?"

"Oh, how can you be so unfair!" cried out the man, leaping to his feet and staring at the girl as though she had been transformed into somebody he had never seen before. "I did n't try to save myself at her cost — it is not true. I tried to save *her*! I could n't jilt the girl!"

"But you did," returned Mildred. "You made it impossible for your affectionate relations to continue, and threw all the burden of changing them on her. Do you call *that* honorable?"

"Oh, Mildred!" The lover besought her in a sudden personal appeal. "What awful misunderstanding is this which has come up between us out of nothing at all? Don't misconstrue the attempt of a man to act honorably toward a girl he no longer wanted to marry, but for whom he had so much consideration that he wanted to take all the world's blame to himself for the broken engagement. Why, how has all this cloud come upon us, dear?"

She broke in at the word of affection.

"No, Arthur, there is no misunderstanding. I understand it all perfectly, I think. That is, I understand what you did, but no woman in the world, I am sure, could understand why you did it, unless you were a poor coward, unwilling to face the circumstances."

Mildred sat erect and motionless, except for the quick breathing which shook her slender figure. Arthur stood and regarded her with wonder. Surely this was not the girl who had just promised to marry him! Was it an awful dream? But through the whirling bewilderment of his thoughts, one word burnt into his memory, and the smart was so stinging that he found his tongue:—

"We seem to have very different ideas!" he said, with an entirely new sense of re-

sentfulness. "You say you understand perfectly what I did. I confess I thought so myself, till now, but you — well, since you *do* understand it so thoroughly, will you kindly tell me what I did that makes it possible for you to think of me with horror, and to call me" — he paused, for an instant — "something very like a blackguard and a scoundrel?"

"Oh, Arthur!" — and those two words swam in the tenderness of her tone — "I call you *that*!" But then her brow gathered into tiny lines, and her voice began, hesitatingly, to deepen into accusation as she spoke: —

"It seems to me that if a time comes to a man and a woman who have thought that they loved each other, when one of them finds it has been a mistake, that the person who has made the mistake owes instant explanation to the other one — who is innocent and ignorant of an altered state of things. Can anything be clearer?"

She went on without waiting for an answer.

"You found you did n't love her, and knew that the engagement must be broken; why did n't you go to her and say that you had made a dreadful mistake, and ask if she could forgive you for the pain you were causing her, and set you free?"

Arthur blazed out at her so vehemently that she, for the first time, was conscious of an unfamiliar personality in the man who stood before her.

"Can you conceive of a man being such a cowardly blackguard?" he demanded, almost roughly. "To go to a girl and say that he found he was tired of her and was not willing to fulfill his engagement — to toss her away as if she were an old glove, or — or — yesterday's newspaper!" he stammered, almost choking in the intensity of his dissent. "To make her face all the gossip and ill-natured talk — to put her in the position of a discarded woman — good heavens! what an idea, Mildred! Why, such a man would deserve to be turned out of his club and cut on the street I am thankful to

say that *I* have never known a man capable of such a thing!"

Mildred rose without answering, and walked to the window. Through the dull twilight she looked out into the gray tracery of treetops, and saw the dry leaves blowing about in dismal showers. She wondered if what he had said were really true. She wished she could accept it, even though it cast a shadow over her woman's quick intuition which she was so wont to consider a clear light from within. She would willingly have stood as a child, shamed and set at naught in her own eyes, if so she could only come back into the circle of his arm, trusting him utterly, as she had trusted him an hour before. Trusting — yes, that was the heart of the matter. She suddenly felt that she did not trust him. Over and over the question beat through her brain, how could she trust a man who had once treated a woman like that?

She stood for several minutes with wistful eyes, and then, with a little shiver, came back to the fire. She realized that she had suddenly become mature, and sad, and wise.

"I cannot understand," she said, "how it was possible for you to do it. It seems to me as dastardly a thing as to ask a person condemned to death to give the signal for his own execution."

The man stared at her, and struggled to master himself. After a moment he said, —

"Do you know what you are saying? Think carefully, and tell me if you really mean what you have just said to me. Remember that you are only a young girl, with a limited experience of life. You are talking about a point of honor among men that has been definitely settled by general consent, and you are trying to judge, from your childish standpoint, a question which you might well leave to men who know the world's ways better than you do. You told me a moment ago that *I* was a dastardly coward, and now *I* tell you that you think and talk like a child. You are ignorant of a subject in

which you think you are wise, and you are unjust, deeply unjust to a man who loves you," — he threw himself beside her, — "for oh, Mildred, I do love you with every drop of my blood!"

Mildred drew her hands away from his grasp, but his tenderness swept away the impulse to meet reproach with reproach, and he burst out:

"Can't we stop all this futile discussion, Mildred, and only remember that we love each other? Oh, tell me! Don't you love me? You told me you did, an hour ago — surely an hour can't make such a change in any one!"

"I don't think it is a question of loving, between us, at all," she said, at last, "but of trusting. I think that you love me, and I know that I love you, and shall go on loving you" — here she passed the back of her hand over her eyes — "for oh, so long! But — I do not trust you. That is all. The man whom I promised to marry, an hour ago, is dead. He never really lived, except in my imagination. I thought of you as the soul of honor, and of chivalry, and tenderness, and now I find — as other women do, sometimes, too late — that I only saw a vision."

As he would have spoken, the girl raised both hands, pitifully, in a little gesture of deprecation.

— "But — I do not know. Perhaps every man would feel that you did right. I believe every woman would feel that you did wrong. Let me tell you something. What you have been saying may be true from the point of view of most men — ordinary men, who wish to be honorable and comfortable at the same time. But let me tell you the woman's side of it. Two years ago I had a girl friend to whom there came just this experience. The man to whom she was engaged grew tired of her and wished the engagement broken. He set about it just as you did. Probably to him, as to you, no other course seemed honorable. But during all those dreadful months when the poor girl was making up her mind what the situation really was, I know (because I was with her and saw

it, hourly) the horrible misery she suffered in mind, and heart, and pride. There was not any part of her, mind or spirit, that was not exquisitely tortured. She loved him loyally, and she was too brave and sweet to admit for a moment to herself that he was no longer worthy of that love. At first, she was bewildered, and it was very long before the meaning of all his neglect, his evasiveness, his deliberate playing at cross-purposes, came upon her. And then she told me. I have never seen such suffering."

The girl trembled, and closed her eyes. "It was harder than death for her to bear," she went on. "If it had been a noble sorrow, she could have endured it more easily. But it was the utter ignominy of the man's behavior, the cruelty, the supreme selfishness of it all, that came near killing her. I thought then, as I do now, that none but a base man could do so base a deed. I never believed such a time would come to me. But now it has come, and I must meet it as bravely and with as much dignity as I can. But oh, Arthur!" — here her voice broke into a cry — "how *can* I bear it! How *can* I bear it!"

She turned and buried her face in the back of her chair. The man fell at her knees and covered her hands with kisses. She struggled from him, as he besought her.

"Mildred!" he protested, "don't torture yourself so cruelly — it is not the same — nothing like that has come to you. As to what the other man did, I do not know, but I am sure that I could not honorably have done any more or any less than I did. Don't punish me for the suffering of the other woman. Don't, dear, — don't turn away from me like this!"

The girl looked at him through aching eyes. "Perhaps I do not see it clearly," she said. "I must have more time to think about it. And, oh, you must not stay here, now. I want to be all alone."

The young man stood before her, his face very pale.

"I will go, now, but I shall come back

to-morrow. I will not give you up like this, for a child's whim," he said.

She answered him dully, resignedly. "Yes, you may come to-morrow. I may be wronging you, and I must not do that. But to-morrow will do — I shall know, then, if I am ever to know."

"Ask your father — ask your brother," he cried, holding out both arms to call the whole world to witness his plea. "Ask any man — there can be but one answer."

She stood silently, pleading for respite. He kissed her hand and left her.

She did not come to dinner, and if her headache were but an excuse, she did not know it. Up and down in her mind wavered the two scales of the balance, and every time they fell on the side of the woman.

She heard all the clocks strike every hour of that night. The still, silvery chime of the old clock on the drawing-room mantel, the muffled gong in the dining-room, the church clock at the corner, the distant bell beyond the square. And each time, at the end, the last stroke told her the woman had been wronged.

Was she petty and narrow? she asked herself. Did the memory of the other girl's suffering distort her own sense of justice? She wished as fervently to be just to her lover as to reclaim for herself the happiness she had felt that she must put away. Had she a blind spot in her mind's eye at that particular place? Could it be that a woman's love and trust ought to be disregarded in a man's conventional solution of his dilemma — she would call it conventional, and not merely selfish. Was a man's duty to a woman so different from a woman's duty to a man?

As she turned on her pillow, she yearned for the mother whom she could not remember. *She* would know; *she* could tell her. But her weeping brought no comforting spirit; her tormenting problem remained her own to solve.

At dawn she was no nearer a conclusion. Always the balance fell upon the woman's side, and always she struck it up with her poignant desire to be just to

the man. At last, she perceived that she was only beating the air. It was useless to benumb her mind with repetitions. She would cast the whole matter out of her thoughts, and wait until he should come to her. Then, at the first sight of him, she would know; then, her heart would tell her.

She went for a long walk in the cold air that stung her face and impelled to the physical exertion which finally made her body glow, and relieved the beating in her head. But at every street corner, through every vista of houses, in the contents of every shop window seen and unperceived, the wavering balance hung before her mind, and always the scale fell on the same side.

The hours, that had dragged so slowly through the night, now flew fast as birds. Panic seized her; she dared not think of standing before him, seeing his eyes, hearing his voice. And then — he was waiting for her, and as she came down the stairs her heart and head throbbed in a tumult of love and fear and uncertainty.

He stood before the fire, his face eager. His night had been less troubled than hers; the whole disagreement had seemed unreal and impossible to him, as he had thought over their talk, word by word. It was shifting and formless as smoke, this strange fancy that had possessed her; after a night's sleep she would be herself again, and promised to him — to him. Yesterday, with its disarrangement of all things normal, was almost a forgotten illusion.

Always, in the past months, when she had run down the stairs to meet him, her heart had leaped at the sight of his face. Now, as she came into his presence, she felt her heart fall down, as with an actual sense of physical pain, at the instant her eyes met his. She hesitated, and stood trembling for a moment, as he sprang toward her, and then, as if they had not parted since the question had risen between them, the day before, she began to speak as if thinking aloud, slowly:

“There seem to be so many times in life when the facts of a matter all lie one

way, and the truth lies all the other way. The fact is, that you seem to yourself — and possibly to the world in general, I do not know — to have acted the part of an honorable and considerate man. But the truth I *do* know, because I feel it *here*, oh, so deeply,” — and her two cold hands clutched together over her heart, — “I know that no man whose feeling for honor is as fine and sensitive as it should be could have treated a woman who loved him as you treated her.”

The words came out almost automatically. There was no conscious effort of her mind; it was the distillation of her overflowing heart. To the man, at first, it seemed that the dreadful illusion was persisting, and that presently it would pass. But instead, he presently perceived that all this was very reality.

He strove for words, and uttered a commonplace.

“Is this all that your night's sleep has brought you?” he asked.

“I have not slept at all,” she said quietly. “I have thought of nothing else, and I always come back to this.” Her voice drooped, with the dejection of her weary head, and her pallor wrung his heart. He moved to take her hand, and she drew back.

“Please” — she said. “You told me, yesterday, that I was a child. I am old and grave, since last night. I have thought, and thought, and thought, and I see but one thing, all the time — that you are not the man you seemed to me yesterday. And since it is *I* who have made a mistake” —

Arthur's voice broke in, hoarse and shaky.

“Mildred!” he said, “do you mean that you are sending me away?”

“There is nothing else to do,” she said simply. “We were never really together, and we have just found it out, that is all.”

“Does our love for each other count for nothing?” he cried.

“It does not count for enough to live on, without the other,” she replied drearily. “With me, love would not last without a

foundation of utter trust. The difference in our ideas, in our points of view, is so fundamental that we should only make misery for both of us, if we tried to live together. And besides, I do not want to marry you, now, for my ideal has turned out to be a ghost, and I can't marry a ghost."

He caught at the word.

"Your own fancy creates the ghost, Mildred," he said. "I am just the same man I was yesterday — you are just the same woman. We loved each other then — we love each other now. Oh, don't let a girlish whim break up our lives — don't see a ghost in place of the real man who loves you and wants you for his wife!"

Mildred covered her face with her hands. The strength and passion of the man shook the woman, and she felt herself swayed like a slender tree in a storm. But never once did her purpose quiver at its root, even in the greatest stress, in which, for the first time, she felt the call of his sex for hers. And then, growing and enveloping her like deep silence after a tumult of sound, came to her the sense that now, at last, she was submitting to some mysterious power, and that all the growth of her love for him had been but the preparation for this moment of bitter sacrifice. And while she made the sharp decision, as though plunging the knife into her breast, she entered into the great peace of obedience to an uncomprehended yet eternal law. As the instant passed, she perceived that she was calm, calmer than ever in her life before, since the childhood day of her first communion.

She raised her head and looked deep into his eyes.

"I am not mistaken, now, Arthur," she said in a low voice. "It is ended, now. I dare not marry you. We have no common ground in life to stand on."

Arthur stood staring at her helplessly for a moment.

"Mildred," he said, "I cannot understand it all. I think you must have taken leave of your senses."

"I wish I had," answered the girl

quietly, "but I have not. It is all clear and simple enough to me, and since you say you do not understand it, I will try once more to make it plain to you. I suppose I am only a young girl, as you say, and I do not know much of the world, and above all, I am not versed in that code which men have built up for themselves under the name of honor!" — here her voice wavered — "but there are some things that stand out clear as noonday, to me. You have told me of your behavior toward another woman whom you once thought you loved — told me quite frankly, with no conception of the dishonor involved, of a course of treatment which I cannot believe it possible that any man should look upon except with contempt, or any woman condone. I can see that, occasionally, a man may find himself mistaken in his professed love for a woman. Women make such mistakes, too, sometimes. But that he should deliberately shift the responsibility of breaking the promise to the slighter shoulders of the woman, — that he should set himself to torture and ill-use the love she gives him" —

"Torture and ill-use!" he broke in. "I was trying to save her dignity — her self-respect!"

The girl thrust aside his words with a look and a gesture, and went on.

"That he can do *anything*, under the circumstances, but go and tell her the truth in tenderness, since it cannot be in love, — oh, it is incredible and monstrous to me, and such a man I can neither respect nor trust. And I believe that every woman in the world would agree with me!"

Mildred stood upright, now, with stern eyes turned upon the man she loved and judged.

"But think of the girl's pride, Mildred," he pleaded, in bewilderment and despair. "How could a man choose to humiliate her so before the world, as he would in refusing to marry her?"

"Humiliate her!" Mildred returned bitterly. "There is no humiliation! She,

at least, had kept her love burning clear, — she had been true to her promise! For myself, so far from being humiliated, I should glory — yes, glory — in the thought that it was not I who had failed in loyalty — in love! Where the deep spiritual things of life are concerned, what does a woman care for what the world thinks or says? Not one straw!"

The man hardly waited for her to finish. His self-control left him entirely, and he flamed up in accusation.

"You are morbid!" he declared, "and you sit here in your little world judging matters you are not able to judge. You have no right to pass such judgment on me. I offer you all a good man can offer a woman, and you say you love me, yet for a cobweb of sentiment between us you break your promise to me. I suppose you feel that you have done your duty. I can tell you that you have lost the substance for the shadow. I find that I know little

enough of women, but you have taught me, to-day, how recklessly cruel a woman can be."

The girl's face was white, and turned proudly away from him.

"Now I am going," he went on. "You forbid me to come back — you say you dare not marry such a man as I. Oh, Mildred, the woman I loved was not like the woman you are now. Indeed, I think any man might well hesitate in the attempt to meet your ideals. But we have got beyond discussion now."

"Yes," she answered, "we have got beyond discussion now."

She heard the house door close behind him, and then, as she found a chair, she felt everything slipping away from her. When she came back to herself, half an hour later, she stumbled a little as she rose and left the quiet old clock and the failing fire, and went to her room to begin the world all over again.

SOME RESULTS OF THE EASTERN WAR

BY CHESTER HOLCOMBE

A PROMINENT diplomatist in St. Petersburg recently remarked that "every one has agreed upon peace except the bellicerents." Add to this fact the other, that internal conditions in Russia, which need not be detailed here, are such as to make the cessation of hostilities a necessity, and the world is justified in the hope that peace will come in the near future. In fact, speculation is already rife regarding the results of the war, and some of our diplomatic friends across the Atlantic not Russian in nationality, are foreboding loss of prestige and the destruction of European commerce in the Far East as one result of a Japanese success.

That earlier bugbear, the "Yellow Peril," is being revived and is again the subject of discussion. A gentleman, high

in official life and in close touch with the French Foreign Office, has discovered another disastrous result of Russian defeat. He predicts the capture of Vladivostok by Japan, which will thus acquire "the only port and naval base on the shores of the Pacific Ocean which hitherto have been in possession of a European power." To quote him further, "this would mean that all the commerce of the Pacific Ocean would become the monopoly of only two powers with strong naval bases on the Pacific, namely, Japan and the United States. These two non-European powers could divide up Chinese trade at their pleasure." . . . This gentleman sees Russia and all other European powers "equally left out in the cold." And from his own gloomy forecast, he

predicts that "whatever else Japan may demand, she will not be allowed to exclude Russia and the rest of Europe from all naval and commercial influence in the Pacific."

It is rather surprising that this presumably well informed prophet of evil to Europe overlooks or is ignorant of several most important facts. He is doubtless right in assuming that, unless peace is made almost at once, Japan will capture Vladivostok. But that is by no means the "only port and naval base" upon the Pacific hitherto held by a European power. For some sixty years Great Britain has held Hongkong, an invaluable naval base and port of distribution of commerce from all parts of the world, and doubtless she will continue to occupy it in the future. It is of tenfold the value of the Siberian port mentioned. In North China upon the Shantung coast, Germany occupies Chiao Cho with a liberal area of hinterland, and farther north, within quick reaching distance of Tientsin and Peking, Great Britain is in possession of Wei Hai Wei, a fine harbor, and easily defended. True, France is not represented in this list, but she holds seaports, and has a large colonial area upon the Pacific Ocean, beginning a little to the south of Hongkong and extending down to the terminal point of the Asiatic continent. If European powers may take and hold these several ports named, thousands of miles distant from their own proper domain, why may not Japan capture and occupy permanently Vladivostok, comparatively within a stone's throw of her own empire, and a constant menace if occupied by an unfriendly European power? It is not to be taken for granted that the Mikado has such an object in mind, but if he had, what objection could, with any decent show of consistency, be raised by the governments named? With the naval bases and centres of trade mentioned held by Great Britain, Germany, and France, any monopoly of commerce, such as is seen in the forecast of the French diplomatist, is a manifest impossibility.

Another and conclusive hindrance is found in existing treaties. Substantially every commercial treaty between the several western powers and Japan, China and Corea, forbids monopoly and provides specifically for equal opportunities, privileges, and concessions in trade. Any favor or exemption granted to one is, by that very fact, granted to all. Thus, when the United States, in its recent commercial treaty with China, secured the opening of two additional ports in Manchuria (secured, by the way, in the face of the impertinent interference and secret threats of Russia) to the commerce of this nation, those ports were, of necessity, opened to every nation—Russia included—which has treaty relations with China. Even "special spheres of influence," so much discussed a few years ago in connection with Chinese affairs, are impossible under any fair interpretation of existing treaties, but the "Open Door," or equal opportunities everywhere and for all, is specifically recognized and pledged. Only by violation or rearrangement of all existing treaty engagements with the nations of the Far East could any exclusive monopoly of the commerce of the Pacific, or any modification even remotely approaching it, become possible.

While, therefore, it is manifest that no such results, injurious to Europe, can follow the success of Japan in the existing struggle, it still remains true that, in consequence of that success, the future of the Far East will be, must be, widely different from the past. It is both wise and prudent to foresee, to understand, so far as may be possible, the changed lines within which shall lie the coming development, the history, of the nations upon the Asiatic shores of the Pacific.

During the war of a few years ago, into which the peace-loving Chinese were invited and almost driven by the Japanese, it was repeatedly asserted, with truth, by the leaders of political thought and policy among the latter, that the struggle was entered into, not so much, or mainly, to settle any question of predominance in

Corea, or any other personal questions between the belligerents, but to demonstrate to the nations of Europe that the time had come when Japan must be classed, and reckoned with, as among the first-class powers of the modern world. In a similar way, there is, upon the part of Japan at least, a far broader motive and purpose in the existing war than the mere determination of the questions, important as they are, whether Manchuria shall or shall not remain the property of its rightful owner, China, and whether the Czar or the Mikado shall have predominant political influence in Seoul. While those combined to form the nominal, and immediate, cause of the war, they were after all only incidents of it, or incarnations, so to speak, of far greater, broader, more vital questions,—questions involving other European powers than Russia, other Asiatic nations than Japan,—which must be fought to a full and final issue. The time had come in the marvelous development of modern life in Japan when those larger questions, whether affecting her or her neighbors, must be met and answered once for all. The future of the Far East depended upon them. Hence the war long expected in Japanese circles. And hence, as an issue of Japanese success, a widely changed future for the Far East.

The earliest knowledge which the empires of Eastern Asia had of the peoples of Western Europe was brought them by sample. It came in the guise of heavily armed ships overcrowded with buccaneers, freebooters, sea robbers, men astonishingly like Drake and Hawkins, with whom the average reader is familiar. It need hardly be said that the introduction thus effected was not satisfactory. Indeed, it was misleading to the Asiatics, extremely painful, and horribly expensive. Much later came a different type of European into the Far East, in the shape of missionaries of the Catholic church. These were eventually expelled from the several empires of China, Japan, and Corea, not because of the strange religion

which they taught, nor for their good works, many of which still remain, but because of repeated and persistent efforts to interfere with the politics or civil government of the state. The inception of modern acquaintance and relations between Western Europe and the Far East was even more unfortunate. So far as China is concerned, it was accomplished in connection with an attempt, persisted in for a score of years, and ultimately successful, to fasten upon an immense race the most horrible and deadly curse known among men. The common laws of humanity, the wise statutes and moral sense of a heathen nation, were ruthlessly thrust aside and sacrificed, in order to satisfy the money lust of a so-called Christian power. It is true that no such conscienceless outrage was perpetrated upon Japan. And it is equally true that the subsequent history of Japan has been far different, far brighter than that of opium-cursed China.

These important facts of the earlier relations between the Far East and the Western world are stated with the utmost possible brevity. It is necessary that they be kept in mind by any person who seeks either to understand the more recent past of the two great empires still remaining there, or to forecast their future.

To these most uninviting features of the beginnings of acquaintance and intercourse between Europe and the nations of remote Asia must be added two factors, continuous in their operation, and most strongly hostile to any good relationship and understanding. They were inevitable, yet most unfortunate; necessary, and yet they have been the most positive of all hindrances to the proper growth and development of the Far East. To substantiate these assertions it is only necessary to point to the more recent history of Japan. She rid herself of these most offensive conditions of international intercourse some years ago, and the change for the better in every direction was immediate and amazing. They consist in a limitation, at two points, of the

inherent sovereign rights of the rulers of those nations. In every treaty made the principle of extritoriality was asserted, which is to say that all foreigners resident within the empires of China, Japan, or Corea, were not subject to the laws of those empires, but remained under the jurisdiction of their native lands. Actions, whether civil or criminal, against them could only be tried and determined before and by an official of their own nationality. One need only imagine such an exemption from the laws of the land in favor of foreigners, insisted upon and enforced in this country, to realize how bitterly it would be resented. Yet it was necessary. No self-respecting government, no civilized authority, could consent to the submission of its people to the barbarous laws, the unjust and cruel judicial procedure, recognized and practiced in those lands when treaty relations were established.

The second point of limitation affected the finances of each of the three governments named, and took the shape of dictation, in detail, of the rate of duty leviable upon all imports of foreign merchandise and all exports of native products. A schedule of tariff rates was attached to and made a part of each commercial treaty. It was uniform for all nations, and, under the agreements and stipulations affixed, no modifications of rates or terms could be made until the assent of all powers interested had been secured. This unusual procedure and interference with sovereign rights was based upon the argument that neither friendly intercourse nor trade with Western nations was desired by the governments of the Far East, that the treaties themselves were compacts made under duress, or at the point of the bayonet, as was the fact, and that nominal privileges of trade having thus been forced upon them, they would, unless prevented by this limitation, tax out of existence a commerce which was unsought and unwelcome. Doubtless this argument was wholly sound, but that in no way served

to lessen the resentment caused by the infringement upon the rightful authority of the sovereign. An undesired guest would hardly expect to transform dislike into cordiality by the unique process of shackling the hands and feet of his host. And while upon this topic, it may be as well frankly to admit that it was not always either easy or pleasant to reason with the high officials of China or Japan against the imposition of a higher than five per cent rate of import duty upon American fabrics while it was within the knowledge of both parties to the discussion that the United States was collecting a duty of fifty per cent upon all imports of Chinese or Japanese manufactures of silk, and sixty per cent upon their porcelain wares.

In these two interferences with the inherent right of sovereigns to manage their own business affairs, and to govern all persons, independent of nationality, who may choose to reside or sojourn within their territories, is to be found the actual cause of the indifference and open hostility, so long manifested, to railway and telegraph construction, mining developments, and the hundred and one forms of modern progress. The Chinese government, especially, would not consent to the introduction of thousands of skilled laborers, all foreigners, which such enterprises must render necessary, who would be independent of the jurisdiction of the emperor whose protection they enjoyed, and who could only be punished for wrong-doing by an outside authority. Superstitious objections, such as disturbance of the graves of ancestors, the opposition of the dragon-guardian of the empire, and others of the same sort, were almost wholly fictional, empty substitutes for the real reason, which the high ideal of courtesy possessed by the Chinese would not permit them to state frankly.

Still another must be added to these points of friction, centres of disturbance, as they may be called, in the past relations between Europe and the Far East. It includes the entire policy and lines of action

of the former toward the latter, and has found expression in an open attitude of proprietorship, disregard of the manifest rights of the Oriental, and almost innumerable deeds of aggression and spoliation. It is not extreme to say that, in all the years since the establishment of treaty relations with China, the European will, rather than the changeless laws of just and fair dealing between man and man, or, what is the same thing, between nation and nation, has formed the ultimate basis of decision in nearly every matter at issue between the Western nations and that great empire. Patience, forbearance, and that timidity which is the natural attendant of newly established relations, have been mistranslated into indifference, stolidity, and cowardice. Submission to open outrage has not in the least served to shame the perpetrators, but has rather encouraged them to even more conscienceless exhibitions of greed and lust. The fierce and suspicious rivalry between the great powers of Europe for political and commercial control in the Far East has alone saved China from utter spoliation.

Yet such national policy and action are never either right, wise, or safe. Any government is treading upon dangerous ground when its treatment of another is such as to give the high officials of that other cause to say what the Chinese Cabinet has often said: "It makes no difference where the right lies in any question, China is always forced to yield." And those who have had occasion to study the peoples of Eastern Asia have long been convinced that even Oriental patience has its limits, that with them aversion to war does not spell cowardice, and that the time would come when the European policy of injustice and greed herein outlined must either cease or find a defender upon the field of battle. True, such a policy of aggression, robbery, and national murder has long been pursued in Southern Asia with nominal success, as the maps will show. But it is far from certain that that success is more than superficial and temporary. Be that as it

may, it is a well recognized fact that the colder zones of the earth produce a different type of manhood from that found in the tropics, and Asia is no exception to this rule, as the events of the past year have abundantly demonstrated to any who may have entertained a different belief. It has proved to be somewhat dangerous to measure the spirit and temper of the Japanese and Chinese by that found among the more effeminate races of India, Burmah, and Siam.

That struggle between the remaining nations of the Far East and Europe, long delayed yet always certain, has come at last. In it Russia stands for the typical aggressor and marauder of Europe, while Japan is the self-constituted champion and defender of the inalienable and self-evident rights of the governments upon the Asiatic coasts of the Pacific. To state the case in other words, Japan is defending the independence and territorial integrity of her neighbor as necessary to the ultimate protection of her own. The real question at issue is as broad as can be stated. It involves the life of those nations of the Far East, and all of the minor issues, some of which are suggested herein, which combine to form genuine, untrammeled national existence. And they are being fought to a finish, to a changeless decision. Should Russia win, Eastern Asia will, in no long stretch of time, lose all form and semblance of independent, self-governing life, will be dealt with as Africa and Southern Asia have been. The cormorant powers of Europe will scream and wrangle, perhaps fight, over the plunder, and China, Japan, and Corea, dismembered, will sink into nameless colonies.

But Russia cannot win so long as Japan continues to exist. In that cluster of islands is to be seen, what has never before been recorded in history, nearly fifty millions of people, so perfectly united as to be fused by the fires of patriotism into a single individual, determined to die or to live as a free nation, and fighting as only such a mass of humanity, so inspired, can

fight for such an end. They cannot be beaten, and no lover of humanity and freedom ought to desire it. Fortunately the end seems near, and all indications point to Japanese success. Even those who were confident, either desirous or otherwise, of the humiliation and probable extermination of Japan, concede the question, and busy themselves with conjectures of the probable terms of peace which Russia may be able to secure.

To forecast the future of the Far East, thus freed from European interference and domination, would require another chapter. Some of the more immediate issues of the struggle ought to be summarized here.

The entire policy and lines of action of the powers of Europe toward these Asiatic nations must be, will be, immediately and radically changed. Dictation can no longer play a leading rôle in diplomacy there. It will not soon be forgotten that the final answer of Japan to the insulting ultimatum of Russia that "Japan will not be permitted to hold permanently any portion of territory upon the continent of Asia," given at the close of the war between the latter power and China,—that the final answer to this message was only made when the battleships of Russia were driven from the sea, when Dalny and Niu Chuang were occupied by Japanese troops, when Port Arthur surrendered, and Mukden was abandoned. That arrogant assumption of superiority and domination which has so conspicuously characterized all European intercourse with the Far East in the past, if a shred of it remains, must be most carefully suppressed and hidden away. Further exhibitions of it may be dangerous. Even that constant stream of advice, unsought, unwelcome, and hence unwise, which has babbled through all the diplomacy of past years, must be dammed at the fountain head. Possibly the political wiseacres of Europe will eventually discover that the quiet Orientals have for centuries looked upon unasked counsel as invariably selfish, and hence have accepted

it as a warning rather than a guide. If, so much as ten years ago in the swift history of modern times, the main purpose of Japan in seeking battle with China was to demonstrate to Europe that she must be classed and reckoned with as among the first-class modern powers, has she not fairly won complete and hearty recognition of that fact? At any rate, it may be unsafe longer to ignore it. And what Japan will demand for herself, in all essential particulars, she will demand for her neighbors.

The era of aggression, unjust exactions of so-called indemnities, and arbitrary seizures of territory, will be ended forever. This hardly need be said, but it is of such immense importance that it must be given place here. Russia must get out of Manchuria, and stay out. Further than this, the Czar must awake from, and abandon, his dream of empire upon the Pacific coast of Asia, at least so far as absorption of territory to the south of his present possessions there is a part of it. In like manner, France must cast aside that secret scheme of hers,—secret in her imagination, but patent to all the rest of the world,—the scheme of acquirement of the entire southern tier of Chinese provinces, by which she has hoped to rival Great Britain in her Indian empire, to put a French block between India and China, and thus end the British plans of open trade routes for opium and other English commodities, routes available to English commerce only. Germany will recognize the limit to any further expansion of her colony at Chiao Cho in north China. Great Britain will doubtless return Wei Hai Wei, seized by her when Russia took possession of Port Arthur, to its rightful owner. And it is not beyond the bounds of belief that Hongkong, for years the greatest smuggling depot in the world, may eventually be given back to China, from whom it was wrested at the conclusion of the first Opium War.

It must constantly be kept in mind that this is not merely a war between Japan and Russia. It is rather a conclusive

struggle between the powers of the Far East and the ambition, lust, and greed of the great powers of Europe, to determine, once for all, the right to existence and the status of the first-named. If Japan wins, she will, it is more than likely, borrow a leaf from the history of the United States, and, as has been more than once suggested already, declare an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine. She has made it clear beyond all possible misunderstanding that, in her judgment, the three remaining powers of the Far East must stand or fall together, that they are jointly and equally interested to prevent the increase or further establishment of European authority in that part of Asia, and that any attacks upon the territorial integrity of either of her neighbors are to be regarded as attacks upon her. What is this line of public policy but an unwritten, yet genuine, Monroe Doctrine? There will be no occasion to fear or mention a "Yellow Peril," if the governments of Europe recognize these issues determined by the war, accept them in good faith, and govern themselves accordingly. If they fail or refuse to do so, we may hear that phrase again. The "decadent," the "effete" East is, strangely enough, growing younger, more virile, better able to demand and secure fair treatment from even the greatest powers of the world, every year.

So with regard to the two points of inter-

ference with sovereign rights mentioned in this article as necessary, and still existent in China and Corea, they cannot, perhaps, wisely be abandoned at present. It is, however, a debatable question whether a new, and wholly different, commercial treaty might not be concluded, which would sufficiently guard our commerce in those countries, and yet not involve an offensive interference with the inherent right of their rulers to manage their own financial affairs. It need hardly be said that success in that direction would free our trade there from a heavy burden, and open the way to its increase as nothing else can.

Condensed into a single phrase, "Japan for the Japanese," "China for the Chinese," "Corea for the Coreans," embodies the issues which are being settled in the present war. Why should not each of the great powers of Europe accept this principle for the nations of the Far East which each demands, and exacts, so scrupulously for itself. Once heartily recognized and carried into consistent operation by a diplomacy of good sense and common morality, misunderstanding, contempt, and hatred, now almost universal in the continental portions of that vast area, will gradually disappear, China will repeat the marvelous development of Japan, and the world will be better, richer, and far safer, for the change.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

III

WESTWARD, BY SEA AND LAND

THE westernmost point of Alaska is but forty-five miles from the opposite shore of Bering's Sea. The purchase of the great peninsula had brought us in sight of Asia. It had also given us a new coastline longer than our entire Atlantic seaboard. The Black Current of the Pacific, first revealed to science by an American ship-captain, starting in the Malay Archipelago, sweeping by the Philippines, Formosa, and Japan, now poured its warmth upon a shore of ours; and thither it brought signs and fragments of Asiatic life. Turning southward, and passing along the coast of California and northern Mexico, it circles back to Asia, bearing westward signs and fragments of American life. To that intercourse, older far than our civilization, older no doubt than the oldest civilization of either continent, our Asiatic trade offered but a faint comparison. When one considers that over half the human race fronts eastward across the Pacific, the wonder is, not that Seward and a few other Americans had come at last to take account of our westward outlook, but that the mass of Americans were still so densely unmindful of it. Our entire exchanges with the east coast of the Pacific, exports and imports, seldom ran above twenty million dollars a year. And this commerce, such as it was, did not yet pass through San Francisco, but went around Cape Horn; it was maintained, for the most part, by our easternmost communities — New York, and New England. There was, however, one sort of intercourse between America and the Orient more important than this small beginning of a trans-Pacific trade. It is not too much

to say that the American navy, American diplomats, American missionaries, and American teachers had done more than the representatives of all other western nations to bring about the *rapprochement* of Eastern and Western civilizations. But these things were for years as little regarded or regulated by government as the drift of the Black Current.

When the government of the United States did first begin to regulate the intercourse of Americans with the Orient, it began with the remoter peoples of Southern Asia. In 1833, Edmund Roberts of New Hampshire, a special commissioner, negotiated with the king of Siam the first treaty of amity and commerce that ever bound together the opposite shores of the Pacific. He made also a like agreement with the Sultan of Muscat, with whose dominions we had a not inconsiderable trade. But the negotiations with Annam, or Cochin China, failed, and at Canton, where Roberts touched both on his outward and his homeward journey, he was not allowed to anchor. His pioneer diplomacy ended at Macao, where he died of the plague; but his work endured. In 1862, a still more satisfactory treaty was made with Siam.

In Chinese waters our merchant flag had been known ever since 1784, when a New York merchantman, the Empress of China, brought to Canton the first cargo of American ginseng. The missionaries followed the merchants, and the school teachers were not far behind. But it was not until 1844, when Webster was Secretary of State, that Caleb Cushing negotiated the first treaty of amity and

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commerce with China, and established regular diplomatic relations between the two countries. In 1858, after the invasion of China by a joint expedition of the English and the French, the agreement of 1844 was renewed, strengthened, and broadened. For injuries to American citizens during the war China paid us a considerable indemnity; but it was found that our claims had been exaggerated, and after many years our government, of its own motion, paid back more than half of the amount. The war had also given us a chance to make plain our own policy with eastern Asia, which was, in essence, the same policy, the policy of non-interference and the "open door," to which we have ever since adhered.

Lincoln, coming soon after into the presidency, had sent to China a man not less exceptionally fit for that mission than Adams was for his. Anson Burlingame, minister to Pekin since 1861, had seemed, when he withdrew from domestic politics, to be giving up a notable career; for he was an eloquent orator, and had played a brilliant part in the anti-slavery fight. First commissioned to Austria, he was recalled in obedience to a protest from the Austrian government, for he had been an ardent admirer of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. The mission to China was offered him by way of compensation. Discharging the ordinary duties of his post with tact and energy, he also went beyond them, and by an uncommon force and charm of personality won for himself a place and an influence such as none of his predecessors, — neither the adroit Cushing, nor Humphrey Marshall, the talented Kentuckian, nor William B. Reed, the jurist, — such, in all probability, as no other foreigner whatsoever, had ever exercised in China. In March, 1868, a mandarin of the first class, he crossed the Pacific at the head of an Imperial embassy to all the great powers of Christendom.

To Seward, nothing could have been more welcome than this initiative of China; and indeed the American people

seem to have perceived, with an unexpected acuteness, the true proportions of their countryman's enterprise. A new treaty was forthwith concluded and quickly ratified. It was meant to stimulate, and did at once stimulate, commerce between the two countries. It also secured to Americans in China complete religious freedom, and to the citizens of each country the right of voluntary emigration into the other. As yet, there were scarcely fifty thousand Chinese, all told, in the United States, and it was not until, in the years immediately following the treaty, the rate of immigration quickly doubled and tripled, that the people of our Pacific coast began to take alarm. Meanwhile, the embassy had passed on to Europe; and to Clarendon, to Louis Napoleon, to Bismarck, and to the Czar, Burlingame presented, with a convincing eloquence, the case of China and of Western Asia. He was still, however, only at the outset of his labors when he died at St. Petersburg, early in 1870. His body was brought to Boston for a stately public funeral. At a memorial meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of New York he was justly eulogized as the eloquent advocate of modern civilization, as a servant of mankind. True, the treaty with the United States was the only immediate and substantial result of the mission, which failed from the time of his death; and in a few years a reaction against foreign influences in China, and in America a growing hostility toward Chinese immigrants, threatened the permanency even of that agreement. Nevertheless, if Burlingame's name be not forever associated with an epochal readjustment of the world's civilizations, then few names have ever missed immortality more narrowly.

But the part which Americans were playing in this outreaching of European toward Asiatic life was even more remarkable in Japan than it was in China. In the whole history of American diplomacy there is no pleasanter chapter than the story of our mentorlike friendship with

Japan. It was the American navy which, beginning with certain thankless expeditions to return to their own country Japanese sailors shipwrecked in other quarters of the Pacific, and to deliver from a hard exile American sailors driven on those inhospitable shores, ended by opening to the navies of the world two of the ports which for more than two centuries had been sealed to foreign merchantmen. Until Commodore Perry "gently coerced Japan into friendship with us," and secured for us, by the treaty of 1854, the right to enter, for certain purposes, the harbors of Simoda and Hakodate, and to set up a consulate, two Dutch vessels, visiting once a year the little island of Deshima, where eleven Dutchmen, carefully walled in, were permitted to reside, had carried the entire foreign commerce of Japan. In the seven years following the treaty, Townsend Harris, first as consul-general, and then as minister resident, negotiated two other treaties of amity and commerce, each more liberal than its predecessor; he also contrived, without the support of any military or naval force whatever, to win respect for his own country and to foster a better feeling toward foreigners in general. A party readily amenable to foreign influences and receptive of foreign ideas was fast growing up, and in 1860, eight years before the Burlingame embassy from China, a Japanese embassy, the first ever sent to any foreign country, had visited the United States to exchange ratifications of the second Harris treaty. But the opposition in Japan to this new policy was also very strong. The persons and property of foreigners were at times unsafe. In 1861, the secretary of the United States legation was murdered; in 1863, the legation at Yedo was burned. A domestic revolution, long threatened, began in 1863, and foreign residents were in worse case than ever. The curious dual government of Japan, which had lasted seven centuries, was nearing its end. Adherents of the Mikado, the true emperor, rose against the authority of the Shogun,

who, though in fact a vassal, had exercised the chief powers of government. It was the Shogun, not the Mikado, who had signed the treaties, and the question of foreign relations was thus associated with the domestic controversy. The Shogun, apparently desiring to conciliate the Mikado, ordered the departure of the foreigners. A prince of the Mikado's party, seizing the forts at Shimonoseki, closed to commerce the narrow strait which connects the Japanese inland sea with the Pacific. Several of the powers joining in an expedition to destroy the forts and open the passage, the United States contributed the little chartered steamer Jamestown. An indemnity being collected, a share equal to the shares of the other powers was allotted to us. But again, as in the case of China after the Anglo-French invasion, we found that we were not entitled to the payment, and twenty years later the whole amount was voluntarily returned. Even while the disorder lasted, Seward constantly maintained an attitude of friendliness and patience. Before it ended, the Mikado had been brought to approve the treaties; and when, in 1868, the Shogun was finally overthrown and the Shogunate abolished, the imperial court, become once more the centre of all power in Japan, showed no disposition to undo what had been accomplished since Commodore Perry sailed into the Bay of Yedo.

What had been accomplished was in truth little less than a complete facing outward of the Japanese people; and this was but the beginning of a marvelous change in Japanese life. The trade with the United States, which in 1860 amounted, imports and exports, to less than two hundred thousand dollars, was at the end of the decade thirty times as great; and it has continued steadily to grow. But it was the quickening intercourse through other channels than trade that soon gave to the friendship between America and Japan its peculiar, unexampled character. At the close of our Civil War, Japanese students began to resort to American colleges; and during the same years Ameri-

can teachers entered upon the task of transforming the educational system of Japan. Unlike the Byzantine scholars who heralded the renaissance in Italy, they found the decorative arts developed in the Island Kingdom to a stage which they had not yet reached in our own civilization; but the stimulus which they and other Americans have given to the mechanic arts, to the intellectual life, and to the national spirit of the Japanese is incalculable. Americans have trained the rulers of modern Japan. Missionaries, diplomatists, experts in military and naval affairs, members of the surgical and other professions, and men of business, all have had their part in the work of transformation; but it is probably the school teachers who have done the most to accomplish what neither the French nor the English in India, nor indeed any European people anywhere in Asia, ever accomplished before. Apparently, they have accomplished the actual diversion of an Asiatic civilization into that course of development which western civilizations follow. Nowhere else have European ideas ever penetrated beneath the surface of Asiatic life; and nowhere else, on any continent, has the mere example of America proved so potent as in Japan. But it may be juster to say that the apt Japanese have learned of us than to say that we have taught them. For neither, it must be added, has Western civilization, in any recent century, received from Asia an influence comparable to that which Japan has exercised in art, in literature, and even, in later years, in arms and in diplomacy. For America's teaching of science and of liberty the little people have made no mean return. Not unworthy of comparison with the Ancient Greeks for their sense of beauty and the delicacy of the art with which they have expressed it, they have enlarged for Americans and Europeans the possibilities of æsthetic enjoyment.

It was the Japanese, also, who opened to diplomacy and trade a kingdom still more relentlessly hermit-like than their

own. Korea had been obdurate to all advances; so late as 1866, an American vessel, chartered by an English firm, attempting to ascend the Ta Tong River, was taken, burned, and her crew put to death. But in 1876 Japan, by a threat of war, secured from the Korean king a treaty of amity and commerce. Through the diplomatic intercourse thus established, the Koreans were brought, after untold centuries of reclusion, to a better knowledge and a better opinion of the foreign influences at work about them. In May, 1882, Commodore R. W. Shufeldt played at Chemulpo the part of Commodore Perry at Yedo. A treaty was signed. Three ports were opened to American commerce, an American mission was set up at Seoul, and a Korean embassy visited the United States. Five years later, Korea, having concluded in the mean time similar treaties with other of the powers, sent a permanent minister to Washington. China, claiming suzerainty over Korea, attempted first to prevent and then to control the mission; but the American State Department declined to acknowledge her right to interfere.

In our progress toward closer relations with Eastern Asia the islands of the Pacific would, no doubt, at an earlier period in the development of sailing vessels, have served us somewhat as the fewer islands of the Atlantic served Europeans in their movement upon America. In the palmy days of the navy undersail, however, there was no great need of half-way stations. But with the gradual substitution of steam engines for sails as a motive power on the seas, the need of coaling stations has given to many of these islands a fresh importance. Even before the day of steamships, the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, partly on account of their resources, partly because they were in the path of the Black Current, close to the direct line from San Francisco to Australasia and from Panama to China and Japan, and also a convenient half-way station for our Pacific whalers, attracted from our Department of State an exceptional attention. So early

as 1842, Webster, being already much drawn to the whole subject of our future in the Pacific, had taken the occasion of the visit of an Hawaiian embassy practically to extend over the islands the principle of the Monroe Doctrine. Both he and President Tyler announced that we could not permit them to be colonized or annexed by any power other than ourselves. We held our ground in 1851, when France was suspected of designs upon them; it is thought, indeed, that but for the death of King Kamehameha III, we should ourselves have annexed them three years later. From the end of the war until 1875, when a treaty was finally negotiated, reciprocity with Hawaii was constantly advocated. The agitation was promoted by resident Americans who had made sugar-raising the principal industry of the islands. Seward, as usual, was for annexation. A curiously polyglot community, the Hawaiians were so early subjected to so many foreign influences that they did not offer to Americans the opportunity to be, as in Japan, the pioneers of all Western civilization. But in the religious, the educational, and particularly in the industrial development of the little archipelago Americans played, nevertheless, the leading rôle. Richard Henry Dana, who in 1859, in the course of a world-tour, visited Hawaii, attributed the redemption of the natives from savagery mainly to the American Board of Foreign Missions. It was, he declared, the missionaries of that board who had taught the whole Hawaiian people, whom they found half-naked savages, "to read and to write, to cipher and to sew." In the Samoan Islands also, when interest and philanthropy demanded it, we found a foothold. In 1872 we secured the port of Pago-Pago for a coaling station.

In all these early steps, our seamen, our statesmen, and our diplomatists had indeed done well. They had made a remarkable demonstration of the wisdom and efficiency of peaceful methods in dealing with strange peoples and strange civilizations. They had served our true

interests, widened our influence, and promoted the world's welfare, without injustice or rapacity, and without war. But we did not yet, in any but a strained sense, look out upon the Pacific and face across to Asia. Between the great mass of the American people and the Pacific coast there were two thousand miles of still unoccupied plains and mountains. Western civilization could never pervade Cathay via the pony express; and if its pioneers followed the route around the Horn, then America had little or no advantage over Europe in the race. What had chiefly inspired the first advocates of a railway across the continent was, in fact, the dream of a vast Asiatic commerce, not unlike the earlier dream of Columbus; and while Seward was now and then stealing time from his important business with Europe to smooth with his diplomacy our path across the ocean and open for us the gates of the East, two bands of men, living in two cities of canvas, marching every day to their work to the tap of the drum, and moving slowly, day by day, the one westward from the Missouri, the other eastward from the coast, were doing that which no diplomacy could do, that without which Seward's dream could come no truer than the dream of Columbus. They were making a way, a practical and material highway, for an advance of our civilization westward to the Pacific.

At the end of the year 1865 the Union Pacific had progressed but forty miles into the interior of Nebraska. The Central Pacific, though much of the material used by its builders had to be brought around the Horn, was a few miles longer, and had begun to climb the gradual slope of the coast range. To both roads the government, besides its grant of twenty square miles of land for every mile of track, had promised aid in the form of loans which were to vary with the estimated cost of different stretches. Both were to have, up to the time when they should reach the mountains, an advance of sixteen thousand dollars for every mile

constructed; for every one of the three hundred miles considered to be most mountainous and difficult, they were to have three times as much; and for every mile from slope to slope of the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada ranges, twice as much. To secure its loans, the government held a second mortgage on the property of the roads. They were bound to apply every year five per cent. of their net earnings to the payment of the bonds; and one half of all sums due to them for services rendered to the government, which should have the preference over other patrons, must also go to discharge their debt. In order that the interests of the government might be constantly guarded, five of the directors of the Union Pacific were appointed by the President.

With the gifts and loans of the government, and with a considerable power of contracting loans on their own account, the two companies were, it would seem, sufficiently aided and encouraged; but it was not until the second and third year that they threw themselves into their task with a full assurance of extraordinary profits. By that time it was clear that the cost of construction had been overestimated. The work itself proved to be not nearly so difficult as the prospectors had thought that it would be. Coal was discovered near the line of the Union Pacific. It began to appear also that the operation as well as the construction of the roads might prove profitable. In April, 1866, the Union Pacific, five hundred and forty-eight miles from the Missouri, entered a pass through the Black Hills which General Dodge, the chief of construction, had first found in an exploring tour when he was pursued by Indians and his life depended on his finding it. In July, 1867, the Central touched the crest of the Sierra Nevadas. Once over the mountain walls, both roads quickened the rate of their progress to the point of junction.

What that point should be was for a time in doubt. The Mormons of Utah, who desired that it should be their own

principal settlement, went so far as to boycott the Union Pacific, refusing either to serve or to patronize it, when they learned that its engineers had decided in favor of a route to the northward of the Great Salt Lake. But the Central's engineers also acknowledged the superiority of that route; and both roads, though at first either would have welcomed any lengthening of the other at its own expense, were soon fairly racing for the middle ground. Notwithstanding the many hardships and dangers of the work,—the long distances that men, material, and supplies must be transported, the aridity of the desert, the bands of Sioux hovering about the camps,—the builders were moving now with a surprising swiftness. In less than a year from June 1, 1868, the Union Pacific had lengthened five hundred and fifty-five miles, the Central about five hundred miles. The whole country was by this time aroused to the picturesqueness and to the great importance of the enterprise. Correspondents of the newspaper press accompanied the two construction gangs, and at the close of every day's work telegraphed back, from the end of the wires, how many miles of track had been laid. In April, 1869, the grading gangs met, and actually passed each other by, so that the two roadbeds ran side by side. But on May 10, at Promontory Point in Utah, the tracks were joined. Chinese coolies, clustered about the engine from the West, brought into the occasion a significant suggestion of the Orient. When the last spike was driven, there were still five years left of the time allowed by Congress. The task, prosaic as it seems from its sameness in immediate aspect with other similar undertakings, now familiar to us all, is in its complete significance comparable only with the digging of the Suez Canal or the long-planned severance of the two Americas. The discovery that immense profits were to be got from it had led to practices which, when they were fully revealed, marred the country's pride in the achievement; but if we consider merely

the men who did the work, and the doubts that clouded its beginning, it remains scarcely less memorable as an exhibition of resourceful energy than it is for its results.

But the chief immediate consequence was imitation. In the discussions of the proposed transcontinental railway which were so common in the fifties, five different routes had been seriously considered. Within a very few years from the completion of the compromise central line, all the others were in a fair way to be built. The northernmost, or forty-eighth parallel route, with an eastern terminus on the Great Lakes, which had been the especial favorite of Asa Whitney, most devoted and persistent of all the early enthusiasts, had been surveyed in 1853; one of the engineers had been a retired but still youthful army officer named McClellan. A charter was granted in 1864, but work was not begun until the summer of 1870, and it was not until 1883, after many complications and many disappointments, that the Northern Pacific was completed. The second, or forty-second parallel route, was the route of the Union Pacific. The third, or thirty-eighth parallel route, was occupied partly by the Kansas Pacific, chartered along with the Union Pacific, and authorized to connect with it by way of Denver. This road was begun at Wyandotte in 1863, and completed to Denver in 1870. The fourth, or thirty-fifth parallel route, was occupied by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé. Begun at Topeka in 1868, it followed, for the most part, the old Santa Fé caravan route through the Colorado Mountains and over the alkali plains of New Mexico. It was years before the builders came in sight of the Rockies, and years more before the road contrived, through its control of other lines, to make a junction with the California Southern and reach the coast. Finally, the southernmost of all the routes, close to the thirty-second parallel, was occupied in part by the Texas Pacific, in part by the Southern Pacific. Both were begun in 1871. After some years of working at cross-purposes,

they connected in 1881 and made a single line; but the Southern Pacific, the western half, was also extended on a still more southerly route across Texas to New Orleans.

As each of these trunk lines progressed, a network of branches, some of them scarcely less important than the trunk, was flung out on either side. In ten years from the meeting of the rails at Promontory Point, the West was for the most part accessible to immigration and to industry. Again, as when Columbus found a pathway over the Atlantic, it was not so much Asia as the intervening lands that stood revealed.

The occupation of these lands was the principal material change, the most widely significant fact, in the life of the American people from the end of the war to the end of the century. That the railroads alone made it possible to occupy them so quickly is apparent when we contrast these years, in reference to the movement of population, with any fifty years before the railroads came. It was also proved that railroads need not wait for population, cities, industries; all these will follow, if the country will sustain them. Very soon, in fact, these western lines began themselves to colonize the wastes, bringing in settlers not merely from the older states, but from Europe, and employing methods and machinery not unlike those of the various companies and associations which first colonized our eastern shores. The land department of the Santa Fé, for example, brought over from Russia and established in Kansas eight thousand German Mennonites. The government, beginning with its bounties to the Union and the Central Pacific, and giving away to railroads, in the years 1864-1880, one hundred and twenty-eight millions of acres of public lands beyond the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers, — a region three times as great as the area of New England, — took, perhaps, the quickest method to people the West and to develop its resources.

A marvelous transformation followed.

The year of the meeting of the rails at Promontory Point was very near the culmination in America of that ancient industry which always foreruns agriculture. The long trail of the cowboys, beginning in southern Texas, had stretched gradually northward, until, when the Civil War began, the rancheros of the southwest were marketing their herds in northern cities. With the close of the war, the northward movement set in again. In 1866, a quarter of a million cattle crossed the Red River; in 1871, six hundred thousand. Year by year the cowboys passed on to pastures and to markets farther north until they had crossed every one of the five transcontinental routes and even entered the British provinces. But as one by one the railroads were thrust out westward into the plains, and their branch lines forked out northward and southward, they gradually robbed the cowboy of his occupation. The most picturesque of distinctively American types grew rarer and rarer. The mustang gave place to the locomotive; the herdsman of the fenceless plains to the stockbreeder and the farmer. Still more prosaic figures followed, until all the principal industries, save only such as depend on a seacoast, had their representatives where, within the decade, only the cowboy and his cattle had shared the plains with the Indian and the buffalo. Between 1860 and 1870, the centre of population for the whole country moved forty-two miles westward. The population of the entire region between the Mississippi and the Rockies rose from 4,161,000 to 6,322,000; the territory of Nebraska had become a state in 1867. Meanwhile, in the Pacific States, the total rose to 717,000. In both regions, the years immediately following brought a still more rapid increase. And again, as before the war, the movement had its parallel to the southward. Texas was gaining population rapidly; but the emigration into Texas from the older southern states was probably due quite as much to political as to purely economic causes.

The movement of industries was even

more striking. Of the total wheat crop of 1859, the states and territories west of the Mississippi contributed less than one sixth; ten years later they contributed nearly a third. Their total production of cereals rose from 226,000,000 to 370,000,000 bushels; their acreage, from 22,150,000 to 38,483,000. This, however, was merely a beginning; and the increase of production was but one of two extremely important changes in the conditions of American agriculture. The other was the rapid cheapening of transportation, which opened for the western farmer the markets not merely of our eastern states but of Europe as well. Reducing the cost of hauling a bushel of wheat from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard from thirty-eight cents in 1858 to twenty-seven cents in 1868, and then to seventeen and one half cents in 1878, was scarcely less important a change than making two blades of wheat to grow where one had grown before. The two changes, coming together, and coming at a time when the prices of food stuffs were extraordinarily high, profoundly affected national and international finance. The United States, by doubling their entire railroad mileage within eight years from Lee's surrender, and by adding one third to the acreage of cereals, fairly leaped to a foremost place among the exporting countries of the world.

The opening of the West quickly engaged a great part of the energy released from warfare. It attracted from Europe an ever-growing stream of emigrants and millions of capital. Both through the actual increase of our wealth and through the favorable effect on international exchanges, it lightened beyond measure the burden of the great war debt and made far easier the task of currency reform. It was comparable even to the triumph of the Union cause as a source of the strength, the confidence, the assurance, with which we could now face backward across the Atlantic and forward across the Pacific, which had at last become our real boundary.

But the politicians, unlike the diplomats and the men of business, were still, during these early years of peace, facing southward. While the American

people quietly completed their occupation of the Continent, Congress, the courts, the president, were still at work in that war-wasted field.

TO ONE WHO WOULD NOT SPARE HIMSELF

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

A CENSER playing, from a heart all fire,
A flushing, racing, singing mountain stream
Thou art: and dear to us of dull desire
In thy far-going dream.

Full to the grave be thy too fleeting way,
And full thereafter: few that know thee best
Will grudge it so, for neither thou nor they
Can mate thy soul with rest.

No laws of Time for thee! for thee, His gift
Who moveth never loitering, nor in haste,
Who less may love the flower of ghostly thrift
Than some diviner waste.

O to ride now, in joy, ere thou art gone,
The flame, the torrent, which is one with thee!
Saint, from this pool of dying sweep us on
Where Life must long to be.

LARGE FORTUNES

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

I

THE hostility to large fortunes does not diminish with time and events. The violent denunciations of the discontented classes, or of the more extreme socialists, find an echo in the ranks of the more conservative groups. Into these expressions, evidently based on strong convictions, has entered the sting arising from a passionate sense of wrong: that these enormous accumulations are possible only at the expense of the poor; and that women and children go cold and hungry in order that others may go warmly clad and live luxuriously. In this point of view there is a hopelessness which serves as the incentive to brute force, to wild assaults upon the bulwarks of property and institutions. What are we coming to? Are the times out of joint? Certainly, we are forced to face the facts as found in the thinking of great numbers of people.

To say that a man is a multi-millionaire is to many equivalent to saying that he is an enemy of society, reaping where he has not sown, and protecting himself in his vast possessions only by the corrupt control of municipal councils, legislatures, and even the highest courts. It is this state of mind which leads some intelligent writers to hint of another French Revolution, and of prison bars for the financial kings. Yet, as we look back a century, there was not, at least in the United States, any such antagonism between rich and poor. Perhaps the contrasts between the richest and the poorest were far less marked then than now, and the causes of dissatisfaction due to impotent rivalry were more generally absent. In those earlier days, obviously, the total wealth of the community in all forms was very small in comparison with its diffusion to-day.

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In Parkman's account of La Salle's marvelous winter journey from Fort Crèvecœur on the Illinois to Fort Frontenac at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, we get a vivid picture of a region now covered by a busy, struggling, commercial community. Then, "The nights were cold, but the sun was warm at noon, and the half-thawed prairie was one vast tract of mud, water, and discolored, half-liquid snow." Often without food, watching by night against Indians, and marching by day, loaded with baggage; "sometimes pushing through thickets, sometimes climbing rocks covered with ice and snow, sometimes wading whole days through marshes where the water was waist-deep," La Salle spent sixty-five weary days in this thousand-mile journey to Fort Frontenac. How far in the past all that is now! Over against the picture of La Salle set one of a modern journey in a warm luxurious Pullman car, which travels over the same distance within a single day. The contrast is great; but what has happened on this "half-thawed prairie" since La Salle passed by? What are the forces that have changed the world of La Salle into the rich, bustling world of to-day? In his time there were in this region numbers of human beings, the same soil, the same climate, the same rivers and lakes, as now. Why should there not have been then the same vast wealth which we see about us now,—great cañons of skyscrapers, miles of factories, scores of converging railways, and millions of shipping tonnage?

Of the two chief forces at work to produce this miraculous transformation, evidently one is the power to grasp an ideal, or future gain, so distinctly that present action, or indulgence, is directly controlled thereby. This quality of hu-

man beings is the first and most fundamental characteristic of civilization. It is the absence of it which forms the Mexican, the negro, or the inefficient savage. So improvident were the Paraguay Indians, so Mr. Rae tells us, that they cut up their ploughing oxen for supper. It is the presence of it which makes possible the docks, bridges, steamships, and irrigation schemes, all of the returns from which will be received only many decades hence. Moreover, it is the quality which causes saving,—the very reason for the existence of capital. The willingness to forego consumption for a present indulgence in order to gain some future object is only a description of the process by which capital comes into being.

This physical world, on which the human mind can have its play, is as interesting in its capabilities as a conjuror's hat; almost anything can be got out of it, almost everything depends upon what we ourselves are, upon our skill in handling nature. In the infancy of civilization, mankind, with only crude, unaided effort, could produce only a little more than subsistence. This little excess, however, could be saved, put into simple implements of industry which made labor more efficient, again made possible new savings, more implements, and, in the endless round of centuries, the final accumulation of travelling cranes, harvesters, motors, telephones, and rapid communication by steam and electricity,—in brief, all the marvelous efficiency of present industry. All this would have been impossible on the prairie of La Salle without a people capable of duly estimating the future over the present.

This array of the productive forces of society shows the necessity of capital to the present output of wealth, and to the present welfare of all classes. If men had not been, decade after decade, saving and storing up capital, it would be as impossible to employ the great mass of laborers now existent, as it would be to feed an army in the field on promises instead of on solid rations. Some over-wise persons among us growl ominously about

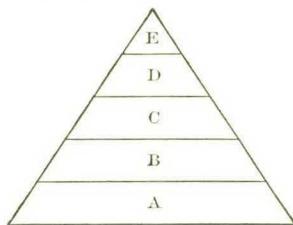
the right of capital to exist, or to share in the results of production: this is as if, forgetting the necessity of air for human existence, we should object to air in general because it is sometimes dirty or malodorous. Capital, it is true, may be unfairly used by industrial managers; and yet it is quite as necessary to the life of industry as air is to the human body.

Capital, however, is only one of the means by which the human brain has shown its capacity to enlarge the satisfactions of society. Besides the implement, there must be the power to direct the implement. The second force necessary to recreate the "half-thawed prairie" of La Salle is the devising and organizing mind of the "Captain of Industry," the mind competent to manage labor as well as capital, and to direct them both in successful enterprises. The possibilities of production are never realized without this direction by preëminent managerial ability. Yet to some minds, possibly, this position does not appear as axiomatic.

Seemingly, everything will go on satisfactorily when we have present all the essential factors of production: (1) boundless natural resources, in fields, mines, and waters; (2) accumulations of capital, as just described, which allow us to discount the future in long-lived enterprises; and (3) abundant human labor. Something, however, is still lacking. Leadership is as essential in industry as in politics or anything else. Human labor may mean nothing, or everything. Therein lies the understanding of much that is puzzling in our economic problem. Is labor all of a kind? obviously not. Taking the world as we find it,—and not as we may see it in dreams,—as there are all kinds of work to be done in the industrial field, so there are all kinds of men in respect of intelligence, efficiency, and productive capacity to perform these tasks. In the republic of work there is no Declaration of Independence which pronounces "all men equal." Before the law, as respects rights and liberty, all are, of course, equal; but in the practical operations of

industry some are privates, some are captains, and some are great generals and geniuses. As an army needs officers, so the industrial organization needs managers. In fact, whether the industrial campaign ends in success or not, for high or low, depends preëminently upon the quality, insight, and guidance of the leader in charge. Good management means large product; poor management means ruin.

The human element in production, whether in the work of guidance or in obedience, varies as widely as human nature and capacity. *Tot homines, tot capacities.* For services to production, laborers may be roughly classified by strata, as in the accompanying diagram:



The unskilled men in A, the slightly skilled in B, the highly skilled artisans in C (such as the locomotive engineers), the highly educated professional men in D (such as civil engineers, electrical experts, and the like), and finally the exceptionally capable managers in E. In any one industry some of each kind are required, but not with the same intensity of demand; nor are they wanted in the same relative numbers in different industries.

The unskilled man in A has no choice of occupations that he can enter; he can do only the work demanded of his class. And yet, as compared with the demand for them, the number of laborers in this strata is enormously large. Moreover, in the A class there is the least capacity to set the future gain above the present indulgence. Thus we find increasing numbers in the very group whose activity is restricted to a given kind of work. Among those least competent to add to production, there is the greatest supply relatively to the demand for them. Their share is

small, not only because their industrial efficiency is small, but because the supply of them is excessive.

As we go up in the scale of industrial efficiency, we find the numbers in the strata of the more highly skilled diminishing, while the intensity of the demand for them increases. Hence wages increase the higher we go. In the top strata, containing the most efficient managers, we find the highest wages paid throughout the whole industrial field. When a blundering or incompetent manager costs a company millions in losses, a fifty-thousand-dollar man, who adds millions in gains, is a cheap laborer. In this struggle up the scale from A to E we find the real social conflict. It is a contest between different kinds of laborers, — a contest of varying grades of industrial capacity with each other. It is a free-to-all race, in which the most competent win. The great industrial manager, being the most highly skilled laborer, obtains enormous wages for exceptional services to production. This exposition gives us, in brief, the economic reason why, in a country of phenomenal resources like the United States, men of exceptional industrial ability can acquire exceptionally large fortunes legitimately.

Such an outcome is not confined to one field of activity. Great capacity which has shown its effects in literature, art, music, oratory, or statescraft, will none the less come to the fore in industry. In this country, where our resources are almost untouched, and where chances are open to all, great managerial power can no more be prevented from accumulating large fortunes than great oratory or great learning can be prevented from winning success and fame. It is as silly to carp at great industrial capacity as it would be to carp at great literary ability. Great wealth, like high office, is power; we cannot object to the one any more than to the other. As a race, we have been working, in the domains of law and government, for centuries, not to abolish high office, but to regulate it by proper checks and balances

so that it may work for the good of the many; and, in the domain of economics, it is equally our task, not to attack large fortunes in themselves, but intelligently and without hysterics to set about the creation of checks and balances by which great power in the form of wealth may be so controlled that it will do no injury to the many.

In adjusting our actions to the facts in connection with the accumulation of vast wealth, we must keep one other point clearly in mind. In the general and indiscriminate condemnation of great gains this following consideration is frequently overlooked. Industrial managers could not themselves legitimately accumulate large fortunes, unless by their operations they had in some way abridged the sacrifices of production, or given the public a better article or a better service, or one at a lower cost, or had in one way or another created a vast new wealth, out of which they have been able to take only a part. A few illustrations of this principle may not be amiss.

In southeastern Europe, Baron Hirsch amassed a princely fortune by insight into the means of new and improved transportation for the region of the lower Danube. The resources of inaccessible districts in the Balkan States were as if they did not exist: cut off from markets, there was no employment of capital, and laborers lived a pitifully mean existence. With the vision of a prophet this man of exceptional managerial power wove webs of railways throughout those districts capable of improvement, and brought a market and employment to these men in skirts and turbans, such as had never before stimulated their industry or rewarded their labor. A new surplus wealth came into existence; out of the carriage of the new goods Baron Hirsch obtained a profit on his railways. The toll he took from the new millions made up a large reward to him, but it was only the fraction of a vastly larger gain which he gave to those communities by his judgment and capacity. And it may be added here, by way

of parenthesis, that he would have increased the wealth of this region far more than he did, if he had not been hampered at every turn by the ignorant interference of governmental control of rates, especially in connection with through transit.

Coming nearer home, another instance can be found when the first Vanderbilt, at a time when his outlook was far beyond that of his contemporaries, foresaw the possibilities of opening up the empire between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic seaboard. On the thin, stony soil of New England farmers were growing wheat and corn, but at a high cost in effort and outlay; while the rich loam of the prairies from Indiana to Dakota was as little known as the Soudan of to-day. The valley of the Genesee, in western New York — later known as a fertile wheat region, and now celebrated for its dairy products — was then scarcely touched by the plough. For opening up the uncounted resources of this splendid region, Mr. Vanderbilt risked all the capital he had, or all he could control, in a scheme to connect New York with Buffalo. He bought short railways already built, constructed connecting links, until the line crept up the Hudson to Albany, thence westward along the easy grades of the Mohawk, past the Genesee, to the Great Lakes. What was the result? He made possible the settlement and cultivation of whole states, he gave an outlet to markets for the products of field and mine, not only along the course of his railway, but in all the territory reached by the Great Lakes. Immigrants and capital poured in, while goods moved both in and out, permitting the profitable investment of untold millions in all the industries of this vast interior. And the day laborer in New England could transport his sustenance of a year from the rich prairies to his place of work for the price of one day's toil. If Mr. Vanderbilt accumulated fifty or sixty millions of dollars by this great labor-saving machine, it was possible only because he had enriched the country a thousand - fold more. The penetration

which saw a great opportunity gave him a profit in proportion to the extent of the enterprise. It was not a case of monopoly; any one else, equally capable, would have been free to do the same thing. The truth is, his kind of insight and ability was rare, — and it remains rare to-day.

Without multiplying instances, it is perfectly possible to see that these captains of industry may accumulate millions, not only without robbing others, but in the process of benefiting others, especially those who are in search of employment. Men of this character serve precisely the same function as the inventors of labor-saving devices. When a Howe invented the sewing machine, he abridged human effort in obtaining clothing. He secured a fortune out of the new surplus of wealth made possible by his addition to the efficiency of the human race in its productive efforts. The same is true of the invention and manufacture of harvesters and agricultural implements. The farmer voluntarily chooses the machine, because it lowers the cost of getting the wheat into his bags. If it had not been a gain to the farmer, the machine would not have been introduced. The profits made by makers of such devices, therefore, are not stolen from the farmer.

If it be said that these gains are not made at the expense of the consumer, but at the expense of the laborer, it must be recalled that in this free land it is open to any laborer to get the high returns of managerial capacity, if he can prove his competency; and he need not continue to receive low wages, if he can increase his industrial efficiency in the processes of production.

II

It is, of course, perfectly understood how unpopular such exposition as this which has been already given may be. Moreover, it is likely to be said — even though there is not a word of truth in it — that these utterances have been influenced by pressure upon academic liberty. In spite of the evident dangers of misrepre-

sentation, however, it is always worth while to put forth the truth according to one's convictions and investigations. If criticism is carping, and scant of logic and impartiality, its day will not be long.

While one must, therefore, set forth only what appears to be scientifically sound, and that which appears to be true, as distinct from popular prejudice or misconception of the facts, still, no one can be oblivious to other sides of the case than that presented above. Why should there be so widespread a conviction, honestly held, that the rich are harpies preying upon the poor, and gaining large fortunes unrighteously? Obviously, in replying to such a question, not everything involved in it can be here treated; but some of the main considerations may be touched upon.

In the first place, it is no more likely to be true that all managers are good and just than that all workmen are honest and faithful. There are, and will be, good and bad managers, just as there are, and will be, good and bad workmen. The error of the popular prejudice against the possessors of large fortunes consists in making the line between the good and the bad coincident with the line between the successful and the unsuccessful in money-getting. In truth, the line between the good and the bad cuts through both classes. It is as foolish to suppose that all money-makers are wicked as to suppose that all men with brown eyes are wicked. An evil man will show his bad qualities, whether rich or poor. If a manager of great capacity is of this sort, then when he comes into control of capital he may unscrupulously grind his workmen, cheat his creditors, buy franchises by bribing city councils, corrupt legislatures, — and cynically defy the outraged public opinion of the community. Such a man is not unknown to us. He is to honest industry what the gripe is to sound health, — he weakens the whole system. By unfair methods, by dishonesty, by bribery and corruption, large fortunes, just as high office, may be illegitimately accumulated. A man may

thus add no new wealth to the community, but merely transfer wrongly to himself wealth which others have produced. Because of such gains, however, it is not a mark of maturity to condemn sweepingly all gains. We must discriminate; and we must know the facts before we pass judgment.

Discrimination, also, should be properly exercised in making a clear distinction between the way in which a fortune is accumulated, and the way in which it is used after it is won. The one may be right, the other may be wrong. Great wealth may be honestly gained by adding to the efficiency of production; and then an unprincipled owner of this new wealth may put the power resident therein to mean or vicious uses. Many of us can recall a railway magnate of unsavory reputation who, in all probability, gained a considerable part of an immense fortune quite legitimately by reason of his remarkable insight into industrial problems; and yet, if we are to believe the evidence of the press, he used his gains in wrecking railways,— selling the stock short, impoverishing the weaker shareholders, buying the stock for a song, and then putting up the price of the securities again by restorative management. Is it any wonder, therefore, that undiscriminating people sweepingly condemn all large fortunes as dangerous to the common weal? Dishonorable use of wealth is probably no more common than dishonorable conduct in public office. But, while it is possible for large fortunes to be rightly earned, no one wishes to defend or apologize for the improper use of that which has been well come by.

Best of all, for the man who has not only honorably won his wealth, but who has spent it honorably, we have good ground for admiration and high acclaim. When a certain New England youth left the elm-shaded streets of Danvers, he was poor in purse, but rich in high purposes, kindly sympathies, and an untried capacity for accumulating wealth. He has been dead these many years; but the great wealth of

George Peabody nourishes the literary life of his native town with books and libraries; vast accumulations of scientific material relating to the early history of this continent, placed in Cambridge by George Peabody's munificence, will serve thousands of students in all the years to come; and year after year, to the present day, a commission of the best and wisest of our public men have gathered to distribute a splendid fund devoted by this rich philanthropist to the elevation of the negro, to the growth of education in the South, and to the security of our institutions.

While such lives as George Peabody's give the lie to undiscriminating condemnation of all large fortunes, yet there exists a condition in our political development which may justly give us great concern. Things are going on in our local and national councils which give plausible grounds to the agitators who speak against existing institutions in curses as bitter as quinine. To buy the easy passage of legislation of a "boss" is the common method of business men who look for short cuts to their objective. In some persons, who control legislative votes, resides the power to blackmail rich corporations by rumors of examination, to furnish favors, and to exact campaign contributions, which would do credit to a Spanish governor in a distant colony. Even if the thing desired is something quite proper and necessary in itself, it becomes the usual thing, to save time and annoyance, to hand a purse to an attorney of dubious standing and instruct him to secure the passage of the ordinance or bill. More than that, the belief has become widespread that the national councils contain men who are the representatives of private financial interests, and that remedial legislation for the benefit of the general consumer is blocked by the long purses of the rich for the protection of their private interests. The bribing morals of such members of the rich element among us are largely responsible for the corrupt municipal council and the venal legislature.

Correct the bribing morals of those who possess the means to bribe, and there would be "nothing in it" for the debased councilman or legislator.

If we have no moral responsibility in the use of wealth, then we shall have abuses arising from the disposal of wealth, just as from the disposal of power in any other form. Millionaire wealth, I repeat, is millionaire power. The right or wrong of it is not in the wealth, or power, itself, but in the controlling spirit behind this wealth. It is not the knife of the assassin we detest, but the assassin himself who wields the knife. If we insist on venting our displeasure on the existing system of distribution, by all means let us direct our vituperation, not against wealth, but against the turpitude which makes a wrong use of a power that has endless possibilities for good. A gun fired against a brutal foe in defense of family and country may be glorious; but the same gun fired for vanity and for selfish conquest over a weak people is damnable.

As in most questions which are complex, we need discrimination and knowledge of the facts before judgment is passed. One must have little patience with the narrow-mindedness which energetically works in season and out of season to get sweeping legislation to level the inequalities of wealth, or to prevent the existence of large fortunes. It is like es-

tablishing ordinances against knives, or razors, because some one may make a bad use of them. There will be inequalities of wealth just as long as there are differing industrial capacities in men. It would be as futile to attempt to regulate accumulations of wealth as to legislate on the weather. The extreme bitterness against wealth is in large part made up of envy. It is like the "yawp" of a dog running alongside an express train, indignant that it cannot run as fast, or make as big a noise, as the train.

Instead of destruction, the higher way always is by construction. The wrong is not in the gun, but in the man who wrongfully directs the gun. The one thing that we can all do, and do strenuously, is to work all together for a higher standard of morals and character in the person who controls the power of wealth. We can refuse social recognition, or public office, and the esteem of his fellows, to the debased manager of power, be it power in the form of wealth, or brains, or inherited prestige. The indictment of all wealth without discrimination is folly, for large fortunes may be honorably won, and honorably spent; fortunes honorably won may be dishonorably spent; fortunes dishonorably won may be honorably spent; and fortunes may be dishonorably won, and dishonorably spent. Here is our whole subject in a nutshell.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

XV

Paul wondered at a certain negligence in Uncle Peter's dress in these days, for the old man was something of a dandy, and vain of his irreproachable clothes. Now day after day his collar was limp, his coat was dusty, and there were wrinkles in his trousers, while his gay and egoistic pessimism was tarnished by persistent sadness. He talked little, but, by garden path or piazza corner, brooded with a frown upon his brow, forgetful of the paper novel protruding from his pocket, forgetful, almost, of the cigar between his teeth. A fixed idea was in his mind, and to that fixed idea everything in nature and in memory contributed: *he had been cheated of his inheritance*; half-forgotten words out of the past and the half-remembered expressions of certain faces confirmed the conviction, as did the look he imagined in Paul's eyes. The injury had not pressed upon him so heavily in John Warren's day: he had stood in awe of John, and even to his butterfly brain it had seemed fitting that so strong a hand should hold the helm; but now it was different. Paul, who had been a baby before his eyes; Paul, who was in knickerbockers but yesterday, had stepped between him and his own. The feeling that the management of the Warren affairs had been given to one much younger and therefore more incompetent than himself was galling to the old man; and the sense of injury that he had felt on hearing his own father's will read,—had felt, but had forgotten in his busy thoughts and his busy reading of Ouida and the Duchess,—came back with more than its pristine force. Had not great-great-grandfather Warren played fast and loose with other people's money as well as with his own?

Was it not probable, although no cases were recorded,—of course they would not be recorded,—that there had been in the family history instances of questionable honesty? Surely, if his pages of fiction spoke truth, there was nothing so prone to trip the foot of erring man as the golden calf. He had been wronged, and through Paul's accession the situation had become unendurable; should he not devote his best energies to investigation and to undoing the harm done?

As he wondered where to begin, remembering from his favorite stories moments where the veriest trifles had become, under the working of an acute mind, irresistible proofs of guilt, it occurred to him that old Andrew Lane might be of use. Andrew had served his father, and doubtless skillful questioning would elicit valuable information without betraying the purpose; people of that class were usually dull of intellect, and slow in drawing inferences. He would begin with Andrew.

There was a touch of hauteur in Uncle Peter's manner as he walked out into the new orchard, where the old gardener was pruning branches and twigs from young pear trees. Andrew Lane was rarely respectful, he confessed to himself, and he resolved that his own manner should strike just the balance between sternness and affability that would elicit the best results. Affability should come first.

"Good-morning, good-morning, Andrew," said Uncle Peter genially, as he drew near the spot where blue overalls and a torn felt hat betrayed the old man's presence. The workman nodded, mumbling an inarticulate reply, but he went on cutting.

"Andrew," said Uncle Peter, standing with his legs slightly apart in his concep-

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tion of a manly attitude, "do you remember my father well?"

The question brought the pruning-shears to an abrupt standstill, and two shrewd old blue eyes twinkled humorously from under grizzled eyebrows.

"Yes," he nodded.

"He was a fine man, Andrew," remarked the visitor with a sigh.

"To be sure," said the old gardener. "Glad you think so."

"Did n't you think so?" queried Uncle Peter.

Andrew pushed back his battered hat and went to work again, making little ineffectual periods to the conversation with every snip of his shears.

"He was honest," said Andrew. "Any man's a fine man that's honest, I s'pose."

"But was n't he especially kind to you?" demanded Uncle Peter, an edge of the sternness that he had planned as a last resort getting into his voice as he saw the old servant shaking with silent laughter.

"Whiles he wuz, and whiles he wuz n't," was the answer.

A reproof quivered on Uncle Peter's lips, but he repressed it. Diplomatists, he reflected, should use the most delicate tact.

"I wonder if you recall anything special about him the winter he died; I was in Florida, you know. Did anything strike you as unusual at that time?"

The old man's eyes pierced through the wrinkled face with penetration that Mr. Peter Warren failed to see.

"He wuz about as usual, I guess."

"Quite right in his mind, eh?"

"About as usual," answered the gardener, grinning.

The baffled questioner made a sudden move that he had not planned; at least he could make this exasperating old man take a serious view of the situation.

"I will confide in you, Andrew," he said kindly, "that doubts have been for many years stirring in my mind regarding my father's sanity when he made his will. It was very unusual, you know, very extraordinary. I thought that if you had

anything of importance to tell me, I could make it worth your while."

"I guess that air will wuz all right," said Andrew Lane, going back to his work, and Uncle Peter strode away in helpless rage.

It was partly his rebuff at the hands of a menial, partly a memory of the fresh interest in Alec Bevanne's eyes when the money trouble had been suggested to him, that drove Uncle Peter to seek the companionship and the sympathy of his young neighbor frequently during the days that followed. Walking by shore or lane, they often met by accident, and there was a gate near the Bevanne homestead by which the old man sometimes went to stand at sunset. Seeing him there, the young professor would stroll out good-naturedly to meet him, and a long conversation would ensue. It was wonderful, Uncle Peter reflected, how many tastes they had in common, despite the disparity of their ages; he had not supposed that there were any longer in a degenerate world young men as nice as this. The same books, especially books of poetry, seemed to appeal to them both; they shared the same sentiments concerning nature, and were as one man when they talked of Frances Wilmot. Uncle Peter needed no one to tell him how thirstily Alec Bevanne drank in all he had to say of her, and he took delight in repeating what she had said on this day or that while visiting Mrs. Warren, in telling what she had worn. Many of his descriptions were of a high order of antiquated literary merit. When gloomier themes presented themselves, he found in this young man almost the same interested courtesy that he found when speaking of woman, wine, and verse; and the words of encouragement were balm to a wounded heart. This charming neighbor could hardly be more interested in the situation if it were one involving his own interests, Uncle Peter thought warmly. His appreciation was delicate; his sympathy as kindly as it was rare.

Half thoughtlessly the young man drew

the old one out. It was great fun to hear him talk: nothing so interesting, so many-sided, and, withal, so futile, in the way of personality had presented itself for a long time. Uncle Peter's very vocabulary had a charm about it, with its quaint polysyllables; and his airy fancies and theories, his way of covering any plain situation or object with a dusky mist of his own morbid thought, presented constantly varying entertainment to the student of books and of human nature. The fixed idea, as it grounded itself more and more strongly in Uncle Peter's mind, began to suggest to Alec Bevanne something more than mere entertainment. Might there not be truth in the suspicion of wrong-doing somewhere? The situation was a strange one, and the old man had undoubtedly been deprived of that which, in the usual course of things, would have been his. An unformulated thought that anything meaning misfortune to Paul Warren, who could almost daily see this woman of all the world and hear her speak, would not come amiss, lurked low down in Alec Bevanne's mind. He encouraged Uncle Peter, clapped him in friendly wise upon the back, and told him to go on and claim his own. It was but justice that he wanted; no one could blame him for demanding that. At least he should consult a lawyer, the very best that could be found. As the old man drank hope and inspiration from the cheery words and smile, his manner grew more and more distant when he spoke to his nephew. If not actually a villain, Paul was apparently the son of a villain, and no one knew better than Uncle Peter the compelling nature of hereditary impulse.

As the days went on, the old man grew more and more restless, smoked less, and lingered longer at the sideboard; and the name of great-great-grandfather Warren was oftener than ever on his lips. Then came a morning when he did not appear at breakfast, and news was brought that he could not be found. His bed had not been used; various toilet articles and

pieces of clothing had been taken from the room; and in the deep dust of the road prints of foolish, pointed-toed shoes led away in the direction of the railway station. Had anything of the kind ever occurred before, Paul asked his mother, as he ate a hasty breakfast, conscious that steps must be taken at once to bring the fugitive back, but sorely at a loss to know the wisest way of beginning. Once or twice, Mrs. Warren answered, he had disappeared without warning, but it had always made Paul's father uneasy. Now Uncle Peter was too old to be trusted alone; he had probably gone to Boston, and Paul must follow as soon as possible.

The day after the disappearance, while Paul Warren was searching hotel registers and watching on street corners, Alec Bevanne drove gayly up to the Warren homestead with Uncle Peter beside him in the light carriage. He came in to make a call on Mrs. Warren, while Uncle Peter removed the dust of travel upstairs.

"We happened to meet," he said confidentially to his hostess. "I was not sure that Mr. Warren could make his way among the crowds, so I kept an eye on him, and he fell in gladly with my suggestion that we should come home together."

"That young Mr. Bevanne is a person of most delicate courtesy, Paul," said Mrs. Warren, when her son, hot, tired, and vexed, returned in answer to her telegram. "He could not have been more considerate."

Paul added his thanks to his mother's when an opportunity came, wondering, meanwhile, how he could be base enough to suspect that the obliging young neighbor had had something to do with the departure as well as with the return, yet irresistibly drawn to that conclusion by the old man's dark hints. Uncle Peter had come back from his escapade with an exasperating air of having accomplished something, and he went about cheerfully humming bits of song; as he himself expressed it, the ancestor-poetess was uppermost in him now. He vouchsafed no real explanation of his absence, merely

remarking that he had had business in the city, and he dwelt much upon the attractions of his friend, Alec Bevanne, who had been of real service to him.

It was half in good nature, half in malice, that this young man spread abroad his knowledge of Uncle Peter and of the revelations that had come through him. Alec liked to share good things with appreciative listeners, and his mother and Alice were entertained, sometimes against their will, with portions of the Warren family history. Even the loungers about the post office at Wahonet heard bits of gossip that had a relish for their ears, for the Warrens were no great favorites with the idlers at open doors.

"Mas'r Paul," said Aunt Belinda one morning as she brought in a plate of hot waffles to set before her young master, "what's all this I yer Mas'r Alec Bevanne tellin' 'bout you-all?"

Paul looked up in wonder.

"Dat low nigger dat works down to de Sunny Beach House tole me suffin' 'bout it," said Aunt Belinda with a sniff. "Says dey's all so'ts of things happen in de fam'ly dat you-all is 'shamed of. Now I say, Mas'r Paul, dat dey all wrong. Like 'nough yo' paw and yo' grandpaw done lots ob things to be 'shamed ob, but dey wa'n't 'shamed of dem! Dat's what I tole dat low nigger."

XVI

It was a bit of lovely pasture land beside the sea. Low headlands jutted out into the water, with soft hollows lying between, and the bare look of lichen-covered gray stone and shorn green grass where the herd was grazing brought to Frances Wilmot a sudden sense of the unseen beauty of the shores of Greece. So must the dun-colored cows have stood out against a sky of cloudless blue in the old great days, and even as now must the salt, sweet breeze blowing across the hollow have brought courage to hearts long turned to dust. The still blue water wore

the changeless look that it bears on quiet days to those who cannot see the ceaseless stir along the beach, and swift passing beauty seemed fixed in an immortal moment. There was no sound save that of the soft step of hoofs upon the turf, and of the cropping of grass. Noiselessly one little fishing craft, with sunlight on its white sail, its hull dark in shadow, crept down along the shore. The girl closed her eyes to feel the full enchantment of loneliness, of silence, and of the sea, opening them to find all still the same.

A sharp little bark broke the stillness: looking up, she saw Robin Hood, pausing near her with lifted head and the old puzzled look in his eyes. What was to be done with this intruder who was so near his cows? he seemed to ask. She did not call him to her where she sat on a great gray rock in a hollow, with clustered low green fern at her feet, but watched as, with a low growl, he subsided, seating himself not far away with his back toward her and gazing into distance or into the past. If some dim thought was in his mind that he must protect this friend of the house he served, he was apparently resolved to ignore the relationship, lest she presume. As they waited, the light across the sea and in the hollows grew more golden, and the shadow of hillock and fern-bordered rock crept farther across the grass. The sunset light falling on the one white sail, and turning water and shore to deeper and tenderer color, made her realize that she had spent the livelong afternoon sitting with the sunshine on her face, bookless, and with no occupation save the opening and the shutting of her eyes.

When Robin Hood's master strolled over the hill she felt no surprise; she knew that this was Warren pasture land, and that these great-eyed Jersey cattle belonged to the Warren herd. Moreover, at odd moments in the shifting of her dreams, she had been thinking of this man. That the result of her analysis of his character was not entirely satisfactory, was seen in the seriousness that sat upon

her brow. At first he did not see her; the quick swing of his step grew slower as he reached the top of the headland and looked across the sea. What fresh sense was in his mind of the encompassing beauty and worth of the world she did not dream, but he paused, glad of the sudden feeling that the old charmed moments which had come to him at rare intervals through the past years of his life were hurrying fast upon one another now. A sense as of joy coming in like the tide across thirsty sand was in his soul, and the ripple and swish of the soft waves on the beach below seemed to be something taking place inside him. He clenched his hands for gladness at the pain of being born into the world of beauty and the world of love. Ah, it was good, with its sting, its possibilities of hurt, its certainties of knowing! Then, across his sudden vision of life glad and free as on the golden hills, yet fine and conscience-guarded, floated a memory of his mother's face, and with it a train of faces shadowed and sad, making him aware of increased sensitiveness to pain. The walls of his being had grown thinner, and every touch from outside meant the vibrating of the soul within to the sorrow, the hurt, the joy of the world. Full of a new conviction that it was good, the groping, the stumbling, the finding of the way, he turned and saw before him in reality, as she had been in vision, the woman whose face was but his old dream come true.

They easily resumed discussion as he greeted her, for they had fallen into a way of taking up without preamble the topic they had been considering the last time when interruption had come, and the remarks of Monday were often only the completion of sentences left unfinished on Saturday.

"They were going to read aloud at the Inn," she explained presently, "and I could not stand it, so I ran away."

"You rebel daughter of a rebel South!" he answered. "Such opportunities for improvement may never come again!"

"I know it!" she admitted, and their laughter rang out through the sea hollows, startling the wee sandpipers at the edge of the waves.

"What makes you look so sad?" asked Frances Wilmot, for, even as their mirth echoed back to them from the rocks, the shadow of the old days had fallen across the man's face, and that new sense of assured good that had so lately filled him with peace vanished in her presence, before his knowledge of his own unworthiness, and the certainty that she could never care. She was quick to note the look in his deep eyes, and the sudden, sensitive quiver of the lip.

"Nothing but destiny," he answered lightly.

"Please don't knock the heads off those ferns," said the girl, reaching to take his cane from him. "And do not talk to me of destiny! There is n't any such thing; there is nothing but the human will!" She shook her wind-blown hair from her face, looking, in her joyous energy, like the incarnation of the will of which she spoke.

"You are in a heroic mood to-day."

She nodded. "The souls of the heroes of Greece have been flitting past me in this hollow, and they have left their courage in my soul."

"There were heroic Greek women, too," he said idly, thinking that, with this stern beauty of rock and shorn grass about her, and with the touch of severity upon her brow, she might, save for her modern dress, be a bit of the olden time. Surely none could have had greater courage at the hands of fate, and he watched her, marveling. It seemed to him that within the shelter of her soul she sat weaving pain and loss and joy into a web of marvelous beauty and strength.

"Why do you go?" asked the girl.

"I can hardly claim a place among your heroic dreams."

"Don't disappear, Ghost! Do you know, I have been thinking about you."

"Why do you call me that?" he asked, with a shade of annoyance in his voice.

For some reason the old jest was beginning to jar.

"Because you are," said Frances Wilmot firmly, audacious courage dancing in her eyes.

"May I ask once for all what you mean?"

He sat down on a granite rock near by and looked at her.

"I do not know that I can tell you now; you look like a piece of your New England granite."

"Go on!" he commanded; and she obeyed.

"Because you have dropped out of your place in the marching ranks; you don't belong! You stand aside and let it all go on without you; I mean the political life of the country, and all the actual fighting with common things. You are the ghost of old New England, and you go off into the corner and associate with yourself because you do not like the kind of people you are thrown with if you try to keep your hold on the actual. Ghosts never get their fingers soiled dealing with practical affairs: they have n't any fingers! They lead an untroubled life apart among the shades."

"Do not stop!" said Paul serenely. "Your eloquence makes me think that you have thought the matter out rather thoroughly."

Meanwhile, in the heart of the man, sang Love, in its undreamed strength:—

"I can do all things: act, endure, achieve."

"Who has your father's seat in the legislature?" she demanded, her cheeks flaming with sudden red.

"An Irishman from County Down," answered the young man, "a very interesting personage, who, from the possession of a cow, and two shock-headed little barefooted girls, has risen in an incredibly short space of time to be owner of a feudal castle on the rocks, and two elegant daughters in a finishing school. You would not check the march of progress in our country, would you, or blame me if my intellectual powers are not so

much to the taste of my countrymen as are those of the gentleman from County Down?"

"You are only making fun," said the girl, "and I am in deadly earnest."

"I had not credited you with such fiery patriotism," he remarked. "Your gift had seemed rather poetic than practical."

"But it seems to me that every human being, man or woman, should have a sense of duty about matters of every day."

"I recall some sentiments of the kind myself, I think, from the copybook."

"Perhaps it is only to the very great that the platitudes of life are not platitudes," she flashed back, and he forgot his rising indignation in pleasure at the quickness of her retort. Again their laughter echoed between the hills, and her exhortation took a merrier tone.

"Oh, I've watched you, and other civilized men who are like you. The tide of life has left you stranded high and dry on your ideals; it is an ideal that has n't any hold on the real. You stay ghosts because you are too scrupulous to live, and you associate in dim corners with the spirits of Winthrop and Endicott, Sumner and Phillips, ignoring the common people who need you. It is the very depth and strength of your nature which is keeping you from being of use."

"You must remember," he said lightly, "that the making of the Great Refusal has grown to be a family habit."

"But that is past," sang Love silently, "past and forgotten forever."

"It does n't do any good to talk to you!" said the girl, smiling. "I pierce you through with winged words and you part like a fog, meeting on the other side. There is n't any weapon that can wound a — mist!"

"Would you mind suggesting some of the details of your plan for me?"

"I have n't made any plan," she confessed. "You certainly ought not to give up writing, but I think you need a grip on actual life and difficulties. I should like to see you wrest your father's place from the Irishman from County Down; I

should like to hear your name associated with some great thing to be done, and to see you fighting, fighting, fighting like Achilles."

"I am quite ready," he said smiling, "even to be dragged by the hair round the walls of Washington, but there are practical difficulties in the way, of which, apparently, you are not aware. I confess that I have scruples, for instance about buying votes, which are not shared by the gentleman from County Down."

Frances Wilmot looked at him with a swiftly changing face.

"I shall say nothing more," she declared. "I was trying to make you angry, and you sit there and look at me as a St. Bernard dog looks at a fox terrier puppy that is playing with his paws!"

As he looked at her his face was a mask hiding the tumult of his soul. With her shyness and her daring, her lofty sureness of the goal and her airy ignoring of the path by which to reach it, was she not a very woman? His leader one minute, she lingered the next for his guiding hand, and he watched her flushed face and dimmed dark eyes, pondering on the difference between his old dull pain of brooding thought and this new joyous pain of being alive.

"Grant deeper hurt," pleaded Love in his inmost heart, "and keener sting, for in it comes the very life of life."

A long call sounded from the brow of the hill; it was the voice of Andrew Lane, who had come to bring home the cows. At his yodel they lifted their heads, one after another, gazed meekly at him, then went back to the soft, sweet grass, grazing as if they had heard nothing. The cry had roused Robin Hood, and he made one brave dash after the herd, with all his old spirit come back to him for a moment.

"After 'em, Robin! Bring 'em up! Fetch 'em in!" cried Andrew, who stood now at the top of the hill, silhouetted in blue overalls and yellow straw hat against the flushing sunset sky.

Robin started to round in the herd in his old, skillful, collie way, then stopped,

wagging his tail uncertainly, as if in doubt of his exact duty. Andrew gave again a sharp word of command, and the old dog sprang forward with a joyous bark to the very centre of the herd, scattering the cattle this way and that, and then stood quivering, unsure of his own purpose. One dun-colored cow lowered her horns, and a yearling heifer kicked out gayly at him, but he did not flinch, only waited with wistful eyes and pleading tail for a word of command that he could believe.

The two who watched from the rocks in the hollow glanced at each other with one of those looks of complete understanding that lie somewhere below speech.

"My difficulty is plainly like Robin's," said Paul, with the old, ironic smile, "a paralyzing consciousness of undiscoverable duty. He is waiting for the right voice, my father's, and it never comes."

Here the dog made another sudden dash, barking at the heads of the bewildered animals, and, in confusion, they stampeded, running this way and that over gray rock and tangled blackberry vines, and ferns that gave out a pungent odor as they were broken and trodden under foot.

"No, it is I who am like Robin," said the girl, a sad mischievousness coming into her eyes. "That is just the way I dash at things, womanlike, without knowing anything about them. I regret, Mr. Warren, that I have been trying to teach you out of the depth of my ignorance, and I freely confess that I have been — pardon me — barking at your head!"

So she turned and left him, and he watched her as she climbed the rocky headland, stood outlined a minute against the gold flush of the sky and the answering flush of the sea, then wandered the way of the moorland road that curled, grass-grown and beautiful, along the heights. Robin Hood came back and stood near his master, trying with dumb, eloquent eyes to explain, and permitting a single caress.

"You and I are rather badly off, old

fellow," said Paul Warren. "You have lost your guiding voice forever, and I have found mine only to realize that I may not have it."

Musing, he paced the high, tangled cliff road that the girl had followed. She was a thing of fire and flame, with beauty of face and of soul flashing out opal-wise through constant change. He might see it, as he saw the glory of sunset, but he could not keep it; and would not the inevitable swift - coming gray be all the more dreary because of the vanished gold? But, as he swung on his homeward way in the cool air, the encompassing rhythm of the sea got into his long stride, and across the discords of his life he seemed to hear, as he would hear forever after she was gone, the melody of hers, where some sweet spirit played, touching all the strings to music.

XVII

It was the woman who began it. Down the garden paths and over the narrow space of rock and of sand that separated the flowers from the sea, she fled precipitately with wind-blown hair and skirts in which the breeze fluttered in joy of the chase. On the tiny beach within the cove she waited expectantly by the dory which was pulled up on the sand, and she looked out wistfully to the Sea Gull, which was rocking gently up and down upon the waves. The man who followed her tacitly did her bidding, though not a word was spoken as the dory was launched and rowed out over the water to the little sailing vessel. With white sail set they glided noiselessly out to the wide sea, the woman at the helm, the man whistling as he ran up the jibs.

"You are running away," said Frances Wilmot suddenly, as the spray from a wave met aslant glistened on forehead and cheek.

"I am glad," returned Paul Warren gently, "to place my one talent at your service."

"Your talent for sailing a boat? I have often admired it."

"The one talent which you attribute to me, that for running away."

"Do you think it really matters if we go?" asked the woman, changing the subject.

"This is the game of 'follow my leader;' I am doing your bidding," answered Paul, shaking out the reef as he spread the last inch of sail in the dash for the open sea.

"I did not know the visitors," mused Frances Wilmot.

"And yet you knew enough to escape!"

"I did not stop to think," she said penitently.

"That, I believe, is your ideal course of action, and the one that you constantly recommend to me!"

"Let's go back," pleaded the girl, half letting go the tiller so that the vessel luffed and was struck by an oncoming wave.

"Look out!" called the captain. "The man at the helm must be sure of his own mind, and must abide the consequences of his actions! No, mother will have made my excuses by this time, and it will only complicate matters if we go back. Besides, I promised to do an errand for her at Tern Island this afternoon, and we must head for that place now. Port your helm!"

They sailed on in silence, over the dancing water, with the sweet, fresh wind in their faces, and the girl crooned her song of the tide, while new measures got into it as the green, surging waves mounted to meet them, parting gently with loveliest color and sound when the Sea Gull cut them through. This beauty, escaping through myriad fullness, how could she grasp, how endure it? Unconsciously it had become to her the clearest symbol of that quick changefulness which lends life significance,—infinite permanence running through infinite change.

"The heart of the great tides," Paul Warren repeated to himself, watching

the rhythmic color in her cheek and listening to her song; and, wind and wave lending their own courage to his soul, as he took charge of tiller and sheet, he laughed inwardly, as he had often done of late, at his passing mood of causeless melancholy, for the old ghosts waged a losing fight against the strength of the sea. Why should he stand apart or dream that his lot should be less than that of other men? Nay, when the right moment came, he would venture all and try his fate, abiding gain or loss; and the man's eyes smiled gravely as love touched the will and quickened it to faith and action.

Frances Wilmot, singing to herself and swaying slightly to and fro with the motion of the boat, failed to read the expression of the face whose reserve was a protecting mask. The motion of the man's arms, his skill, his masterful way of meeting difficulty, gave her to-day, as always, a thrill of delight. Look and action showed him to her triumphantly as a leader of men, if the opportunity for leadership could but come, if some great force would but push him into the heart of life.

Then the face of Alice Bevanne floated before her, and in fancy she saw it as she had often seen it with her eyes,—against the blue of sky and of sea, with its protecting cloud of palest gold hair,—full of delicate strength and austerity and power to endure. Frances Wilmot's breath came quickly, with a thought that had often struck her before: was not the hidden fire of this girl's nature all that was needed to bring the touch of flame to the man's, who was so near akin to her in soul? Her shyness and her unwillingness to speak of him had long ago betrayed to Frances something that she was ashamed to know: Alice loved Paul Warren, loved him to the depths of her heart, and had betrayed herself in this, that her look of renunciation was never quite so beautiful or so strong as when her eyes rested on the face of this man.

If this might be, so Frances prayed wind and wave, it would mean to Paul Warren

the sting of love that is salvation; and to Alice, happiness. The throb of the girl's heart as she thought of this was half the hope of joy for her friend, half something else. As for herself,—there would be left wide skies and the world of beauty, the gold of sunrise over the free sea, and the sweep of the tides.

"I wish that we could have brought Miss Bevanne; she is a great sailor," said Paul suddenly, and the girl started as if he had divined her thought.

"I wish we had," she answered, cunningly adding: "I admire her more and more. It has been worth my pilgrimage to the North to find a woman like that."

"She is certainly a remarkable girl," assented Paul cordially.

Watching him through keen, half-closed eyes, Frances Wilmot sighed; the power of these New Englanders in concealing desirable information was indeed wonderful! In silence they sailed on for half an hour more, gradually nearing a little island whose gray rocks and stunted pines rose out of the sea with an expression of primeval silence and loneliness. Running into a little cove on a sheltered side of the island they landed at a tiny broken wharf, and Paul Warren turned toward a gray, weather-beaten cottage near at hand.

"Will you come with me?" he asked.

"No," said the girl, "I will climb the rocks."

Above, the ragged pine trees cut the blue; beside the path dull green juniper lay warm and fragrant in the sun, and all was silence save for the cry of the white-winged gulls circling overhead. Slowly she climbed over lichen-grown rock and pebble, stepping noiselessly, and at the summit started back, almost losing her balance, for there, lying flat on the short grass, was Alec Bevanne, his arms flung above his head, his eyes closed as if in sleep. She tiptoed softly away over moss and lichen, wondering, from the troubled look upon his face, if anything were wrong, but the breaking of a dried hemlock twig under her feet betrayed her presence, and

he opened his eyes, was dazed for a moment as if unable to distinguish between the sleeping and the waking dream, then sprang to his feet, hastily brushing bits of moss and twig from coat and hair.

"It is odd that we should meet here," he said, with a poor attempt at his usual gay smile.

"I am helping Mr. Warren do an errand for his mother," she said quietly, noticing in her companion an agitation that showed itself in nervous action of hand and of foot. At his invitation she seated herself on a great rock, and together they watched the green waves below rushing home to their island caves, rippling, receding, with white foam at the edge. Over the young man's face flushed sudden color that went as quickly, leaving pallor behind; the woman saw too late.

"I cannot help it," the words came bursting forth as if it were beyond his power to stay them; "I must speak, for I was thinking of you,—I think of nothing but you,—and then I opened my eyes, and you stood before me as if you had come in answer to my call."

She raised a warning hand, and, as she did so, noticed that his bloodshot eyes suggested sleepless nights.

"Don't!" she begged softly.

"I must," he cried. "I love you; I know that there can be but little hope for me, but I love you. You must have seen it, and have known, for I have betrayed it a thousand ways."

"I did not know," she said, her heart full of pity for one whose manhood seemed shaken by the force of a passion that raged within.

"I know that I may seem an insignificant person in your eyes," he went on hotly, "but I will work, I will distinguish myself, I can, if you will only help me, and then"—

She shook her head, and said only the same word: "Don't."

A little sandpiper ran near them on nimble feet, watching with bright, eager eyes, and the measure of their silence was

the measure of her fearlessness as she crept toward them. Then the sandpiper ran fluttering away, and the sea gulls paused for an instant on outstretched wings as a storm of words came from the mouth of the man on the cliff. The two had risen to their feet and stood startled, defiant, as the woman's answer came:—

"Stop! What right have you to speak that way?"

Hoarse as the call of the gulls, and with their note of homelessness, the man's cry rang back:—

"I tell you, I cannot live without you, I cannot, I cannot. It is the first time I have ever cared, and if there is no hope, I will throw myself from the cliff into the water."

Was it the gulls or the waves or the woman's voice that murmured "Coward?"

Shame came into the young man's face, and quiet to his voice.

"No, do not go away," he begged. "I will do nothing, and I much regret that I have frightened you."

When Paul Warren, startled by the far echo of Alec Bevanne's voice, joined them, he found the two chattering about matters of no consequence, but the strained look in his young neighbor's face did not escape him, nor did the aimless movements of his nervous hands. Paul glanced anxiously toward Frances, divining the agitation of mood, but the girl had risen and was standing with her back to him, studying a sail on the horizon. With the elaborate politeness which characterized all his dealings with his neighbor, he entered into a discussion regarding the management of small craft; but his concealed indignation waxed hotter and more hot as he realized that some great shock had come to Frances Wilmot, who still stood shading her eyes with her hand and gazing out to sea.

Half an hour later, as the Sea Gull cut through the waves toward the sunset and toward home, Paul Warren kept a watch on the white sail ahead that dipped and rose lightly again where Alec Bevanne's knockabout, the Rocket, danced homeward.

"That is good speed," he remarked, "but Bevanne's a reckless sailor. He crowds her as if he did not care whether he goes under or not."

Frances looked at Paul with a sigh of deep relief. It was good to rest, after that outburst upon the island, in the strength and the impersonality of this man; and good to know, with the memory of that emotional fury in her mind, of the reserve power and self-control of which manhood was capable, — though of course Paul did not care like that, would never care at all. She shivered as the memory of Alec Bevanne's face came back to her, marveling at the difference between the children of one house, — the silent strength of love in the woman, the weakness of love in the man. And oh, the pity of it! How could music be made of this world, after all, if even the great tides sometimes went astray?

Sunset glowed behind the pine trees in the west as they neared home; it dyed the waves with a glory of color, crimson here and gold beyond; it fell on Frances Wilmot's hair and face, hiding the trouble in her eyes from him who gazed upon it. The moment which had marred for her the melody in things brought to him stronger and stronger sense of the encompassing rhythm of life; and more and more this woman seemed a part of it, and a part of the great sea, with its inexplicable longing, its life, its irresistible advance.

XVIII

"Try it again," suggested the friendly voice of Alec Bevanne.

"I did try," answered Uncle Peter dejectedly, "and the lawyer, as you know, wouldn't listen to me; said it was a bootless scheme."

"Go to somebody here; there's Marvin over in the village."

The shadow deepened on the old man's face. "He knows too much about it," was his answer. "Marvin was my father's lawyer and John's."

"Then he's just the man!" cried Alec, slapping Uncle Peter's shoulder. "Face him and get the truth out of him."

There was a somewhat pathetic hilarity in Alec Bevanne's manner, and the flickering glance of his restless eye showed eager search for amusement. The two were strolling up and down a grass-grown, neglected lane behind the Bevanne house, the elder man with difficulty keeping the pace of his companion's long, nervous strides. The half-suppressed excitement of the latter's manner showed most clearly in the savage attacks of his light cane on the milkweed pods, whose down he sent floating hither and yon in the still summer air.

"Go in for your rights," pursued Alec vehemently, after waiting in vain for an answer. "If John Warren took your inheritance" —

"Hush," whispered Uncle Peter with a sudden clutch upon his companion's arm: "there's Paul!"

Yes, there was Paul, striding through an adjacent field with Robin at his heels, a look of fine contempt upon his face. Uncle Peter wondered, with a thrill of something akin to fear, how much he had heard, but Alec Bevanne only smiled. This unexpected encounter made matters all the more interesting at a moment when he was sorely in need of amusement, and a little surface annoyance to the son of his father's old enemy would do no harm. From all that could be found out concerning the long family quarrel, the Bevannes were greatly in arrears in the matter of paying old grudges; and already Alec half divined that in his thwarted love another injury had been added to the list.

Paul said no word, but walked on as if he had neither seen nor heard the speakers. His smiling indifference toward Alec Bevanne was broken through at last, had been broken for some time, he realized, in the hot indignation that the careless words just overheard had roused. In muscle and clenched fist lingered a sense-memory of how it had felt to knock Alec

Bevanne down when they were boys, and at this moment it seemed to him as if no experience quite so satisfactory had come to him since. His teeth were set closely together in wrath, wrath at this young man for his lack of chivalry toward a helpless old one. Gray hairs and foolishness combined should command at least pity, and Alec Bevanne well knew that in Uncle Peter's mind, where nothing was really wrong, nothing had ever been quite right.

Half an hour later the mischievous advice of the young professor had taken effect, and by the shore path over headland and sandy beach, in the clear August weather, strode Uncle Peter, an Uncle Peter no longer smiling, chattering, debonair, but militant, a man of purpose and of action, the fixed idea in his mind not now a subject of brooding thought, but the nerve and soul of the most eventful resolve in the man's whole life. Outside help had failed. Old Andrew Lane was worse than useless in giving evidence that might lead to legitimate disputing of wills; Alec Bevanne, with all the moral encouragement he had given, was not in a position to afford practical assistance: to Uncle Peter it seemed that the moment had come for his inner self to rise to heroic action; man nor circumstance could help him, — he would help himself.

He was taking the long path by the shore to Wahonet in order to have time to calm himself; solitude and the fresh sea breeze, he instinctively felt, would help nerve him to action. He walked with a long, slow stride, his slender frame tense with the tremulous energy of the man of dreams when summoned to unaccustomed deed. He must be firm, the shaking hand kept reminding the bamboo cane which trembled in sympathy; he must be firm.

There was cold perspiration on his brow under the protecting brim of the Panama hat when at last he walked into Wahonet, pausing by an old-fashioned brick house whose white wooden doorway bore the sign: "Abel Marvin, Attorney at Law." Uncle Peter's final summoning of all his resolution lent new wa-

vering motions to his legs as he mounted the stone steps and rang the doorbell. He was ushered into a room bright with red ingrain carpet, silk patchwork cushions, and chromos; and here he found a little, bent, old man, whose snow-white hair and colorless face lent added fire and expression to a pair of still brilliant dark eyes.

"Take a chair," said Abel Marvin, without rising. "Business, eh? Come to make your will?"

Uncle Peter shook his head, slowly, portentously.

"No," he answered, and, for almost the first time in his life, did not know what to say next.

"Take your time," said the old lawyer, after a pause.

"Mr. Marvin," said Uncle Peter, with a great leap of moral courage, "you did my father's business for him the better part of his life, did n't you?"

"I believe I helped transact the law business of James Francis Warren for over thirty years," was the answer.

"And you drew up his will?"

The sharp, deep-set eyes looked out quizzically from under the shaggy white brows.

"I believe I did."

"Did it strike you at the time that there was anything curious about it?"

"I don't recall that it did," answered the old man. "I presume I was more taken up in those days with getting things done than with thinking about their being strange."

Uncle Peter was seated now in an arm-chair upholstered in stamped red velvet, and he leaned his chin upon his cane, which he held between his knees. Thus supported he continued his attack, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

"My father left the bulk of his property to my brother John."

"James Francis Warren certainly bequeathed the major part of his effects to John Warren," said Abel Marvin.

"Yet I was the older, and it was certainly unfair."

"Some people," drawled the old law-

yer, "have an aggravating way of considering their own property their own. I s'pose that's the way it was in this case."

"It was unjust, and you know it," said Uncle Peter, with a sudden access of fiery courage; but Abel Marvin merely shrugged his shoulders.

"There has been something strange in the whole history; I realize it more and more clearly as I grow older," sternly pursued Uncle Peter, feeling that this officer of the law was quailing before him. "Unless I am mistaken, you are the man whom I remember as being with my father in his library on one of the occasions that now come back to me as proofs of my suspicion. I refer to the time when my brother John was born."

The old lawyer started, and the eyebrows hung lower over the gleaming dark eyes.

"Well?"

"If you recall the time," said Uncle Peter, the bamboo cane bending under the sudden demands upon it for moral support, "can you remember whether I was the person alluded to when a remark was made about the arrangement being bad for some one?"

"I recall the circumstance perfectly, and I believe you were," said the lawyer dryly.

"My father's will was made that day?"

"It was."

"And never changed?"

"And never changed."

The two men eyed each other across the marble-topped table for a few seconds' space.

"I feel it my duty to tell you," said Uncle Peter, clearing his throat, "that I am about to dispute that will."

The dark old eyes were all attention, but the lawyer was silent.

"I—I have resolved to make an attempt to recover my rightful property," asserted the visitor tremulously, his pale blue eyes attempting to give back bravely the stare of the black ones.

"You'll be a fool if you do," snapped the lawyer.

The dignity of Uncle Peter's grand manner was the only response. He waited long until his companion spoke again.

"Mr. Warren, is it your purpose to carry out this ridiculous project?"

"It is," answered Uncle Peter majestically.

"Then," said Abel Marvin, "if you will stop a minute, I will tell you something which I should have been glad to keep from you, but which it seems my duty to let you know."

"Tell on," glowered Uncle Peter.

"I regret that you have made it necessary," said the old lawyer, speaking painfully, "but I have always had a great regard for the Warren family, and am sorry to see annoyance coming upon it. Of course you could accomplish nothing, and, for your own sake—for your own sake, Mr. Warren, I make a last appeal: give up your foolish plan."

"I will not!" cried Uncle Peter triumphantly. "I always knew that something was wrong, that there was a secret somewhere. Now I shall find it out at last."

"There was a secret," admitted Abel Marvin, "concerning you. I am especially sorry to tell it to you, for you are the one person who will not be able to keep it. However, I shall tell it to no one else, and if it becomes known it will be through no fault of mine. Mr. Peter Warren, you are no more the son of James Francis Warren than I am."

"What!" stammered Uncle Peter.

"You are no Warren: you are an adopted child, taken into the family when you were four months old."

The bamboo cane had lost all strength of purpose and was quivering pitifully.

"It's a lie!" cried Uncle Peter, angrily shaking the cane that had deserted him in his hour of need.

The lawyer shook his head, and the very accent of truth was in the motion.

"What motive could there have been for such an absurd action?" the other asked with a scornful laugh.

"Fear of having no heir," said Abel

Marvin. "Mr. James Francis Warren was an ambitious man, and his one desire was to build up a great estate and leave it to his son. He had been married eight years, and had no child when he adopted you; you were brought here with your parents from Vermont one spring when the family came back from the city, where you were supposed to have been born. So far as I know, no human being has ever suspected the secret, and Mr. Warren was fairly content to hand down his name to you, when John Warren suddenly surprised everybody by making his appearance in the world."

"It is a story that you are making up to frighten me out of my just purpose," blustered Uncle Peter. "You have no proofs; whose son am I, according to your fairy tale?"

"You are the oldest son of Andrew Lane," said the old lawyer. "Proofs enough exist; your father has them in his possession. I naturally have none here, though I have a clear memory of all that happened on that day when Mr. Warren took me into his confidence, the day you have alluded to, when you were perhaps five years old and matters had to be readjusted because of John Warren's birth."

"Andrew Lane!" shouted Uncle Peter. "I don't believe a word of it."

Abel Marvin looked calmly out of the window.

"There's my son," he announced, "just home. If you like, he can drive us down to Andrew's, and you can see for yourself."

"Does he know?"

"Nobody knows," repeated Abel Marvin; "John Warren always supposed you to be his brother, for James Francis wanted to carry out his original intention as nearly as possible."

The cool drive down the long country road brought to Uncle Peter only a sickening of the heart. It was a drooping figure that bent over the bamboo cane on the back seat of the light carriage, very different from the heroic one that had walked

bravely along the shore an hour ago.

Old Andrew Lane was alone, sunning himself on the little front porch of the house where he lived with his son and his son's wife. Hollyhock and sunflower grew by the prim path that led to the green door of the old stone house, and the stamp of homely comfort lay on threshold and window.

"What's up?" asked Andrew as the two old men came toward him.

"It's all up," said the lawyer. "To protect the Warren family from annoyance I've been obliged to tell Mr. Peter here a tale that he does n't believe. You have the documents, I believe. I should like to have him see them."

With his clay pipe still in his mouth, old Andrew hobbled into an inner room, reappearing presently with a padlocked tin box, and with a worn family Bible.

"There you be," he said, putting the open Bible before Uncle Peter, and proceeding to open the box.

Uncle Peter's eyes did him bad service, but he managed to read on the stained yellow page the record of the birth of a child named Peter, on his very birthday, to Andrew and Cynthia Lane, and without a word he turned to the paper which the gardener handed him. It was a certificate of adoption of a four months' old child, called Peter Lane, by James Francis Warren, who bound himself, not only to provide for said child for life, but to support the parents,—who had moved to Wahonet,—in return for any service which they might care to give, the support to cease at any moment if the secret were not scrupulously kept.

"Oh!" moaned Uncle Peter, convinced at last. "It is hard; it is too hard."

"So your ma thought," said old Andrew Lane, "'til Andy was born; that comforted her consid'able."

"Good-by, Mr. Warren," said the lawyer, holding out his hand. "Keep the secret if you can, and as for this afternoon's business,—well, perhaps you'd better quit reading so many paper-covered novels."

Old Andrew Lane went to put away the tin box, saying as he did so, with the slightest quiver in the gruff voice,—

“I cal’late you won’t want to come to live with your folks, but if you should need to, some time, mebbe, I guess we can find room.”

Uncle Peter, tottering out to the porch, utterly unable to rise to the occasion, sat down on an unpainted wooden bench, with sunflower and hollyhock swimming before his eyes, and wept piteously for great-grandmother Anne, and the ancestor-poetess, and even, in a cruel, belated sense of orphanhood, for great-great-grandfather Warren and all his sins.

XIX

The charm of the road was that it seemed to lead nowhere, only wandered incidentally whither it would, now panting up a little hill, now running down to rest in a hollow, now hiding in the woodland under nodding branch and wind-stirred leaf, now peering out to get a glimpse of the sea, a whimsical, irresponsible, mystical road, taking its own way to the unknown. The girl who wandered lazily along it, in the beaten track or on the small, worn footpath through the grass, was keeping time in her imagination with all the free feet that had ever wandered that way. Here and there she passed a small house. At one an old man was digging in the garden; at another a little girl was playing with her doll on the doorstep; in a bit of pasture near another a calf was frisking with joyous tail; at the next an old woman, calico-clad, was hanging clothes upon a line. Frances Wilmot wanted to stop with them all, to do what they were doing, and then go on and on. None save the calf seemed to share her mood, and she pitied them that they could not follow her upon the open road.

After a quick run around a sharp curve the irresponsible road suddenly came to a crossing, and was brought face to face

with the problem of choosing its way. A signpost stood there, turned all askew, “9 m. to Brentford” staring out from a strip of board where a finger pointed heavenward; “4 m. to Valley Cove,” on a strip pointing to earth; and “6 m. to Ransom’s Point,” on a strip that pointed straight to a mossy stone fence. The road seemed to evade any choice, and the three ways that led onward fled in different directions from the one by which she had come; and sunlight lay on them all, grass grew green at the edge, aster and goldenrod blossomed impartially by the crumbling stone fences. What need to choose? She started along the road at the left; each led somewhere, and the guiding sea was close at hand.

The road led merrily off past meadow-land and into a green forest, and suddenly joined company with a brook, hurrying as if glad of new music, and as if bent on seeing whether dust and clod could not keep pace with running water. Guarded by rock and stone, and overhung by sunlit leaves, the stream glided on, falling here in little silvery cascades, and gathering there into a quiet pool. The air, soft with the coolness of living branches on which the sun is beating, was still with the murmuring quiet of the woods. As the girl followed, stepping with the brook, she thought only of the touch of autumn in the new, sweet freshness of the air on face and wrist and throat; then, emerging from the woodland, she realized that her landmarks were gone, the village spire that had often guided her steps was no longer in sight, and the bold outline of the Emerson Inn on its headland had disappeared. What matter, while along this unknown way vine and blossom lured her feet to wander farther, and her hands to gather spoils?

It was the time of the glory of goldenrod: tall, starry clusters nodded over the stone fences; sword-shaped stalks burned with their rich color along the highway; and short, sunburned heads turned the pasture lands to fields of gold, dim and beautiful as the dream fields of the Islands

of the Blest. The girl filled her arms with it; long clusters nodded over her shoulders, and a great mass glowed against the white of her gown, and against her sunburned cheek. So great a burden was she carrying that she grew weary, and, wondering where she could stop to rest, she found herself near a little old deserted house, whose worn doorstep invited her to pause. By the open door grew old rose bushes where in June ragged pink roses still blossomed upon ragged stems; through the casements, from which the windows had disappeared, curled and twined woodbine and clematis. Some woman who had lived here long ago had loved sweet things at her window, and had set flowers to bloom by the paths which her feet must pass. Grass covered the little garden plot, and old lilac bushes grew apace by the broken picket fence and the posts of the vanished gate. Empty and open to sun and rain were the bare rooms where woodwork and floors were mouldering. Swallows had builded upon the cornices of the doors, and on the mantel in the old parlor a wren had made her nest.

Life and thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving doors and windows wide, —
Careless tenants they.

Sitting on the step with her head leaning against the white doorpost, Frances Wilmot half slept, while the warm sunshine of late afternoon shone on her face; and she almost heard, through the murmur of live things from the long grass near by, the tread of the vanished feet of father, mother, and child that had worn the threshold thin. Close by, a cricket chirped; yellow butterflies, glad of the golden-rôd in her lap, fluttered about her, lighting on hair and eyelids of the girl who sat so still; and home-coming swallows circled anxiously near and far again, troubled by this motionless disturber of their domain.

Here Paul Warren found her as he was sauntering home after a ten-mile walk, and he stopped, frowning; was she safe

in this lonely spot? As he looked, however, he forgot to frown, — so fair a picture she made leaning there with her long lashes dark upon her cheek, in her bower of palest yellow and deep Etruscan gold: there was no doubt any longer of Paul Warren's sense of the beauty of color. So soft were his footsteps in the rank grass outside the ruined picket fence that she did not hear him, and he stood long watching her. Presently she opened her eyes and smiled.

"I was n't asleep," she said sleepily.

"May I come in?" he asked, from the lilac bush by the gatepost.

"I don't know what place could be fitter for a ghost than a ruined house," said the girl merrily. "Come in and flit with the other shades; I've heard them whispering about me."

"It seems to me," he remarked, as he came slowly up the grass-grown walk, "that you rather resemble some of the angels of the early Italian painters, with their shaded golden wings."

She looked reproachfully at him.

"The one thing that I have liked about you," she said severely, "has been that you were different from other men, and did not pay foolish compliments."

"I was not complimenting you; perhaps I was complimenting the angels, for there is something in your face that is not in theirs," he said, looking gravely down at her.

She rose, shaking her head. "You forget that they all had golden hair; only witches and lady demons had black locks like mine. Do you dare go in?"

He pushed the sagging green door farther open, and they entered the old hall, with footsteps muffled by the dust which lay thick upon the floor. In the kitchen a tin mug lay upon a broken stool; in the parlor a chromo of "Hope," white-robed and staring wildly, hung upon the wall, and a child's top lay upon the floor. Vines were already growing with fresh green tendrils over the crumbling boards, and in one place, where the floor was broken, a great thistle had

thrust its way up and burst into purple bloom.

"Now," said Paul Warren softly, "you look like the spirit of life itself, going with golden torches through the house of death."

Frances Wilmot turned and faced him with light words that belied the shadowy depths of her eyes.

"Mr. Warren, if you are n't careful, you will turn into a poet, and that would be a most undeserved fate for a philosopher!"

The man's face quivered in the moted sunbeams that stole in through the open windows toward the west.

"I have turned into a lover," he said slowly; "that is, perhaps, the same thing."

For an instant all that moved in the room was the dust which the sunlight turned to a golden cloud as it rose; it could not hide the doubt and question and wonder in the girl's eyes.

"Yes, of course I mean you," said Paul Warren. "Who else is there — in all the world?"

The tense, white lips and tightly clenched hands betrayed how great had been his pain in speaking as he had spoken.

"You knew that I loved you; you must have known," he said.

"I never dreamed it," said the girl, with a little gasp. "You?"

"Why not I?" he asked sternly. "You have thought of me as an abstraction; it is odd that I should be compelled to tell you that I am a man! I'm a thing of brawn and muscle and of a beating heart, which I think is capable of taking hold as far down as the heart can take on human joy and human pain. Your jest of the ghost has been a merry one, but it is over now."

The girl's head was bent in awe among her flowers.

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "I should not have been so saucy if I had known."

Her wit and her eloquence had deserted her; she was as the most speechless and embarrassed maiden who ever stood dumb in love's presence.

"Perhaps there are different kinds of gray webs to wear across the eyes," he said, smiling.

"You — you never betrayed it, by the quiver of a muscle," she stammered. "I should have known."

"You know the ordinary signs very well, I presume," he answered. "I never meant to show it, or to let you know."

"Why?" she asked. The dusky eyes she raised to him were hard for the man to read. Outside, the cricket chirped loudly across the silence; a swallow, entering through the open window, took fright at the two motionless figures standing there, and skimmed away.

"What would you think," he asked, breathing with difficulty, "of the task set for a man who was in a great mental tangle, from which he could not escape, and who heard a voice calling, a voice that knew the way of his soul, and still had to turn and go away from it?"

The girl looked on in wonder, watching through the dust-flecked sunshine, and he reached both hands out toward her, then drew them back.

"How can I let the shadows of my life fall on your face?" he asked, passionately.

"The shadows of your life!" she said with reproach. "There are n't any. You make them up to please your Puritan ancestors."

"Then — will you come?"

She stepped lightly across the dusty floor to the doorway, looking back from the threshold to the man who sadly followed.

"This means that you will not help me build again the ruined house of life?"

"I am afraid," said Frances Wilmot.

"You who believe so deeply in life, and whose courage has so often put me to shame?"

"Life, yes," she answered, "but love, — that is too great for me, too terrible, and — I am afraid."

"Ah," he cried, "it is the first thing in life that has made me unafraid."

"You are a man," said the girl simply.

"It shows the fundamental strength of you from Adam's time on; I am only a woman."

"Thank Heaven!" he said.

"I can prattle about life, but then I faint and fail when the supreme test comes. I cannot let it come!" and she put out her hands to ward off love. "I am content with the beauty of the world, and the happiness that lies behind, and the sorrow whose meaning I have n't half spelled out."

"Child," said Paul Warren, watching the hands from which the blossoms fell in a golden shower on the worn doorstep and the green grass, "don't you see that you are half confessing that you care?"

"I have n't confessed it to myself," she answered with brave lips.

"Sit down for a minute; you are tired," he commanded, and she did his bidding.

"You must come, Enchantress," he said, from the step at her feet. "There are so many doors for you to open, and none other has the key. You must come to unwind for me the gray webs of many lives."

"That was just nonsense," she murmured. "You remember it?"

"I remember every word that you have spoken, every look that I have seen upon your face. Take me through one of your open doors, and we will go by wood and stream and mountain till we find your tree of life, and will nibble its leaves together."

"I did n't mean anything," said the

(To be continued.)

girl. "I was just teasing you because you studied so much."

Before them the sun was going down in deep August light behind a row of dull green cedars that let the glory through; from a distant wood, thrushes sang, and the dampness of oncoming night crept to them over the grass. The woman's voice was broken when she spoke.

"Are you sure that it is I?"

"I am sure," he made answer, "that you are the bit of my heart that was lost when it was broken, ages before I was born; now that I have found you again, it will be whole once more."

"I cannot," she said, whispering, "I cannot."

When he saw the suffering in her face, as the rich nature faced the challenge to keener joy and keener pain, he spared her. Stooping, he gathered from the grass the flowers that had fallen there, then side by side they walked home in the fragrant dusk, with the clustered flowers shining out as a light upon their way. Silence enfolded them, save for the sweet notes of nesting birds, the murmur of the wind-stirred leaves, and the ripple of a tiny brook over its rocky wayside bed. Before them in the west the slender crescent of the new moon hung in the quivering sunset light of the sky.

"Like a world of gold to walk into," said the man, for his soul was glad within him. It was true that this woman had said him nay, but in his heart of hearts he knew better.

THE OUTLOOK IN HISTORY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

WHAT is History? The thing we know; the definition baffles us. But what is Truth — or Beauty — or Poetry? The wisest have not yet agreed on a formula for any one of them; nor is this strange: for Poetry and Beauty, History and Truth, spring from the unfathomed sources of life, from the mystery which, although it be for each of us the only vital reality, eludes all our research. But as we manage to live without solving the riddle, — indeed, the acceptance of its insolubility seems to be the only solution, — so we waive a final definition of History, and go on to consider some of its aspects.

The present time is particularly favorable for a survey, because we have apparently reached a point where historians pursuing different aims are producing side by side, in mutual tolerance, if not in mutual respect. This is a hopeful sign. Progress requires variation; orthodoxy leads to bigotry, persecution, paralysis.

The modern scientific method of studying history has now been practiced in France, England, and America for more than a generation, and in Germany for two or three decades longer. It has passed beyond the tentative stage, survived ridicule and opposition, and risen to acknowledged supremacy. In its complete triumph there was danger that it might become a fetish. But now we begin to see that every method is merely a tool, and that the product of the tool depends on the skill of its user. No refinement of mechanism can take the place of human insight and character. The results of a victory won by an army equipped with rapid-fire, long-range guns may sink into insignificance compared with what

Norman William's crossbows achieved at Hastings, or Washington's flintlocks won at Yorktown. So neither Justin Winsor nor Mandell Creighton, enjoying to the full the advantages of the modern method, ranks with Thucydides or Tacitus, or with many lesser men, who flourished in the "unscientific" ages. Something more than a system goes to the making of great histories. This recognition of personality as the cornerstone on which everything human rests is the beginning of wisdom.

German historical students, under Ranke's lead, had firmly established themselves in the scientific method, when the general adoption of the doctrine of evolution forced historians everywhere to take a new point of view. To trace causes and effects had long been their purpose; now they saw that the principle of growth, or development, was itself the very rudder of causation. They proceeded to rearrange their material, and to rewrite the story of every nation, institution, art, and science according to this principle. No other formula has been so fruitful, or so universally applicable: nor do we now see how it can be superseded.

To historians especially, the doctrine of development came as a revelation, which made the work of their pre-Darwinian forerunners appear as obsolete as the ancient religions appeared to the first Christians. They felt the delight which thrills those who exercise a new faculty; say, rather, the exaltation of those who dedicate themselves to a new crusade for Truth. As always happens in such cases, they strove by every means to magnify the difference between the New and the Old; as if the New were wholly right, and the Old wholly wrong. This is a wise instinct; for only when a novel doctrine

or cult is pushed to its extreme can we measure its intrinsic value, and determine how much of its apparent strength is due to mere reaction or contrast.

We now look back on the products of forty years of the modern historical school. Comparing them with the great works of the past, two facts strike us at once: there has been a gain in method, and a loss in literary quality. The gain in method shows itself chiefly in accuracy and in a studied impartiality: the loss in literary quality can be verified by tasting any average historical monograph. The scientific historian had formerly the same feeling toward the literary historian that the early Christians had toward the culture of Greece and Rome: believing that they themselves possessed the true gospel, they wished to show their orthodoxy by being as different as possible from the pagans. History had come to be regarded as literature, they would leave no room for doubt that they regarded it as science. In the scientific world the view prevailed—and it has not wholly disappeared—that to write intelligibly is suspicious, while to write "popularly" is suicidal; and this, despite the fact that Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Mill—the most illustrious men of science of their generation—had set a noble example in clear expression.

Historical students shared this distrust of literary form, and as their investigations followed the scientific pattern, their reports naturally took the shape of the scientific treatise. Several causes have contributed to make the scientific treatise what it is. First of all, it is usually written by an investigator or observer who has no aptitude for expression,—for the highest powers of observation do not necessarily go with even ordinary capacity for expression. Next, the immense numbers of facts and processes discovered by Science during the past half-century have required the invention of thousands of new terms, until each science has a special dialect, which is often as hopeless for literary purposes as is algebraic notation. No wonder that

men whose minds swarm with awkward vocabularies,—formed, by a cruel irony, from mongrel combinations of the most beautiful of languages (as if the Apollo Belvedere were ground into powder to make stucco),—no wonder that they distrust those who show ability to use the mother-tongue, which tends in a way to become foreign to them. Scientific men also scorned to suit their language to any persons except their fellow initiates, thereby illustrating that tendency to exclusiveness which appears in freemasonry, college secret societies, and sectarian mysteries.

Nor must we overlook another very powerful influence. Throughout most of the nineteenth century the Germans set the standard of scholarship. The world has never seen other diggers so tireless, so patient, so zealous. They have made their minds, as instruments of observation, almost as precise and impersonal as a microscope. They accumulate facts by the million; they would cross the ocean to certify a comma. Through their devotion to truth, through their rugged honesty, they have worthily represented the great German race, which lags, on the political side, so far behind its ideals. But to their scholarship, power of expression has been, it seems, denied. They have had to struggle against not only the difficulties inherent in the creation of new sciences and in the accumulation of knowledge, but also against the refractoriness of their speech. If a language be the expression of a nation's habitual mental processes, German prose bears witness to a race which has had the habit of thinking widely and deeply, but not clearly. A German's statement may be compared to a charge of birdshot, which scatters, and in scattering may hit the target, and much else besides; while a Frenchman's statement, like the ball of the sharpshooter, goes straight to the bull's-eye.

All these various influences—the scientific method, literary inexperience, contempt for unprofessional criticism, devotion to the new gospel, and zealous imitation of the German model—helped to

establish the idea that History must be unliterary if it would guard its reputation for authority. The German practice of publishing doctors' dissertations contributed further to encourage the belief that historical composition meant merely the pitchforking together of the results of special investigation. These results were often valuable, but who could expect that young men of twenty-four or twenty-five, who had given little or no heed to the manner of presentation, should write well? And having found that that sort of thing sufficed, they naturally were at no pains to improve on it in their later work. Nothing is more dangerous for a young man of ability than to suppose that the standard by which he wins his first academic success is final. For a good many years, much of the historical work produced in England and America smacked of the average doctor's dissertation. Since the study and writing of History seem to be coming more and more to be restricted to university teachers, it is most important that they should look jealously to the manner as well as to the matter of their candidates' work: for in fifteen or twenty years these candidates will themselves be the arbiters of historic production.

The opinion which many upheld that History is a science increased their desire to make it resemble the sciences in all respects. The question,—Is History a science?—round which much controversy has raged, is not yet settled; but it apparently has reduced itself to a dispute over terms. The confusion arises from assuming that a subject becomes a science when it is studied by the scientific method. But before History can be a science, men must possess the gift of prophecy. Your chemist or physicist deals with forces and elements which are absolutely determinable at all times and places, and under all conditions. Water will be composed of two molecules of hydrogen and one of oxygen until the earth drops into the sun. But the historian has to do with a chain of causation in which the chief elements—the human Will and Chance—are ab-

solutely incomputable. Will remains a mystery. We cannot predict when it will manifest itself in individuals or in multitudes, nor can we set any limits to its activity. And so with Chance. After the event, it may be possible to trace the steps that led to it, but until it happens, no one suspects that it is near. Five minutes before Lincoln was shot, who dreamed of the calamity which was to shatter Reconstruction and alter the course of American history? Cavour dies, after a brief illness, and the unification of Italy is permanently turned awry. Thus Chance mocks us.

Our knowledge of all past history does not enable us to foresee what to-morrow will bring forth. We can generalize; and many a historian mistakes his generalizations for laws, but they may fit no special event. Now the special events, due to the human Will or to Chance, make up History. Although you may have studied every recorded revolution, yet you cannot foretell what peculiar turn the next outbreak in Paris may take from hour to hour: for you cannot know beforehand how the persons concerned in any affair may react on one another, or on the masses; much less can you predict what Chance may bring about. It would be idle to call arithmetic a science if twice two were three yesterday, four to-day, and possibly five or seven to-morrow. Yet similar variations are the staple of History. In human affairs, not less than in chemistry, given conditions would produce similar results, if you could get exactly the same personal ingredients. But this is impossible. Suppose Mirabeau had not died in 1791,—suppose Robespierre had been assassinated in 1792,—suppose a stray bullet had killed young Bonaparte at Toulon,—how would the course of events have been changed! Yet if the study of History were a science, it would convince us that Mirabeau's death was inevitable, and that Robespierre and Bonaparte in the very nature of things could not die in 1792. Manifestly, historians would be clairvoyants, as familiar with the future as with the past, the

chosen confidants of Fate or Providence, if they could make any such assertions. We can say that Bonaparte did not die in 1792, but to affirm that he could not possibly have died would be absurd. Yet until History can demonstrate the *possible* as clearly as the *actual*, it will never be a valid science.

This does not, however, diminish its supreme importance, nor dull its interest; on the contrary, the uncertainty enhances both. We are not to infer that life is lawless, because we lack the gift of prophecy. Will, too, has its laws, although we cannot codify them. The historian's business is to trace the sequence of cause and effect so that every event, every deed, shall appear inevitable. If he succeed in doing that, he should rest content, and let teleology alone.

Were it not for Will, with its incomputable variations, mankind would be a sentient machine, and History would simply register the motions of automata. The consciousness of moral freedom alone gives dignity, charm, and significance to life. Although the fatalist may argue that this consciousness is a delusion we are fated to be the dupes of, the practical man will accept at its full value the most genuine of his experiences. Accordingly, the historian must write as if he were an eye-witness of the events he describes, so as to reproduce the plasticity, the uncertainty, the impression of a state of flux, which belong to the passing moment. Like the dramatist, he knows from the first scene the catastrophe of the last, but, instead of telling the secret, he lets the plot unfold itself, as if it were being lived out by the persons in the play. This quality, one of the rarest, if it be not the very crown, of the historian's equipment, gives not merely the certitude of veracity, but of life-likeness, which is the final test in reconstructing the past.

So far as the historian treats his subject in this fashion, he allows full scope to the free play of will; yet, as he really is not a contemporary, but a retrospective observer, he can also trace each link in

the chain of causation and show its fatal or inevitable nature. In other words, he treats the Past as if it were Present, in his efforts to bring it to life, and he treats it as Past, in his efforts to rationalize and interpret it. So he is at once a Dramatist and a Philosopher. Needless to say, few historians possess these gifts in equal proportion, while many rouse in us the suspicion that they have never conceived of the Past as having been once Present and alive. They regard human beings as abstractions, or as dummies on which to drape their theories. In striving to eliminate the personal equation, which has an inconvenient habit of upsetting theories, they become impersonal: but as Personality is the very stuff out of which human life and history are made, the more they get rid of it, the farther they remove from reality. In a perfect history we should have, as in *Hamlet* or *Othello*, the motives, the strokes of chance, and the resultant action, so revealed that one might read it for its plot, another for its information, a third for its philosophical bearing; for it would mirror the universality of human experience.

An immediate result of the acceptance of evolution was the spread of fatalism. Science could finally demonstrate that rigid laws govern the material universe, including the bodies of men. By implication, man's will and spirit were equally fate-bound. Historians, imbued with this conviction, naturally ignored the individual, and devoted themselves to tracing the operation of laws in the development of nations and institutions. Great men seemed to them "negligible" quantities. Slowly, however, a change has come about. Recognition of the omnipresence of law has not lessened, but there has grown up what I may call a common-sense view of human freedom. The will is recognized as a force so mysterious and unpredictable that, though it doubtless obeys laws which we have not yet defined, still, for practical purposes, we must regard it as free. Thus Personality is coming again into the foreground of

History. This involves a radical change in treatment, for persons must be described as alive and concrete, with individual flavor, and surprises, and not as abstract and mechanical.

By another natural process, History has come back to literature. The assumption that the historical monograph, being a "scientific" product, might be put together regardless of form, has been fully tested, and has broken down. The analogy between the historical and the scientific monograph proves to be illusory. The biologist, or other pure scientist, must use the dialect of his science in order to be understood by his special tribe; nay, he may dispense with language altogether, and employ diagrams, symbols, and formulas. But the historian's theme is intensely human, and demands to be expressed in human terms. He is concerned with narration, exposition, description, argument, all of which are governed by literary laws to which he must conform. He may protest that he is "scientific," and refuse to be bound by the canons of literature, but he might as well refuse to be bound by the law of gravity; willy-nilly, he must master the art of literary expression, if he would make his historical attainments effective.

In the first flush of the scientific dispensation, workers in every branch of history seemed equally inspired; and of a truth, their labors were equally useful. But gradually they have classified themselves according to the nature of their work and the talents required for it, in one class the Men of the Letter, in the other, the Men of the Spirit. The master is always a revealer of significances: facts are not ideas. During the mid-period, when they seemed to be on the same level, there were inevitable misunderstandings: the man who dumped an immense amount of original research into an unreadable monograph felt aggrieved that the books of Fiske and Green had a large sale; while some "literary" historians, on the other hand, did scant justice to the patience and devotion of the

delvers. Now, happily, as all realize that they are not competitors and that the work of each is honorable and necessary, the sense of unjust distinctions is dying out. But the Men of the Letter always far outnumber the Men of the Spirit, and there is ever present the danger that they will force their methods and their standards on the Men of the Spirit. So, to-day, Philology smothers Literature.

It does not follow that all historical works should be composed after a single plan. There are episodes which call for special treatment, aspects which require that attention should be focused on them, to the exclusion of a complete or general survey. The immense expansion of knowledge in modern times has provided History with material as abundant as life itself. One science after another has encroached on its domain and tried to usurp its sovereign rights. Political Economy, Government, Sociology, Philosophy, Psychology, Comparative Religion, each has insisted that it alone can interpret the evolution of nations and of mankind, because, it pleads, the spring of human action lies in its field. The economist sees taxation and the supply and demand of commodities dominating men's collective action; the sociologist shows that the relations between classes and between capital and labor are of vital importance; and so with each specialist. But History has not been dethroned; far from it: the abler the attempt of the specialist to prove that his science includes History, the clearer the conclusion that History cannot be thus hemmed in. But all these efforts, and the flood of new knowledge which has been pouring in from every side during the past half century, have immensely enriched the province of History. The historian can never know too much of any of these or other sciences. He will often appeal to them to explain special events: but he must beware against surrendering his human point of view for that of any specialist. Whatever branch of his art he may practice, let him never forget to be human.

By these stages, historical study has risen above polemics and technicalities. We seem to be approaching the happy moment when historical writers are to enjoy the fullest freedom. They have at command inexhaustible stores of material. As the gathering and sorting of documents draws to completion, the demand increases for those who can write; and, since absolutely no period or episode has been exhausted, historians have a limitless field to work in. There is a recognized division of labor among them. They need no longer waste time trying to persuade a doubting generation that the scientific method is the best, or that, since the life of individuals, nations, society, and the human race is a development, so the historian must be an evolutionist: everybody now assents to both propositions. What the world awaits is results. For after all, the world, which bothers itself very little about abstruse theories, judges by the concrete product.

II

Recent publications give a fair idea of the change which has been taking place. The controversial temper has softened. Even the strictest of the scientific school can mention Macaulay without foaming; the more progressive, imbued with the new spirit, freely acknowledge his genius in narration and in the architectonics of historical construction. This does not mean that they are blind to his defects, — those defects which every candidate for college honors used to know by heart, although he had no inkling of the merits which more than offset them. So, too, Carlyle, having ceased to be regarded as a false prophet, whom the faithful must demolish, is coming to be judged on his merits. Men who differ from him totally now dare to recommend him, not as a guide to be followed everywhere, but as a marvelous revivifier of the Past. Of course, not every critic has reached this plane of open-mindedness. Not long ago a writer in *The Nation*, reviewing the

French Revolution, said that Carlyle had "three traits which are almost incompatible with the successful discharge of the functions of an historian. He was a dramatist; he was a sentimentalist; he was a preacher."¹ Let us notice only the first of these heinous charges, — "he was a dramatist." If our previous analysis was correct, the historian must above all things so project himself into the Past as to be a contemporary of the events he describes, that is, be a dramatist; therefore our anonymous critic in branding Carlyle as a "dramatist," has unwittingly given him the highest praise. History not dramatic? Then what is it? Commonplace men do not see the dramatic in life, literalists miss its humor or its pathos; but surely we do not frame our standard from the opinions of defectives. A critic who writes in that vein advertises himself as obsolescent by his narrowness; by his attitude toward the dramatic, he proves that whether under a Romantic or a Scientific dispensation he could never look far or deep.

Very different is the verdict of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, after referring to some of Carlyle's limitations, says: "At the same time let me emphatically acknowledge Carlyle's greatness as a teacher of history. In picturesqueness he has hardly a peer. Still more strikingly unique and a greater mark of genius are the breadth and boldness with which he presents the whole of humanity with all its weaknesses and absurdities, with its comic as well as its tragic and pathetic side. This is an invaluable feature of his *History of the French Revolution*, a work which, though perhaps not strictly accurate in all its details, is in depth of insight, in breadth of treatment, as well as in picturesqueness and vividness, still without a rival. I would venture to commend it as a valuable training, in its way, for the historic sense."

This opinion is not only sound in so far as it concerns Carlyle, but it typifies the attitude of the best minds now engaged in historical work. The time has

¹ *Nation*, Feb. 12, 1903, p. 133.

passed for dogmatizing, for asserting that there is only one orthodox treatment. Study of history can never be fruitful until it teaches the truth, which we all learn so unwillingly, that five eye-witnesses may describe an event in five conflicting ways, each of which may be correct. Final verdicts, ultimate facts, cannot always be reached: the greater the mass of evidence, the smaller the probability of finding a single clue, is usually the rule.

But what is History? Freeman, in an epigram which has helped to dessicate many of his disciples, declared that it is only "past politics," and that present politics will be future history. His dogmatic tone jars on us. Unless "politics" be defined so broadly as to lose all meaning, it does not cover the field: for we see that political action is usually not a cause, but an effect, and we have grown hungry to know causes. Thus, fluctuations in rainfall may lead to poor crops; poor crops bring on hard times; hard times precipitate strikes; strikes induce wild economic agitation; and this, finally, results in political action. The publication of Tom Paine's *Common Sense*, or of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, would not fall within Freeman's definition of "political," and yet the historian who should ignore such symptoms as those books might himself be ignored. The true historian will ignore nothing, not even rainfall; but he will steadily bear in mind that he must treat all the evidence from the human standpoint. In other words, no matter how great the apparent influence of rainfall on national events, he will not allow History to be swallowed up in meteorology. In view of the repeated attempts of specialists to subdue History to their specialty, this warning is not superfluous.

Professor Lamprecht, for instance, confidently asserts that History is only psychology.¹ Such an assertion was bound to come, because scholars are busying

themselves in restating old facts in terms of psychology, which has now the greatest vogue among the sciences, and seems to promise a rich reward to explorers. Professor Lamprecht believes that the process by which the psychology of the individual can be measured will serve also for nations and races, and even for mankind. He imagines a "folk-soul," or "psychic core," or "mass-psyche," as existent at all times, and containing whatever has been transmitted from the past and whatever auto-suggestion or external stimuli may contribute to it at any given moment. To solve an epoch, you need only discover its mass-psyche, which has, further, its own laws of growth and decay.

In so far as Professor Lamprecht insists on the necessity of knowing all the compounds — religious, economic, political, literary, artistic, commercial — in order to understand a period in its totality, he deserves to be carefully heeded; but when he proceeds to apply his theories, we must be on our guard. No age is so simple as he assumes. His mass-psyche, which we take to be the daughter of the *Zeitgeist*, if he be not our dear old friend himself under a new name, rarely has a single dominant. In fact, your definition of the dominant often depends on whether you look forward or back. To the Old Régime, the dominant of the Revolution seemed destruction; to the Girondist, it seemed progress. The same person or event may be both an end and a beginning. Was Dante the last of the mediævals, or the first of the moderns? It may be true that nations, like individuals, pass from infancy to youth, from youth to prime, and from prime to old age; but the classification of those stages is vague. To say that a man is old scarcely defines him: old men may be irascible or urbane, vigorous or feeble, wise or foolish, selfish or self-denying, just like young men. And so of nations. Three hundred years

¹ *What is History?* Five Lectures on the Modern Science of History. By KARL LAMPRECHT, Professor of History in the Univer-

sity of Leipzig. Translated from the German by E. A. ANDREWS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

ago Bacon thought that England had passed the zenith; to-day Professor Lamprecht appears to be uncertain whether Germany has not begun to decline. But what, we ask, is the value of a "law," if, after claiming to explain everything, it cannot tell whether a nation is waxing or waning? What should we think of a law in physics which could not determine whether an object were going uphill or down? Like all *Tendenz* philosophers, Herr Lamprecht too often creates the impression of making events fit his theory. Many strange pranks are played in the name of evolution, and nothing is more popular than a superficial tracing of political or literary development. Our spurious evolutionists remind one of the great machines on Western farms: at one end, a reaper cuts the grain, which is passed through various compartments, and comes out alternately a loaf of bread or a straw hat at the other. You get what you put in. So with much of Herr Lamprecht's method; it is too sure, too rigid. Only in the brain of a doctrinaire do the wheels of fate grind so regularly.

A single quotation will illustrate how far Professor Lamprecht's theories have removed him from the historian's point of view. After asserting that "the course of universal history has taken the direction in which the transmission of the higher elements of culture was easiest," he says: "Only a full and broad experience will enable us to see clearly the essentials of the problem, and then only a very simple and elementary survey of the process of transmission may, as I suppose, be gained. . . . The way of mediation may lead either through space or time, and in the first case we might speak of receptivity, in the second of renaissance. The means of mediation may be single or manifold, intermittent, continuous, one-sided, lying open only to the one community in question, or two-sided,—distinctions which occasionally may be traced to special climatic and geographic conditions as well as special culture-differences. And according to this we shall

be able, when using the picture of a well-known physic process, to speak with reference to these processes of osmotic phenomena of diosmosis, endosmosis, and exosmosis."

A man who thinks in these terms, who sees such pictures as that in the passage here italicized, has abandoned History for abstract science. No true historian ever conceived of the spread of French Republican ideas through Europe as a case of osmosis. The moment you begin to measure human actions and passions and ideals according to the formulas of physical chemistry, you quit the province of history. Herr Lamprecht would, we fear, be capable of reducing *Romeo and Juliet* to a physiological equation, or of working out the relations of Cæsar and Pompey by the binomial theorem. Let the historian get what help he can from psychology, but let him shun the Lamprecht dogmatizing.

The essential truth in Herr Lamprecht's doctrines was discovered long ago,—the truth, that is, that History must seek its material in every department of human activity. Yet even so, not every history need be a history of civilization, which is, after all, what our German professor aims at. To write a complete biography of General Grant, you ought to know many unrecorded physical and psychological facts: but, even without these, you can undertake to describe his military career. Each writer must map out his own field, and make excursions into the neighboring fields only when by so doing he can draw from them indispensable material.

With relief we turn from Professor Lamprecht's Teutonic abstractions to Mr. James Ford Rhodes's concrete performance.¹ Mr. Rhodes has no pet dogmatisms. He treats his reader as a human being of intelligence, who desires to learn what certain other human beings did in the United States during and after the

¹ *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* By JAMES FORD RHODES. Vol. v, 1864-1866. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Civil War. He does not let you suspect that osmosis, necrosis, or dentition is really his theme. He carries the judge's function almost to the limit, preferring that you should decide for yourself from the evidence presented. In selecting and presenting evidence, he is conspicuously fair; and his plain style reassures those who fear that brilliance means untrustworthiness. He feels the intrinsic interest of American political development so strongly, that in passing from the Civil War to Reconstruction he leaves on the reader no impression of an anti-climax.

Very different in temper is Mr. Andrew Lang,¹ who makes no pretense to impartiality. Good is good and bad is bad with him; lest you should have any doubts, he usually informs you; and since the Scotch whom he describes were mostly either cruel fanatics or half-savage border ruffians, or knaves, he has comparatively little use for flattering epithets. For a Scotchman, he is remarkably candid in admitting the unloveliness and barbarism of his people in the seventeenth century. But when the chance comes to praise, he seizes it eagerly, as in the case of Montrose, whom he paints a hero of the noblest type. I like enthusiasms in historians. Impartiality may be attained at too great a sacrifice; and it requires little experience to discount personal bias where it exists. I suspect a little those who parade their impartiality, which is a quality that cannot be counterfeited. If they have it, we shall soon find out. Others before sitting down to write seem to put on an asbestos shirt, to prevent any glow from passing from themselves to their manuscript, unaware that they have no glow to communicate. The human pumice stone is not a genial companion, nor is his book. So, to hear Mr. Lang call a scoundrel a scoundrel does not lessen my faith in his qualification to write history; but he has two defects which de-

tract from the wit and vigor of his work. He is controversial, now hammering at the assertions of previous writers, now parrying in advance the thrusts of critics, who, he suspects, are lying in wait for him. Again, he is allusive, taking for granted that the reader knows all the petty squabbles of every clan, and the personal fortunes of every Tam, Sandy, and Rab from Pentland Frith to Tweed. Outside of China, ancestor-worship flourishes nowhere so luxuriantly as in Scotland; but after all, the affairs of the Mackenzies and Macleods and Mackays, in 1610, or 1627, do not necessarily, any more than the forgotten feuds of Choctaws and Cherokees, form the intellectual baggage of an educated man to-day. So Mr. Lang's reader sometimes feels like a stranger at a family party, where all the conversation is about matters and persons he has never heard of. This is provincial.

Between Mr. Rhodes, who keeps himself in the background, and supplies you with the material for forming a judgment, and Mr. Lang, who makes history *his* story, which you are to believe on his word, and to enjoy or not according as you are attracted or repelled by his personality, recent historical writers vibrate. To the Rhodes class belongs Sir Spencer Walpole,² the first two volumes of whose history, covering the period from 1856 to 1870, contain by far the best summary accounts in English of the Unification of Italy, of the Mexican Empire, of the rise of Prussia, and the downfall of Napoleon III. Walpole has the gift, rare among Englishmen, of understanding foreigners. He writes forcibly, clearly, with a certain finality of tone and amplitude of view, which raise him above Mr. Herbert Paul, who has undertaken to cover nearly the same ground.³ Mr. Paul is likely to be more popular, Sir Spencer to

¹ *A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation.* By ANDREW LANG. Vol. iii. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1904.

² *A History of Modern England.* By HERBERT PAUL. Vols. i, ii, and iii. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904-5.

be more lasting. For Mr. Paul writes as a journalist, — not, be it said, an average American journalist, but the English variety, — bred at the university, with a social and intellectual background, and that capacity for hurling toy thunderbolts in the London *Times* and the other dailies, and for writing omniscient reviews in the weeklies, which is as peculiarly English as is devotion to cricket or marmalade. One never meets these paragons in the flesh, one never reads books to match their omniscience.

The irruption of the journalist into literature was one of the most far-reaching events of the nineteenth century. His encroachment upon the domain of history has been not wholly unbeneficial: indeed, a journalist may be called a historian in the making. He must possess an aptitude for seeing salient points, and for swift and pithy statement. But he has no time to verify. He is a man without yesterdays, and without to-morrows. The historian seeks for causes; he weighs patiently; he knows that truth does not always live on the surface, and that it often has several facets. The journalist feels no responsibility to be right; instead of principles, which ought to be as much a part of us as the sap is of the tree, he has opinions, which are like the wisps of wool the bushes catch when the sheep rub by, — a whiff may blow them away. Shame does not keep him from changing sides, nor conscience from sowing inaccuracies. Sufficient unto the day is the sensation thereof: if he succeeds in that, he has no fear that some one will confront him with last week's inconsistencies, for he counts on the world's forgetting what he said last week. If life were only surface, — no depths, no memory, — journalism would suffice; certainly History, which tries to see events in their true proportions and significance, could not exist.

Mr. Herbert Paul's work is an excellent specimen of what a man whose bent is journalistic rather than historical can accomplish. He writes with a ready pen. His narrative flows along like a stream

in March. He tackles all subjects with equal assurance: yet in the main he conveys a correct impression of the course of events. He has formed his style on Macaulay, the best of models for those whose permanent attitude toward History is that of the journalist, although Macaulay himself was truly a historian. Read Paul, and then turn to Walpole's treatment of the same episode, if you would test whether your own temper is journalistic or historical.

To define the character of individual historians is easy; not so the attempt to judge a collective work like the *Cambridge Modern History*,¹ which is neither homogeneous nor unified. It may serve many purposes; so that to confess that it is often hard reading might do scant justice to its worth as a book of reference. The value of its contributions varies unduly. Lord Acton, who planned it, was such an undismayed devourer of treatises — witness his list of the Hundred Best Books — that he probably overestimated the appetite of the average intelligent person. The editors who have succeeded him lack the power to weld and harmonize the material: perhaps, indeed, they wished to do neither, preferring to let monographs overlap in time and topics, and to give advocates of conflicting causes an opportunity to confound each other. The proposition that each topic shall be dealt with by the best authority sounds very attractive; in practice, however, the "best authority" may be a poor writer or a lumbering thinker, so that in any given volume you will encounter several desert stretches. The *Cambridge History* would have been better had the editors decided more clearly whether it was to serve mainly for reading or for reference.

To criticise it in detail would require the knowledge of more than a single specialist. When an English work, intended for English readers, tells us, almost on the first page of its first volume, that

¹ *The Cambridge Modern History*. Vols. i, ii, iii, and viii. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902-5.

America was discovered by "Cristoforo Colombo," we can have no further surprises at any fantasticality the British mind may evolve in its losing struggle with foreign proper names. If "Columbus" be not English by this time, then "William the Conqueror" is not. A more important defect is the failure to provide marginal titles or to subdivide the monographs: while as an example of waste of time and money nothing can surpass the hundred or more pages of bibliography appended to each volume. The entire work will contain perhaps fourteen hundred pages of book lists, not one of which is complete, and most of which will be soon outgrown. Just when scholars of other nations have seen the advisability of relegating bibliography to special works, English scholars have waked up to its importance. In all likelihood the next ten years will witness the publication of standard lists in all topics, and historians outside of England will no more attempt to make their own exhaustive bibliography than their own paper and ink.

But after every deduction has been made, the *Cambridge History* remains a work of great value. It may justly claim to have no rival in English. Some of its monographs are fine specimens of epitomized learning. Mr. Henry C. Lea's survey of "The Eve of the Reformation," Mr. L. A. Burd's remarkable analysis of Machiavelli, Mr. J. H. Rose's papers on Napoleon, Principal Fairbairn's chapters on theological development, Professor William Cunningham's description of economic change, stand out, each in its way, as excellent.

The collection has the further present merit of enabling us to appraise the contemporary English school of historical writers. One perceives at a glance how far they have emerged from the polemic stage, and how much German lore they have absorbed. They have begun to imitate the zeal of Freeman without his pugnacity, and the accuracy of Stubbs without his dryness. True to the sane Anglo-Saxon instinct, they never quite divorce

History from actual life: but regard it rather as the school wherein the Present should get its wisest instruction. One still feels, perhaps, that university posts at Oxford and Cambridge are not the best training ground for that candor and perfect freedom without which no historian can be first class. There still cling, and long must cling, to those universities the prejudices and traditions of ecclesiastical and political Toryism. The naturalness with which English historians gravitate into bishops' sees is itself suspicious. There is something almost comic in the persistence with which Bishop Stubbs asserted year after year that your theologian is the best qualified historian, — ignoring, with characteristic English stolidity, the fact that, in pledging himself to the Establishment, he vitiated his judgment on the pivotal controversy in English history.

Stubbs used to tell with the greatest satisfaction the following story, not realizing how damning it is to his contention that men who have mortgaged themselves to an ecclesiastical system make the best historians. In a railway train, in 1863, he fell into conversation with a remarkable young man, — John Richard Green, — who was "holding in his hand a volume of Renan. I said to myself, 'if I can hinder, he shall not read that book.' . . . (Green) came to me at Navestock afterwards, and that volume of Renan found its way uncut into my waste-paper basket!"¹ So Stubbs, who prided himself on his historical veracity, confesses that he was afraid to have another historian read Renan's *Life of Jesus*. In other words, Stubbs, in the most important question in history, plotted to have Green come to a decision without examining all the evidence! After that, the less we hear about the peculiar fitness of ecclesiastics for writing history, the better. The English universities are doubtless becoming fumigated of such clerical cant; but their

¹ *Medieval and Modern History*. By WILLIAM STUBBS, D. D. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1886. Pp. 377, 378.

traditional relations with the Establishment create an atmosphere in which the Stubbsian disingenuousness is too likely to be condoned.

The Cambridge Modern History may well be compared with *The American Nation*,¹ a similar coöperative work, edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart. He divides his subject into twenty-six sections, each of which is treated in a separate volume by a specialist: but the total bulk will fall considerably short of the dozen ponderous English volumes. In make-up, at least, he has clearly the advantage. But the point of real interest is, How does American historical scholarship compare with the English? Only a careful examination of both works, which are not yet complete, would warrant one in forming a final judgment; nevertheless, several characteristics may already be noted. The American writes more as a specialist, the Englishman from a more general culture. The American has less literary sense; but he has a keen eye for the main points, and he resembles a lawyer drawing up a brief: the Englishman seems to be addressing a university audience, and still quotes Latin with the air of one who expects to be understood. The American is more readable, the Englishman weightier.

A still more instructive comparison could be made between either of these collective histories, and that which MM. Lavisse and Rambaud edited in France. It would show that French historical writers are to-day in the lead: in investigation they fall nowhere behind the Germans and Anglo-Saxons, in exposition they easily surpass both. German erudition may be said to come to us mostly in the form of "pay-dirt," which we must sift for ourselves in order to get its modicum of gold dust; the Englishman or the American presents us the crude ore, or at best, ingots of refined metal; the Frenchman brings the finished object,

¹ *The American Nation*. A History in 28 volumes. Vols. i-iv. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

artistic, symmetrical, complete. And the Frenchman has his reward in a public which appreciates him. Forty-six editions of M. Henri Houssaye's history of the year 1815 are sold in a short time. In America, publishers, critics, and the public think that only ephemeral fiction counts. In France they know better. Perhaps if our serious writers were to imitate French lucidity, — the highest quality of the Gallic genius, — they, too, might address a larger audience.

These vast coöperative enterprises, based on the assumption that the immense amount of material now prohibits a historian from knowing thoroughly more than a small field, has not deterred several individuals from undertaking to cover an entire epoch. President Woodrow Wilson's history of the United States has hardly made a place for itself before the forerunners appear of Mr. Elroy M. Avery's work in twelve volumes, of Chancellor and Hewes's work in eight volumes, and of Professor Edward Channing's work in eight volumes.² Messrs. Avery and Chancellor aim at popularity, and the former offers as a special attraction profuse illustrations. Mr. Chancellor pursues a novel method of classification, and in Mr. Hewes he has a coadjutor who furnishes chapters of statistical information. Popular works must be seen as a whole before their worth can be estimated; but from Professor Channing's beginning, it is evident that his will be a standard history. He writes with perfect independence, after weighing all the testimony. He is very sober-minded, with a preference for moderate statement, and

² *A History of the United States and Its People*. From their Earliest Records to the Present Time. By ELROY MCKENDREE AVERY. In 12 vols. Cleveland, Ohio: Burrowes Brothers. 1904.

The United States. A History of Three Centuries, 1607-1904. By WILLIAM E. CHANCELLOR and FLETCHER W. HEWES. In Ten Parts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

A History of the United States. By EDWARD CHANNING. Vol. i, 1000-1660. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

for reducing legends to their lowest terms. He leans to the critical rather than to the narrative side. As there is in America no historian more careful and thorough than he, and none more loyal to the scientific method, so it is noteworthy that he has given great attention to the literary form of his history. From the promise of his first volume one may predict that he will hold for years to come a position similar to that held by Bancroft in an earlier generation.

The coöperative history will not, it is clear, displace the work of the single historian. Grant that twenty men can know a long period in greater detail than one man can, yet there is much besides detail to be desired. A sense of continuity cannot be had by tacking together a score of independent monographs. Wholeness of tissue, consistency in point of view, have their claims. Mastery of ideas — imagination — is to be preferred to accumulation of facts, — industry. In reading Gibbon, you are conversing with a first-rate mind; by no process known to arithmetic can three third-rate minds produce the effect of one Gibbon. Coöperation may create invaluable works of reference, but it can never close the field to individual genius. After trying to read consecutively much collaborated history, one is reminded of the traveler who, on being asked what he remembered best of his journey through the Sahara, replied, "The oases."

Our survey, cursory though it is, should not close without mention of books on special topics, like Mr. F. A. Ogg's *Opening of the Mississippi*, or Major W. Wood's *The Fight for Canada*,¹ which are excellent examples of painstaking historical study. Sir G. O. Trevelyan's *American Revolution* is already too well known to be discussed as a new work. It illustrates one very desirable tendency, which ought

¹ *The Opening of the Mississippi*. By FREDERIC A. OGG. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The Fight for Canada. By WILLIAM WOOD. Westminster: Constable & Co. 1904.

to grow into a custom. Although the American Revolution concerned England not less than the Colonies, yet it has never before been so sympathetically treated by an Englishman. Foreigners often make the best historians, because race traditions and party prejudices do not hamper them: but in order to succeed, they must enter as sympathetically as a native into the aims of the people they would describe. They must feel the traditions and prejudices dramatically, without being swayed by them in judgment. This Trevelyan has done.²

At this point stands the writing of history to-day. A decade which has seen published Goldwin Smith's *United Kingdom*, John Morley's *Gladstone*, and Mr. Rhodes's *History of the United States*, need not hold itself cheap. The actual product is valuable: the outlook is toward a still richer harvest. In historical writing there are required, first, the accumulation of facts; then, the synthetic mind, to understand and interpret them. Facts in themselves are as worthless as pebbles on a beach; but in a master mind a single fact may become as potent as the pebble in David's sling. We have reached the synthetic stage. History is going to be more and more a civilizing agent, for it will keep ever present the collective experience of mankind. Many false steps are now taken, many crazes distract the people, many wicked policies are ventured on by rulers, through ignorance or forgetfulness of the results of similar action in the past. History will serve not less as a corrective than as a discipline and as an inspiration.

But in order to do this, History must be human, making its final appeal not as a monument of erudition, but as a masterpiece of art, in which the collective deeds and passions of men shall be not merely pictured with photographic accuracy, but vitalized and interpreted. Let us not suppose that this is a new aim. The great

² *The American Revolution*. By Sir G. O. TREVELYAN. Part II, vols. I, II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

historians have always held it. The idea that Thucydides and Tacitus neglected to consult all the material available in their time is ludicrous. Gibbon knew his "sources" as profoundly as the impeccably correct Gardiner. Mommsen, we may be sure, had not, like Stubbs, a body of evidence which he dared not explore. The master historians in the future, by whatever method they may work, will prove themselves to be akin to these in insight, in power, and in art.

In conclusion, as a reminder that we are not the first to hold true views as to the proper qualifications of the writer of history, let me quote this passage, rich in phrase and wisdom, from an unknown author of two centuries ago. The historian, he says, "is required to be a Man born with all the Felicities of a lively penetrating Wit, and unbounded Genius: Form'd by great Study, Experience and Practice in the World; one that is both a Scholar and a Man of Business; a good Geographer, Chronologist, Antiquary, Linguist; conversant in Courts, Councils, Treaties, in Affairs Military as well as Civil, and in short every thing that is the Subject of History; furnished with all proper Materials and Records, and a

perfect Master of all the Graces of the Language he writes in. This is a great deal, but not enough; for what is yet more extraordinary he must have no Passion or Prejudices, but be a kind of Deity that from a Superior Orb looks unmov'd on Parties, Changes of State, and grand Revolutions. And you are to suppose him bless'd with Health, Leisure, and easie fortune, and a stedfast Application to his subject. After which the Perfections requisite in his Performance are almost innumerable; a judicious Proportion of all the Parts of his Story; a beautiful simplicity of Narration; a noble, yet unaffected Stile; few and Significant Epithets; Descriptions lively, but not Poetical; Reflections short and proper; and lastly, beside a multitude of Particulars which cannot be mentioned here, a good Conduct thro' the whole, and an animating Spirit that may engage the Reader in every action as if personally concern'd, and give him the firm Assurance that he sees things in their own Light and Colours and not in those which the Art or Mistake of the Writer has brought upon 'em."¹

¹ *Kennet's Complete History of England.* 3 vols. London, 1706. Preface to vol. i.

CAMDEN

BY ALICE LENA COLE

I

THIS is the place
Of perfect beauty, even as a face
That time can neither mar nor change,
Nor absence render strange.
Afar I sight thee by thy purple brows
Admired of wandering prows,
And now the blue melts into living green
With violet lights between,—
Hills not too high nor keen
To be beloved. Oh, elsewhere have we seen
Cold barren crags on high,
Snow-fringed, and alien peaks that prick the sky
Remote and isolate, but round all seas
Nothing to rival these!
And now the pier draws nigh,
Behind us fades away the foamy track
That to the world leads back,
Back to a struggling world, wherein the race
Is to the swift, and even the victor's palm
Is dusty; but the hills rise clean and calm.
The tide goes ebbing, ebbing down the strand,
Leaving a gaunt-ribbed hull far up the sand,
And on the vane the dolphin veers apace,
To point me to the land.

II

Once more the turnpike will I take,
That, built above the lake,
Winds round the base of old Megunticook,
With rugged pictures that dissolve and pass
One after one, — an amethystine mass
Of cliff, dark trees, gray boulders poised in flight
Down to a field of grass,
Or where the sweet blue waters break,
And on the height seen for a moment, look!
A slender cross of white,
Where the bird hangs her nest,
And from her niche, safe in the granite ledge,
Warming the eggs beneath her breast,
May watch on the horizon's edge —

III

Nay, we have left the sea behind,
The uneasy heart-throb of the tide,

Over the peaceful lake to ride,
 And the shores close in from hill to hill;
 But thought, that will not pause nor bide,
 Speeds on o'er meadows waving in the wind,
 Thro' thickets haunted by the whip-poor-will,
 To an ancient wood with balsam-breathing sod.
 No sound nor ripple of motion anywhere
 In all the amber air
 Where the great pines go climbing straight to God
 And there is no more hath been or shall be,—
 I will forget the sea.

IV

Forget the sea? From Battie's tower to-day,
 Below me spreading flat and far
 Like a blue map, I saw Penobscot Bay,
 Thick-sown with islands green;
 Vague on the shore-line far away,
 Bluehill and rare Castine,
 And yonder Mount Desert, the island queen,
 Tinged by the azure mile on mile;
 Here Isle au Haut, glancing with opal sheen,
 Fair Isleboro, and Vinal Haven's isle,
 While south from Rockland's harbor bar,
 Past Owl's Head light, prompt as the evening star,
 Lo, many a bird-winged barge,
 Slow gliding down the misty ocean-marge.
 Forget the sea! If once the brow be wet,
 If once the cheeks be scourged with stinging spray,
 Who shall the sea forget?
 Wine is this mountain-air, but tang of its wine
 The sharp breath of the brine.

V

As we go down, the tide comes pouring in,
 Like a pent river, when it finds release,
 And from the deep trembles an echo thin;
 "Behold, I am bitter, and beneath the sky
 No peace nor rest have I,
 Only the gift of peace,"—
 A voice rising above the ocean din,
 Louder than Joy or Sorrow, Strife or Sin.

VI

Melodious axes ring
 Beside the pier, music of steel on wood,
 And merrily the brown-armed builders sing,
 Knowing their work is good.
 The ship is all but done at last,
 Strong for its first adventure with the vast;

A giant pine tree, true and straight,
Uprises one tall mast,
And now they slowly swing its mate
Beside it, and the tide is at the flood.
Again our boat ploughs up the olive brine
In one pale furrow, and again
The dolphin-craft, veering upon the vane,
Points seaward, and we go,
Long gazing back, until the mountains grow
From out their verdure to one magic line
Of crumpled blue. Farewell, beloved place,
To be remembered, not for some brief space,
But even as a mother's face,
That time can never mar nor change,
Nor absence render strange.

BOOK-DUSTING TIME

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

WHEN book-dusting time comes around, it is always rather a heart - searching season, because every library which has been gradually accumulated by people to whom books have a human interest is full of underlying memories. The last time I attacked my bookcases, fired by a periodic recollection that cleanliness is next to godliness, it was my old schoolgirl copy of Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* that opened inadvertently in my hand and served to paralyze my energies.

On one of the blank pages at the beginning of the book I found a brief, written dialogue which, like an elixir of youth, in a breathing space blotted out all the intervening years and made me a girl again, waiting the bell-stroke for morning recitation in the sunny classroom of the old seminary among the hills. The familiar scene lived again in my memory, the autumn morning, full of color and clear airs, the wide windows opening on the wonderful circle of hills, and the boy from Boston handing me, with his bow of unfailing courtesy, the volume, in which he had written in that finished, elegant

script which was so characteristic of him:

"I hear you have received promotion on the field."

"For what?" I wrote in return.

"From the context one would say it must have been for courage under fire."

I ought, indeed, to have been very downcast on that memorable morning, — it was only the joy of nature's pageant and the flooding spirits of youth, and, perhaps, the natural resistance of an india - rubbery temperament, that kept me from being so, — for, on the day before, I had succeeded, like Satan, in exalting myself by merit to an exceeding "bad eminence."

"Once in about so often," as the phrase goes, it was the custom at our seminary to set in motion the machinery destined to culminate later in a season of religious revival. On the day in question we had found on assembling at the hour for chapel that such a season was about to be inaugurated. It was my first term at the school, and my first experience in the peculiar reformatory methods employed there. I am constitutionally reluctant in

regard to making hasty promises, and constitutionally stubborn where I suspect anything like a trap; hence I remained quiescent while invitations to rise for prayers followed each other in rapid succession, each more sweeping than the last; and when, as a climax to the whole, "all those who desire to be counted with the righteous at the great and awful day of the judgment of God" were requested to manifest their aspirations, I still sat fast, the only sinner in the assemblage, amidst the horrified glances of the virtuous and the audible titters of the frivolous-minded.

It would not have suited Dr. ——, the head of the institution, a man of much individuality of character, to have taken any immediate personal notice of my contumacy, but in the long prayer which followed I waited with vivid interest for the petition in which I knew I should be impaled. It came at the very last. In those drawing, sarcastic tones which every student knew well, he added, as an afterthought, "Oh, Lord, I had almost forgotten to beseech thee to have mercy, in spite of her stubbornness, on the young woman who has expressed a desire to be damned!"

Our class in *Evidences of Christianity* was not in all respects a usual one, though the average type of pupil was not lacking. I knew, on that autumn morning, that the conventionally pious element, they to whom complexities of temperament were unknown quantities, would wonder at my temerity in daring to face the public eye. I knew, too, that there were in the school many well-behaved young men and women who were in their hearts rather glad that at last some one had mustered sufficient courage, if not to be sincere, at least not to be *insincere*. For the opinions of the unusual element in our class I did not trouble myself; I knew that in time I should hear and be interested in them. From the conventional theological student I should be likely to hear also. He was a creature instinct with opinions which he unceasingly disseminated.

The "big minister," as we called the other theologe, whose thoughts were as

big as his body, was in the class for business purposes, but he gave as much as he got. The tall young law student was there because he loved the big minister, and also loved all discussion. The boy who sometimes brought snakes in his pocket was there because he had a universally inquiring mind. I was there because my father desired me to be. He had his own notions of what such study might do for me. The boy from Boston was there because I was. He was my "opposite" at table, and to be an opposite at the old Hill seminary was to subscribe to a relation as inflexible while it lasted as the marriage vow; though it must be acknowledged that the youth in question was of a nature to be bound only of free will. His inflexibility was that of tempered steel.

He was a merry - hearted scamp, this boy from Boston, a creature full of graceful courtesies, full of fascinating contradictions. Sentiment and mischief strove within him mightily for mastery. He knew Mrs. Browning's sonnets by heart, nor did this knowledge prevent him from enjoying much more questionable literature. Among so many raw, untrained country boys, his graces of person and manner shone resplendent, and the other girls openly envied me the attentions which their less facile squires longed, yet scorned, to pay.

I remember well the night he asked me to be his opposite. Standing on the stone steps outside the broken alcove window, he seized my hand through the shattered pane, and bowed over it in such inspired oblivion of the circle of admiring girls who stood by in open-mouthed enjoyment of these story-book doings, that, whatever *I* might have done, he, at least, escaped all suspicion of appearing ridiculous. My room-mate, at hair-brushing time, spoke with much contumely of her own sturdy, red-cheeked opposite, a sterling but awkward fellow.

"I'd give all Bert's goodness for a little of Louis's grand air," she said, with true feminine disregard for solid values.

So full of bounding life was he, this boy from Boston, so easily foremost in everything requiring athletic vigor, that one found it hard to credit his frequent and cheerful statement that he already bore within his supple frame the seeds of an early doom.

"I think I'll be pretty much alive while I am alive," he used to urge suavely in extenuation of some unusually flagrant piece of mischief, "because my chance is going to be such a limited one."

The professor who had charge of our theological vagaries was one of the old-fashioned variety, a product of the days of slower intellectual development and more moderate ambitions, when men studied for love of study, and to teach was in itself a sort of distinction. He was a man of strong individuality, big-headed, clear-eyed, of a scrupulous neatness in dress which, while totally disregarding changes of fashion, achieved by its precision a certain degree of elegance. His methods of teaching were as individual as his character.

On this especial morning the lesson assigned was a part of the chapter on the morality of the gospel, and dealt distinctively with "the internal evidence of Christianity," but Professor D. opened the recitation with an abrupt question addressed to the boy from Boston, who, elbows on knees, was leaning forward with dark eyes seemingly yearning toward the hills.

"If you were going to preach a sermon, Mr. R.,"—here a ripple of amusement showed itself on the circle of listening faces,—"what text would you choose?"

The boy from Boston, still absorbed in the hills, answered with unsmiling promptness.

"I would select one short sentence from the poet Simonides: 'It is hard to be good.'"

"What do you know about the poet Simonides?" the professor questioned, still abruptly.

"Nothing at all," acknowledged the purveyor of unexpected bits of erudition,

"except that he was a Greek and apparently knew what he was talking about."

"The apostle Paul said something to the same effect, and Job foreshadowed it when he declared, 'Man, that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble.'" The professor's voice was rich in sonorous tones. He enjoyed quoting. "Mr. M.,"—turning suddenly to the congressman's son,—"what text would *you* choose to preach from?"

The congressman's son, as a member of the theology class, was wholly unaccounted for. Nobody pretended to know why he was there. I doubt if he had any definite reason in his own mind. He was an unmothered waif, who had already been judiciously weeded from seven successive schools. The boy from Boston had dubbed him "our gentleman of the seven sins," and the name stuck. He was at present precariously enjoying his eighth and last experiment in school homes. After this,—so rumor said,—in case of one more dismissal, already perilously near, came the deluge. We had all grown rather fond of that clever, dark face of his, and shielded and bolstered him on all possible occasions, dreading the final catastrophe of submergence.

A slow flush mounted through the olive of his cheek as he answered the professor's query.

"I would preach," he declared, "from the text, 'It is hard *not* to be good.'"

There was a universal stare. Nobody had ever suspected our gentleman of the seven sins of encountering just this sort of difficulty.

He grinned a little when he saw our faces. "I don't mean just what you think I do. What I'm trying to get at is this,—no fellow who's got any decency in him goes to the dogs without having times when he kicks himself. Perhaps he goes just the same,—most generally I guess he does,—but it don't follow that he's dead in love with what he's doing."

"If he keeps on long enough," the law student commented, "he gets to the place where he don't kick himself any more."

A trained nurse who has spent a large part of his time taking care of old men during the last days of their lives told me that as a rule in his experience his irreligious patients met death with more equanimity than the professing Christians."

The truly-good theologue looked pained at the turn the recitation was taking. The big minister seemed unusually alert and full of interest. Even in those days he was alive to every subtlest opportunity for divining the souls of men. The professor, noting his intent look, answered it with a question:

"How would you account for the truth of such a statement, granting it to be true?"

"Easily enough. It merely shows the difference between an oversensitive and an undersensitive conscience."

"Miss B.," — it was my turn now for one of the professor's darting questions, — "if you were going to characterize the ordinary method of presenting the subject of religion to the unconverted, so-called, what form would your comment take?"

"I should say," I suggested boldly, "that the subject is usually presented wrong end foremost."

The pious theologue groaned audibly. Who was I, an acknowledged pagan, that my opinions on religious topics should be even tolerated? At sight of his displeasure the professor waxed genial "How so?" he inquired encouragingly.

"Why," I hesitated, "of course it *is* a wonderful and beautiful thing to be good, but most of the time people get so mixed up with 'Thou shalt nots' that they forget the heroic side of it. I suppose life is a good deal like this school. We're awfully tempted to break rules."

The good theologue took his life in his hands. He had a duty to perform, let the professor trample upon him as he might. "Are we not wasting time?" he asked, pensively patient. "Were we not to-day to consider the morality of the gospel — a great subject?"

There was a gleam of blue fire under the professor's heavy brows. "And what is the gospel for, Mr. C., but for the building up of man? We were to study to-day the internal evidences of Christianity; a great subject truly, a strange, subtle subject, the inmost significance of which is not written upon the surface of life, but to be sought for, earnestly and patiently sought out in the hidden recesses of the heart and soul. No discussion is a waste of time that may chance to open a window into the soul of a man or woman. I claim that every human creature holds within himself greater possibilities for good than he himself realizes. I believe, sir, in unconscious goodness, intuitive Christianity, and I thank God that I do so believe. It is my business to recognize, to seek out, to develop, such possibilities in my pupils. I find them where *you*, sir, would never dream of looking for these evidences, but it is not your fault, sir, not your fault so much as your misfortune, that you are constitutionally incapacitated for viewing any subject in its entirety!"

At the close of this same week, the week of the foregoing recitation, dawned the longed-for day of the annual "fall walk."

It mattered little to the hot heart of youth that, though the autumn sun shone, a chill wind rustled the withering scarlet of the trees. No one stayed within doors for so slight a matter as the blowing of the wind on this long-expected day of untrammelled "socializing," when the sexes might mingle in hilarious and permitted intercourse. When we streamed down the long road toward South Pond, none was left behind. The good theologue, suppressed but unsubdued, trudged with the rest, and, in his grudging way, made holiday in his heart. The big minister swung along with mighty stride, followed by the tall law student, still discussing, discussing evermore. The snake boy gathered in a scanty autumn harvest. The boy from Boston, afflicted with one of his worst bronchial colds, croaked buoyantly at my right, although the professor in charge,

the shepherd of our flock, chose persistently to linger in our company.

It was our only unrestricted day for the whole term, yet no one would have supposed from the gallant bearing of my facile opposite that he found the good professor's presence unwelcome. He—the boy from Boston—had missionary relatives whom, one would judge from his ordinary conversation, he did not estimate according to their full excellence. Yet, as it seemed to-day, he had nevertheless taken in at the pores much picturesque information about Burmah. He charmed the attendant professor; the good theologue unwillingly drew near, drawn in spite of himself; the big minister joined our group; the law student, forced to cease arguing, listened to the croaking voice that unfailingly seized the salient point of each situation. We, the unworthy ones, proceeded on our pondward way haloed and girt about by an assemblage of the good, and once, only once, did I detect an irreverent twinkle in the dark eyes of the boy from Boston.

When we had reached our destination, and most of our group were participating in a lively scramble for needed firewood, the professor, watching an agile figure always in the midst of the fray, commented absentmindedly to whomever it might concern:—

“A fascinating personality—most fascinating! Such life, such courage, such buoyancy in spite of discouragements, such unfailing grasp of whatever he touches—but complex, most complex! I hardly know whether to count him most strongly for good—or—or otherwise.”

“Louis? I count him for good,” the candid girl pronounced uncompromisingly. She was always ready to answer questions. “He's the fussiest boy in this school about the way girls should behave.”

“Yes, yes,” the professor mused, still in a psychologic mist, “he naturally obscures the feminine judgment.”

It was later in the day, after our dinner had been served, that things came to a climax. Ordinarily my opposite and myself

would have been wandering far afield with our free-footed comrades, but on this special occasion that hoarse note in his voice had kept us hovering near the fire, though the anxiety was mine, not his.

Our camping ground had been chosen near the outlet, where a strong current swept into the turbulent and rocky stream connecting two ponds. The orphan, who threw on mischief, was just now choosing to amuse himself by poling about on a large, floating log. To awaken disquiet was the orphan's normal air. The fact that he could not swim only gave poignancy to his joy.

The orphan was a red-haired imp of parts. He had no visible means of support, yet managed to exist because we all stayed him with flagons and comforted him with apples. In fact, so universally did we maintain one purse with him that the only care remaining on his mind was that of giving us enough trouble for our money. In the midst of admonitions, instructions, and objurgations he placidly continued to pole, and in the natural excitement of watching him prepare to drown, the little group left on the shore fell to discussing its swimming powers.

It seemed that our gentleman of the seven sins was a good swimmer, but always subject to violent cramps except in the mildest of summer waters. The boy from Boston loved to swim, but was forbidden “because of his beastly chest.” The snake boy could swim six strokes. The candid girl knew how to float. The ever-watchful professor used to swim a little when he was a youngster. The good theologue could swim anywhere, at all times and seasons.

At this point the page of history and narrative suddenly left a blank for illustration. The pole slipped, the treacherous log rolled to leeward, and the orphan, with a wild whoop of exultant anguish, disappeared into the flood. The boy from Boston was temporarily absent on a search for more wood; the good theologue, the expert swimmer, stood rigid on the shore as if violently petrified, but the

congressman's son, he to whom chill waters always brought cramps, hesitated not the twinkling of an eye. Coat off, his swift plunge into the rapid water seemed coincident with our next breath. We saw him seize the orphan's red crest just as it came to the surface, saw him strike out boldly for the shore, then, while our hearts froze within us, he began to waver and struggle, and had it not been for the boy from Boston, who, tearing off his coat as he ran, plunged in his turn just in time to save the situation, those two white faces would have gone together sweeping down the chill current of death. The last comer, whose agile intelligence seemed always prepared for emergencies, knew where to turn in the search for shallow waters, and it seemed, after all, but the space of one long heartbeat before swift help came, feet flying from all directions, and the three drenched and gasping heroes of the scene were drawn safely on dry land and hustled off to the nearest farmhouse, the orphan gurgling and sputtering in a sort of irregular rhythm all the way.

When the last wild gurgle had faded into silence, the candid girl turned to the theologue, who, waking to life once more, seemed to be making tentative experiments in the use of his component parts.

"What was the matter with you about that time?" she inquired, with her usual unflinching frankness.

The theologue looked pale but firm. "I remembered," he said stiffly, "that mine was a consecrated life."

"Consecrated fiddlestick!" the candid girl commented with decisive finality.

Two days after these happenings, when we met for our next regular recitation, the class in *Evidences of Christianity* presented its full complement of members, and the occasion would, perhaps, have proved but an ordinary one, had it not been that the good theologue, who was evidently having difficulty with the somewhat lumbering machinery which he called a conscience, evinced a determination to discuss past issues.

"I suppose," he said, addressing the professor with an air of patient gravity, "from the remarks thrown out by you at our last recitation, that you would consider the intuitive acts of unsanctified persons—such acts, for instance, as resulted in the rescue of young Blake on Saturday—as constituting in themselves internal evidence of the existence of what you would term unconscious Christianity in the minds of the actors."

"It was not my intention, Mr. C.,"—the professor spoke a little sternly,—"to have referred to this matter in the class, although personally it would give me nothing but pleasure to do so, because I felt sure that the principal participants in that rescue would very much prefer to escape public mention, but since the subject is forced upon me, I say this: both those young men, by the intuitive acts to which you refer, risked their lives twice over. The one made the plunge with the full knowledge that he would probably be seized with fatal cramps, the other was in a physical condition which rendered such an immersion in icy water a deadly peril. I ask *you* whether you would consider that such sacrifices of self, sanctified or unsanctified, make for *unrighteousness*?"

Our gentleman of the seven sins interposed gruffly. "There was n't any Christianity or righteousness about the business. There was only one thing to do. Any fellow would have done it."

"I jumped in for my health," the boy from Boston declared in a cheerful croak. "Cold's been better ever since."

The professor smiled, but his smile was a grave one. "When we consider what might have been the outcome of the accident, young gentlemen, the matter is hardly one for jesting, and," turning to the good theologue, "if any member of this class feels disposed to underestimate such intuitive acts as were here displayed, I would ask him to call to mind the statement of his Master and mine: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

With such utterances as these fresh in

our minds, we felt it rather a blow when, at the close of the recitation hour, we heard the professor request our gentleman of the seven sins to come to his house that afternoon.

Owing to his peculiar dignity and the influence which he exerted in the school, it often became the professor's task to prepare victims for the pangs of execution, and we knew, alas! too well we knew, that the congressman's son had been diligently and feloniously abstracting himself from the "special meetings" which were nightly going on.

All the afternoon, as the manner of such critical seasons was, parties of anxious youths scouted and reconnoitred in the vicinity of the professor's house, and yet the object of their solicitude appeared not. Finally, as dusk drew on, the snake boy, characteristically ready to obtain information at whatever personal sacrifice, volunteered to conduct a forlorn hope. "I'll make an arrant," he said, and having made it, hastened it to its destination.

It was in that bygone epoch when amateur craftsmen all over the country were busy sawing out ornamental shelves and brackets and designing hollywood frames. The professor, who possessed a very pretty mechanical turn, had set up a workshop of his own. Hither, seeing a cheerful light, the snake boy directed his steps. The door stood a trifle ajar, and the seeker after information was able to gratify his curiosity without betraying his presence. At one end of the bench sat the professor, at the other the congressman's son, both busily at work. Ever and anon there came to the cautious listener sounds of amicable conversation, assuring himself of which fact, he beat a masterly retreat.

"It's all right, fellers. May as well quit watchin'. The professor's jest found a strawberry mark on ole Seven Sins's arm, and there ain't any talk of an eighth sin this time."

After this, it became a regular occurrence for the professor and the congress-

man's son to carve and jig-saw in company on Saturday afternoons, and as a result of this odd copartnership, more than for any other reason, it chanced that our gentleman of the seven sins never added his crowning offense.

On book-dusting morning, when I sat with the worn volume of Paley's *Evidences* in my lap, living over the former days, it was as if I had reopened a familiar tale to which the years had added a sequel.

I know that the beloved professor has long ago finished his work in the world of the actual, a world that can ill spare him and his like. I know that the snake boy has made his inquisitiveness tell in the realm of natural history. I know that the candid girl, an excellent wife and mother, is also active in good work in the community where she lives. I know that the tall law student has made his mark in a great city, and that the big minister has never ceased to enlarge his borders.

What a glorious sermon on immortality was that which I heard him preach! How wonderfully from the arc of mortal life he drew the circle of eternity!

The good theologue, too, is preaching still. I meet him sometimes, grown rotund, and no less self-satisfied than of old. It was our gentleman of the seven sins who, several years ago, was elected reform mayor of his city. If one may believe the current newspapers of the time, he "made good." That turning-lathe of the professor's proved the turning point of a life.

The boy from Boston also made good. He went as buoyantly and lightheartedly to the grave as if death were but a bubble on a foaming cup. It was on a May night that he slipped away into infinity,—there is a story about that, too,—and when I think of the mound in Mount Auburn which I have never seen, I always fancy that the happiest Maytime breezes are playing there.

How the stars shone that night to light him on his way! and he "greeted the unseen with a cheer."

WORDSWORTHSHIRE

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THOUSANDS of people climb eagerly each year to the high seats of the cheery four-handed coaches which roll through the Lake District of England, upon white roads winding over hill and dale, on driveways as smooth as marble pavement; but among these travelers it was left for Lowell to hit upon the happy name for the whole region, and to christen it Wordsworthshire. It is Wordsworth who represents its centre; in that region he was born, in that region he died, and the little churchyard at Grasmere, where his grave is to be seen, lies so close to the stopping place of the coaches that either the most deliberate English guest, or the most hurried American, is able to step from his hotel after dinner and take a look at the storied spot while his horses are being reharnessed. Grasmere is the point at which Lake roads mainly centre, and so moderate is the British taste for stately monuments, when compared with the more showy habit of us Americans, that the simple gravestone of Wordsworth yet remains without disturbance, having the graves of the family around, and poor Hartley Coleridge's stone set close behind, with the pathetic motto, "By Thy cross and passion," carved upon it.

Almost all travelers view these modest memorials hastily, and then drive on. But the American pilgrim who has come from afar among the heights of Wordsworthshire has perhaps experienced as he went onward what John Keats (in 1818) described as being his feelings when he climbed Skiddaw, as if he were "going to a tournament." Thus impressed, the traveler gathers by degrees in imagination a group of companions around him, in the semblance of those honored heroes who dwelt in Wordsworthshire so long.

From the letters and descriptions, and even satires, of their day, he recognizes them by their very looks. He conjures up for himself such a group as might have visited Grasmere when the smooth, white, winding roads did not exist, and when the dashing coachmen were not; and when those who met were simply friends and acquaintances, gathered for outdoor comradeship, unmindful of fame.

First comes, for instance, a tall man with drooping and narrow shoulders, and legs so ill-shaped that though he had, as De Quincey estimates, walked one hundred and eighty thousand miles with them, some feminine critic remarked that he ought to have a better pair for Sundays. He wears a blue-black cape over a frilled shirt, and an old-fashioned cutaway coat with a bit of an old "boxer" hat, whatever that may be, reinforced by an umbrella above his head, and a green shade over his eyes. This is Wordsworth. Then imagination brings up a man broadly built, of middle height, clumsy and rolling in gait, heavy faced, yet with magnificent forehead, and with jet black hair, now turning gray. That is Coleridge. Then comes a younger man, under-sized, with shuffling gait, prematurely gray, carrying his cane as if it were a gun, alternately running and stopping short; that is Hartley Coleridge; "the children's poet" they call him, and he seems a grown-up child himself. Then there appears a slender and spectacled man, wearing a cap on his head, and wooden clogs on his feet; carrying a book in his hand and looking at you vaguely, as if you were a book, but he could not read you; this is Southey. A smaller man, but also slender, with large brown eyes, is De Quincey, of whom Southey said to a friend, "I will thank you, sir, to tell him that he is one of the

greatest scoundrels living." And there again, looking as if sent into the world to be a contrast to all these wise philosophers, is a man of great height and superb shoulders, dressed in loosely-collared shirt and white duck trousers, and standing by the tiller of his boat as it comes up to the pier on Windermere. This is Christopher North, less well known as John Wilson, who, when he springs on shore, will seem to make the earth tremble under him, with his agile weight. This man has before now walked, it is claimed, fifty-seven miles in eight hours, and has jumped the Cherwell where it is twenty-three feet wide. Then comes a tall, dark-eyed man with clerical and commanding look, and two fine boys beside him; he is Dr. Thomas Arnold; and the schoolboy John Ruskin is here watching them all. Add to these two ladies, Mrs. Wordsworth, so exquisitely described in the noblest poem of wedded love ever written, beginning "She was a phantom of delight," and Dorothy Wordsworth, with her small figure, stooping shoulders, quick movements, and wild brown eyes, who has rejected, according to Disraeli, half a dozen lovers, including Hazlitt, in order to stay with her brother. This is the group which fancy calls around us, and they have come together, sometimes walking long distances over mountain paths from the various headquarters of poetic life among the lakes and mountains of Wordsworthshire. The especial charm which the American visitor finds there, indeed, is to choose for himself some one point of interest and make it the centre of his explorations.

The region of Wordsworthshire, of course, includes Cockermouth in Cumberland, where Wordsworth and his brothers and sisters were born, and Hawkshead, a quaint little hamlet of a few streets only, with stone houses such as he called "gray huts" fronting in different directions. This is where Wordsworth was sent to school after his mother's death in his ninth year. Here he used to make a daily circuit of Esthwaite Lake, five miles

round, before school hours, with a favorite schoolfellow, John Fleming, —

Repeating favorite verses with one voice,
Or coming more, as happy as the birds
That with us chanted.

Here, in the winter, when the lake was frozen, he got his materials for the only poem on skating which has found a real place in literature, although Mr. W. T. Palmer has lately published an admirable prose sketch called "Skating on Windermere" (*Lake-Country Rambles*). We know of Wordsworth, moreover, that his inexhaustible love of outdoor things was not, as in the case of so many Englishmen, merely a minor incident in some form of athletic sports, but that his mind was full of images of natural beauty, and that he also loved all exercise which was in itself daring and even perilous. He says in *The Recluse*, —

Nothing at that time
So welcome, no temptation half so dear,
As that which urged me to a daringfeat:
Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy
crags,
And tottering towers — I loved to stand and
read
Their looks.

Wordsworth's earlier poems were largely written afar from the Lake District, while staying with Coleridge at Nether Stowey, but he and his sister removed to Grasmere in 1799. The poet Gray had visited that lake thirty years before, and had described the region as one of the "sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate." He thus portrays it: "The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst Grasmere-Water. Its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it. Hanging inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of

the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb halfway up the mountain side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire."

This, or something approaching this, was still the condition in which Wordsworth and his sister found that region; and in his *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes* he earnestly deplores the manner in which highroads and summer visitors were just beginning to intrude. It was not until 1726 that an extensive system of roads had been even attempted in that region, where heretofore the only communication had been by means of pack-horses on rough mountain paths, and it was not established, after its fashion, until 1750. Not until then was that immortal couplet called forth by village enthusiasm, —

Had you seen these roads before they were made
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

It was to this region of peace that the Wordsworths betook themselves previous to the writing of the poem called *The Recluse*; he dwelling with his sister, of whom he says, —

Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance independent of the wind.

Here he wrote *The Brothers*, based on an actual fact occurring at Grasmere; here, too, *The Idle Shepherd Boys*, which Southey criticised as making the shepherd boys trim their hats with rushes, although, as Wordsworth says proudly, "Just as the words had passed his lips, two boys appeared with the very plant entwined around their hats." Here, in describing a tarn beneath Helvellyn, he says, —

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer,

a statement which was gravely censured by good Mrs. Barbauld as impossible. Here he wrote *The Pet Lamb*, and turned the head of "Little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare," the heroine, through the fact that the poem was unluckily copied into a child's reading book which had been introduced into her school; here he made the poem *On the Naming of Places*, beside a brook of which he says, "I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it." Here Coleridge and Lamb visited him, but we get the amplest picture of these poet-lives in the diary of Dorothy Wordsworth, where, day by day, the events which suggested the poems were minutely described, with the circumstances under which each was written, and also the time and place where she copied it. There was such unity between these two that Wordsworth observed as well through her eyes as through his own, and often he seemed simply to versify her written descriptions. Later, after his marriage, his wife shared this influence over him. One of the points oftenest visited by the modern pilgrim is that still charming scene at Ullswater, in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, where daffodils begin to grow along the shore, and continue, as I can testify, into what Dorothy Wordsworth well describes as "a long belt" of them. This is the scene of the poem beginning, —

"I wandered lonely as a cloud," and nothing better illustrates the extent to which Wordsworth himself really created descriptive outdoor poetry of simple nature in English literature than that this poem should have been at first ridiculed in a degree to call forth from Wordsworth the retort that "there were two lines in that little poem which, if thoroughly felt, would annihilate nine-tenths of the reviews of the kingdom, as they would find no readers." These two lines were in reference to the daffodils, —

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,

and were contributed by Mrs. Wordsworth.

As, in a poet-haunted region, the visitor easily follows up the wanderings of the poet for the sake of the harvest he brought back from them, so the same visitor wishes to follow the poet back to his home to reach the humblest traditions of his personality which still linger there. Thus at Grasmere you can either row on the lake with its abundant water-lilies, which so disappoint an American by their scentlessness; or you can linger round the rose-covered Dove cottage, where the cheery old custodian remembers Wordsworth well, and tells you that he was thought "naught o', naught o' at a'," in his lifetime, and then tells you how she could have made her fortune by buying up the poet's furniture, which was sold for a song after he died. Alas! she only bought two rugs and a chair, and now there is nothing left of them but shreds. Or you can visit Rydal Mount, on high, hilly ground, with trees and flowers and terraced walks, where, as another old woman tells you, Wordsworth used to walk up and down, "bumming awa' wi' his poetry," and leaving his sister to pick up his rhymes, and write them out. In the region about Rydal Mount, Canon Rawnsley tells us, he was not recognized as Poet Laureate by his country neighbors, but was "nobbut old Wadsworth o' Rydal," the "stamp-maister." Within the house at Rydal Mount, if you are fortunate enough to be admitted, you will see the cuckoo clock of which the poet wrote, and Haydon's fine picture of him, which must have a genuine resemblance, as it strongly suggests that man of very distinguished appearance, the present Mr. William Wordsworth of Capri, grandson of the poet, and himself a favorite of the Muse, although modestly hiding his gifts by refusing to publish his productions.

At Grasmere, too, you see the rush-bearing, a festival now preserved only there and at Ambleside, and drawing children and parents from long distances to a quaint old church dedicated to St.

Oswald. This building is supposed to date back farther than the Norman Conquest, as it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, and its extant records stretch back over nearly eight centuries. Up to 1840, it had no floor above the bare earth, which it was the custom to strew with rushes immediately after the hay harvest in each year; and though the floor is long since built, the rush-bearing still takes place annually on the Saturday next after August 5, St. Oswald's day. Though the ceremony occurs late in the afternoon, the children are gathering in all day, and sit upon the stone wall around the church waiting for the village band, or occasionally break away in smaller groups of two or three, holding aloft their wreaths or high, decked staves and crosses, in every conceivable variety of structure. They refresh themselves during the day with hot little gingerbread cakes from a little shop just outside the churchyard, where the omnipresent English old woman dispenses her counterfeit men and animals to an ever renewing group of children. After the straggling procession has finally passed by, there awaits the elder guests a different entertainment in a wrestling match, coeval with the rush-bearing, but taking place at the other end of the village, where country youths, standing in a circle, try falls with one another in turn, all criticised as freely by the bystanders and measured as closely by their previous laurels as if they were on a cricket ground in England, or a baseball ground in America. Both of these old-time festivals are honest, quaint, simple, and commanding interest from all, lay or clerical. Hartley Coleridge, himself, used to head the rush-bearing, while he lived; and when one thinks of him one must recall with pitying tenderness the "philosopher child," as he was called, who could not enjoy a ride in a wheelbarrow in boyhood, because, as he said, "the pity is that I've always thinking of my thoughts;" — a child so dreamy that five minutes after his mother had whipped him he would go up and ask her to whip him again, and so

sensitive that if any one began to read from a newspaper he would leave the room for fear there should be something dreadful in it.

We learn from De Quincey's *Literary Reminiscences* at least one side of that laborious author's life at Dove Cottage, and we feel a curious desire to know the precise dimensions of the little sitting room which he describes as being "also and more justly termed the library," and as "populous with books." He gives the dimensions of the room as "seventeen feet by twelve, and seven and a half feet high," and when I asked his old housekeeper how he could have found room for his bookshelves, since De Quincey himself gives the total number of his books as six thousand, she replied with surprise that his books were piled all round the wall to the ceiling. Sometimes they were in two or three piles, one above the other, and wherever there were chinks in the corners or where books of different sizes met, he chose those places for the safe-keeping of his money. Whenever he wanted a sovereign or two, she said, he went to some corner and fished it out. Here De Quincey lived and studied, wrote and thought, drinking tea, as another narrator says, from "eight at night to four in the morning," unless engaged in drinking something stronger out of a decanter behind the teapot. Hither he came to live unmarried in 1808, — eight years before his marriage to Margaret Simpson, — and here he remained until he removed to London.

Windermere has fewer strictly literary associations than Grasmere, but Professor John Wilson and his home at Elleray furnish such associations through the traditions of his long residence. This was first in the one-storied house with its great sycamore tree, still visible, of which he said that "not even in the days of the Druids could there have been such another tree. It would have been easier to suppose two Shakespeares." It was at Elleray that in building his large new house, opposite, he put down turf instead of boards in his

dining room, that he might take his favorite pursuit of cock-fighting by way of dessert. The country side all knew him, knew that he could, in his own phrase, "sail a boat, or jump a long jump, or wrestle, or fight a cock, or write a stanza," against any man in that region. Looking down on Windermere, where the visitor is now surprised at seeing so little sailing, he may recall the day when the "Admiral of the Lake," as Wilson was called, in his ten-oared barge, headed the gay procession of fifty boats with music and streamers, winding its way among the islands and along the shore, that he might show to Scott, Wordsworth, Canning, Lockhart, and the rest, the charms of Windermere.

It has been well said that Greta Hall is to Keswick what Dove Cottage is to Grasmere. Coleridge lived there first, then Southey for forty years, while Coleridge usually wandered afar, Southey supporting his family. Charles Lamb describes his visit to Greta Hall, under protest, as he thought the dirt and mud of London so much better than anything else, that he wished hills, woods, lakes, and mountains "to the Eternal Devil;" but every American student finds it full of delightful associations. They show you the very rooms where Southey's enormous collection of books, numbering fourteen thousand volumes, was kept; more than a thousand of these having been bound in cambric of various colors by the ladies of the household. These were kept in an especial chamber which he christened "the Cottonian library." They show also the very place where he used to sit for hours out of doors reading or writing, his chair being placed on the bowling green. One may see in the church the impressive reclining marble statue of Southey, with its fine face and wonderfully youthful head of hair, hair that absolutely grew dark again, his son tells us, after becoming almost white, and was, moreover, only thicker as he grew older.

Southey was for many years Poet Laureate, and had a comfortable pension; his

literary work was highly paid, but no author ever worked harder and more continuously. His daily life is best summed up for us in a letter which he wrote in 1814 declining a certain proposition from an editor: "I can not get through more than at present, unless I give up sleep, or the little exercise which I take (and I walk to the Crag [one mile] before breakfast); and, that hour excepted, and my meals (barely the meals, for I remain not one minute after them), the pen or the book is always in my hand." His one recreation was in a mountain excursion or picnic enterprise, in which he shone, for he thought little of a walk of twenty-five miles; or in all-day excursions with his own and the Coleridge children, as far as Otterfield Bay on Derwentwater. But the reader can scarcely wonder, after tracing the records of a life so absolutely laborious, how the inexhaustible student who followed it should have dwelt with a certain delight in his *Omniana* upon the little town of Norcia in the papal territories, where a law was made that all men who could read and write should be excluded from taking any part in the government, so that their Board of Control, consisting of four persons, was called *Gli quattro Illiterati* ("The Four Illiterates"). Nor can it cause surprise that, before he was sixty-eight, mind and memory both failed, and his greatest pleasure was in wandering about his library, taking down his books mechanically, and sometimes hiding them one behind another, so that he might in his second childishness look for them again.

Yet so great was Southey's enjoyment, on the literary side, during this long sedentary career, that he wrote to Coleridge (March 12, 1804), "Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! What is that to the opening of a box of books! The joy of lifting up the cover must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the Porter opens the door up stairs, [into heaven] and says, 'Please to walk in, sir!' That I shall never be paid for my labor according to the current value

of time and labor, is tolerably certain; but if anyone should offer me ten thousand pounds to forego that labor, I should bid him and his money go to the devil, for twice that sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment." Four years later he wrote, "Huzza! two-and-twenty volumes already; the *Cid*, when reprinted, will make two more; and, please God, five a year in addition as long as I live."

You go from Keswick up over Windy Brow to Chestnut Hill and still find in its garden and among its rhododendrons the pretty cottage whither Shelley, just expelled from Oxford, came at the age of nineteen (1811) with his bride of sixteen, both so poor that he wrote, "We are in danger every day of being deprived of the necessities of life;" and where the young bride said in answer to an inquiry, "The garden is not ours; but then, you know, the people let us run about in it whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house." The visitor finds himself in the very room where the young poet wrote his address to the Irish people and many poems; where he tried chemical experiments after dark, and his landlord, Gideon Dare, drove him out of the house next day, as being concerned in what he called "black art." Members of the Dare family still live there, and preserve the tradition with that fidelity always shown by descendants in commemorating even the eccentricities of their lawful progenitors; just as old college alumni show a pride even in the pranks of their classmates.

Mrs. Shelley's remark about the garden was made, according to De Quincey, to one of the ladies of the Southey family who called upon the young people at the suggestion of the Duke of Norfolk, who took an interest in them. De Quincey, himself, regrets not having called upon Shelley, although thirteen miles away, — which was a trifle in the Lake District, — and would have been glad, he says, to offer him the use of his library "which, being rich in the wickedest of German speculations, would naturally have been more to Shelley's taste than the Spanish library

of Southey." This was, it must be remembered, six years before Shelley had made himself famous by the *Revolt of Islam*.

Passing up in the same direction by what is called Rakefoot Lane, you turn, as Thomas Gray did in 1769, into a corn-field on the right called Castelrigg and see the same circle of Druid stones, some fifty in number, which he described. Druid stones and gypsies always seem to the American traveler in England so naturally associated and so nearly coeval that I remember to have seen with delight a large and quite luxurious gypsy wagon stationed near us as we went toward the stones. There were the occupants, with their horses feeding near them, children gamboling about, and a swarthy and handsome woman smiling at us as we waved a passing salute. Unfortunately for the picturesqueness of the world, the gypsies are steadily passing over to America, where they cease to be picturesque, and sometimes become even useful; while the Druid stones are left behind, although there have been, it is said, propositions sent across the Atlantic for the removal, or at least the purchase, of Stonehenge.

Descending to Derwentwater, you come out on Friars' Crag, and stand in the spot where Ruskin drew his first impressions of the beauties of nature. He says in *Modern Painters*, "The first thing which I remember, as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars' Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the mossy roots, over the crag, into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twinings of trees ever since." He said afterwards, "The scene from Friars' Crag is one of the three or four most beautiful views in Europe. And, when I first saw Keswick, it was a place almost too beautiful to live in." Farther down the lake, in Otterfield Bay, is the place where Southey used to take his own and the Coleridge children on the water, as Mrs. Coleridge described it, "all day" and "pretty often during the summer."

The descriptions of the mountains in Wordsworthshire by the Lake Poets and prose writers are apt to impress an American coming to this region — perhaps from among the Alps, if not from the Rocky Mountains or the Himalayas — with a sense of extreme exaggeration. They are called "vast and towering masses," "enormous barriers," and Scott wrote of "the mighty Helvellyn and Catchedecam." But all thought of comparative criticism soon passes from the visitor's mind, since the mountains of the Lake District are so striking in themselves, and are set off in such a marked way by the valleys as to create their own standard of measurement; and one no more criticises them in respect to size alone than one complains of a family of tall and well-built men for not being a set of Patagonian giants. The peculiarity of the valleys, moreover, pointed out long since by Wordsworth, is that they are not merely convex cups, as in most mountain regions, but are more like level floors, marking out definitely the abruptly rising heights, and so enhancing them. "They are not formed, as are most of the celebrated Welsh vallies," Wordsworth says, "by an approximation of the sloping bases of the opposite mountains towards each other, leaving little more between than a channel for the passage of a hasty river; but the bottom of these vallies is, for the most part, a spacious and gently declining area, apparently level as the floor of a temple, or the surface of a lake, and beautifully broken, in many cases, by rocks and hills, which rise up like islands from the plain."

These valleys, moreover, do not lie along large streams, and the lakes they hold are fed at most by a mountain torrent, justly baptized as a "force." A "tarn" is usually a small lake, part way up the mountain side, and has, as Wordsworth points out, no main feeder, and its name, perhaps, vindicates De Quincey's derivation of the word, that it comes from the Danish "taaren," a trickling, being a gradual accumulation of water from the surfaces of rock. There are often masses

of rock or detached boulders around the edges of these tarns; and Tennyson, always an accurate observer of nature, says that his hero —

Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnness
Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.
All observations of English natural scenery are sure, after all, to lead us back to Tennyson. Carlyle met him and his wife in the Lake District on their wedding journey and described him as having "a great shock of rough dusty dark hair,

bright laughing hazel eyes, massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate, of sallow brown complexion almost Indian-looking, clothes cynically loose, free and easy. His voice musically metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between."

The Laureate Wordsworth was then just dead, and a new Laureate was soon to reign in Tennyson himself, a literary sovereign whose throne was to be far from Wordsworthshire.

THE FAVOR OF HACHIMAN¹

BY ALICE MABEL BACON

It was the eve of the annual Feast of the Dead,² and O Kimi San had just finished the construction and decoration of the "Spirit Altar." She had set the posts and hung the rice-straw rope, and swung from it the fringe of vermicelli, green chestnut sprays, white paper, and dried fruits and vegetables. She had shaped with her own hands, from cucumbers and egg-fruits, the rude representations of cattle and horses, and had set them, together with fresh food and wine, before the quaint shrine that stood now, completed, in the place of honor in the little house. And all the time as she worked she had been thinking of Taro, and the tears came to her tired old eyes, and dropped sometimes upon her work, as she thought of how, only three months before, he had gone to the war, and then of how soon came back to his old father and mother

the word of his death, fighting the hairy Russians in Manchuria.

And so to-day, as she prepared to do honor to the visiting spirits, it was of Taro that she thought more than of the ancestral ghosts for whom she had kept the feast so many years. Taro, her brave, strong Taro, who should have lived to make his daily and yearly offerings at his parents' shrine, was coming to them tonight, a spirit, to receive from them the comfort and love that was all the happiness earth could offer him now! As she worked through the hot August morning, her heart was sore and sad, and there seemed no hope ahead for her and Gunkichi, her old husband. Lonely they must live on until death came, and lonely must their spirits be forever, for no descendants would offer to them the affection and the daily gifts that disembodied spirits crave.

She stood now on the edge of her little piazza, and looked down the length of the village street. A small white flag, in its centre a blood-red sun, drooped idly from its slender bamboo staff before the house. A great gray monkey, chained to a tree across the road, woke from his noonday doze to blink at her sleepily, then closed his eyes and humped himself once more

¹ Hachiman, the deified spirit of the Emperor Ojin, son of the warrior Empress Jingo. He is now worshiped as the God of War in many shrines and temples throughout Japan.

² The annual Feast of the Dead, or *O Bon Matsuri*, is celebrated at the August full moon. At this time for three days the spirits of the dead are believed to revisit their old homes, and special measures are taken for their reception and entertainment.

into a fluffy ball. The heated air wavered above the dusty road until the shops and hotels on each side of it seemed to shimmer and shake like the background of a moving picture. And — still like a moving picture — there came directly toward her the figure of a woman, wavering, almost staggering, under the heat of the August sun and the weight of a heavy baby tied to her back. The village lay quiet, asleep or preoccupied with its own discomfort, while the woman toiled on toward O Kimi San's little rest - house. It was a tiny, thatched, open-fronted cottage, just beyond the village, and almost overhanging the mountain gorge along which the road was built. It was cool and fresh with the foam of the torrent far below, and in the shadow of a wooded rocky peak that towered above.

O Kimi San shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked into the shimmering glare at the small burdened figure. Her kindly old face, seamed and crisscrossed with the wrinkles of a hard life, grew sympathetic. The traveler, as she came into the shade of the Tengu Rock, breathed a deep sigh, and with a hitch of her shoulders tilted the baby into a more comfortable position. O Kimi, from the little matted platform that was the floor of her house, called out hospitably to the newcomer, —

“It is very hot! Come in and rest a little, you must be tired.”

The mother looked up doubtfully and shook her head. “Thank you,” she said, “it is hot, but I must go on. I must reach Shio no Yu to-night;” and she struggled forward.

But O Kimi's kindly soul was not content with such refusal. She slipped from the platform into her sandals lying ready on the earth below, and followed the traveler.

“Come in,” she said, “please come, for the baby's sake if not for your own. You cannot see how red and hot he is. He will be sick if you carry him farther in this heat. Wait here with me until it's cooler. You can get to Shio no Yu if you

start by four o'clock. The moon is full, and you can walk late.” O Kimi fairly dragged the little woman back with her to the house, her tired visitor demurring faintly. “Now sit down here and untie the baby, and I will take him. Then you can rest your poor tired feet with some of that hot water over there;” and O Kimi pointed to a steaming, dripping bamboo pipe creeping along the perpendicular upper edge of the road,¹ under which tubs were set to catch the leakage.

The tired little mother, in a paroxysm of thanks and expostulations, gave herself up to the kindly solicitude of her hostess. She sat obediently down on the tiny, polished piazza and untied the band which held the heavy baby to her. O Kimi took him in her arms, hugged him for a moment to her wrinkled breast, then laid him down and watched him with greedy eyes while his mother was washing her face and arms and blistered feet in the steaming hot water across the way.

“When he wakes he shall have a bath too,” said the old woman, when the mother, refreshed, came and took her seat on the soft mats of the little house, “but now you must have some tea and a fan, and then, when you are rested, tell me something about yourself, and why you are traveling all alone this way with your baby.”

O Kimi bustled off to her little kitchen, and soon came back with tea and cake. Then she disappeared again, and after a longer time brought in a second tray with rice-bowl, pickles, fish, and iced vermicelli, all as daintily served as the Empress herself could have wished. “It is a poor meal,” she said, with formal self-depreciation. “My husband caught the trout in the river this morning, and the vermicelli is but the O Bon fare. I am sorry that I have nothing better to offer you,” and she bowed low as she set the tray before her guest.

But, though the food was dainty, though O Kimi San offered new helpings

¹ The pipe led the water from hot springs to the baths in the village.

of rice from the brass-bound wooden bucket with insistent hospitality, the traveler was too tired to eat. She played with her chopsticks and commented with enthusiastic politeness on the delicacies set before her, but could hardly choke down the last of the rice in her bowl,—an act which etiquette and religion both required of her,—and the fish and vermicelli were left almost untouched. Her face was pale, and under her eyes were blue rings. Every movement of the visitor showed that she needed rest more than food. O Kimi's sympathetic heart went out to the poor stranger.

"Here," she said, "lie down beside your baby, and I will hang my large mosquito-net, and you can sleep awhile before you go on. You are too tired to move yet." With gentle insistence she gained her point. The mother lay down on the mat beside her sleeping baby, and the great green linen mosquito-netting, hung from the four corners of the room, shut out the hard things of life for a space, leaving the wanderers to the ministrations of the green coolness, the soft air, the murmur and rush of the torrent far below them.

O Kimi San continued with her household tasks. She carried out her dishes and trays and rice-bucket to the kitchen, she swept the road in front of the house, and watered it with a dipper from a wooden pail. She filled the kettle with fresh spring water, and arranged the bits of charcoal in the fire so that they should concentrate their heat at the precise centre of the kettle's bottom. Then she went back to her guests under the mosquito-net just as the baby opened his eyes and began to whimper. O Kimi went down on her knees and gathered him to her longing heart. "Botchan,"¹ she whispered, and cuddled him and talked to him in the soft baby language until his little hand stole into her bosom, and he began to chatter in reply like a sparrow, looking up into her

eyes and laughing with quaint baby humor. He was a fat, sturdy, red-cheeked boy of three, who trotted about the matted floor on chubby brown feet, and laughed and danced when O Kimi brought him a bowl of rice. She fed him with chopsticks, he sitting on his heels facing her solemnly with open mouth like a young bird, and closing mouth and eyes ecstatically when the chopsticks, like the old bird's beak, dropped the food between his lips.

When the tired mother waked at last, O Kimi and the boy were great friends. She had brought a tub of hot water from the pipe across the road, and was taking off his scanty clothing in preparation for the promised bath. He wore only a little cotton kimono, with a diamond-shaped apron of many-colored *to chirimen*, or woolen crape, underneath. Undressing was a small affair, and soon Botchan was sitting in the wooden tub, splashing and chattering like a young duck.

"Such a boy!" said O Kimi San to the mother, who was sitting up now, watching the operations of her hostess. "He is so like my son. It makes me happy to have him near me."

"And your son — where is he?" asked the visitor.

O Kimi San looked straight ahead of her and spoke very softly; "My son has had the great honor to give himself to the Emperor. Alas! we must light the O Bon lanterns for him to-night" — Her voice broke, and she hid her face behind her sleeve.

The visitor bowed low, "It is sad, and my heart is grieved for you," she said. "To my husband, too, has come such honor. He went down in the *Sakura Maru* at Port Arthur, and even his body was not found. His spirit, they say, is in the Shokonsha,² but" —

The elder woman bowed in her turn in the presence of a grief so like her own,

¹ Literally, "Little Mr. Priest," the universal title of the small boy, probably on account of his shaven head.

² Literally, "Spirit-Invoking Temple" at Tokyo, whither the spirits of soldiers who die in battle return, and where they live and receive the honor and offerings of their grateful compatriots.

and there was silence for a space. At last she said softly, "How is my heart grieved with your sorrow;" then, her eye resting on Botchan, who was squatting now beside his mother, looking with wondering eyes at his elders, she added comfortingly, "But your boy will grow up to care for you, and to preserve his father's memory."

The visitor bowed again, "True, he will care for me when he is grown, but how shall I care for him until he is grown? I am going now to my husband's brother in Shio no Yu, but he is poor, and has many boys of his own, and I do not know whether he will receive me." The woman's voice trembled, and she stopped for a moment, then went on in the curious, even tone which in a Japanese woman betrays deep emotion. "When my husband went, he said to me, 'Suzu, I shall probably die for my country. You must not mourn, you must be glad, and must teach the boy to be glad that his father had so great honor.' And when I said, 'Oh, Yofu, how can I be glad? How can I live? I must kill myself if you are killed,' he answered, 'To kill yourself would not be brave or wise, if by so doing you should leave our boy to starve. If I die, you must live and make a brave man of him.' So I have lived, but it is hard for me. And Botchan is a brave boy, — so brave and so strong. All this morning as we came up from Nishi Nasuno, he walked by my side, his little hand in mine. Sometimes he would stumble and almost fall, and I would say, 'Botchan is tired, let mamma carry him,' but it was always, 'Botchan is very strong. Mamma is tired.' At noon we stopped to eat our lunch, and when I looked at his feet they were all blistered. I washed them in cold water as we sat beside the road, but when we started out again he could not walk. That is why I carried him. Yes, Botchan is a soldier's son, and he will be a brave man."

Suzu hugged the stolid, chubby baby sitting so solemnly beside her, until he giggled and shouted with delight. "And now, if indeed it must be, we will go, for

I must reach Shio no Yu to-night," and Suzu bowed her farewell to O Kimi with many expressions of gratitude for her kindness, while Botchan gravely imitated her prostrations.

"Can't you stay here with me to-night?" protested O Kimi. "There is a storm coming. You should not try to brave a storm with that baby." But Suzu was set on her plan, and with a final hug of Botchan as she tied him to his mother's back, O Kimi set them forth upon the road.

"Cross the river about a mile above here where you see a little bridge, then follow the road to the left, and Shio no Yu is about four miles away."

Suzu bowed and smiled, and O Kimi went back to her little house, lonelier than ever for the baby's visit.

There was a muttering of thunder from the hills above, a darkness and stifling stillness in the air. O Kimi looked out uneasily. "It is time Gunkichi was back," she said. "He has been gone all day. If he gets caught across the river, and the storm comes, how will he get home?" But as she was bringing her vague fears to a point by speech, there was a light pat-pat of sandals along the road, and Gunkichi, wrinkled and smiling, with a great bundle of sprawling, straggling roots upon his back, hailed his old wife with a cheerful greeting.

"It's very hot," he said, as he dipped his towel into the hot water and washed the streaming perspiration from his face and arms and bare brown legs and feet, "but we are going to have a great storm, and then it will be cool." He laughed and chattered, partly to himself, partly to his wife, and partly to the great gray monkey perched on the tree above him. "Heh! Mr. Monkey," he said, "you are so lazy this hot weather that you don't care for anything. Heh! Mr. Monkey, wake up!" He poked at the humpy fur ball until it turned its red face, grown redder with rage, toward him, and chattered viciously. "Now you are awake at last, and I will give you something. Here mother, will

you hand me a cracker for Mr. Monkey?"

O Kimi laughed, and brought him a toasted rice cracker. "Gunkichi," she said, "I believe you try to be a boy just to comfort me," and she looked at him affectionately, but with tears in her eyes.

Gunkichi said nothing. He was apparently absorbed in watching the monkey, who was meditatively crunching the cracker. When he turned again he cleared his throat a little before he went on to tell O Kimi of his day's successes.

Such a day as it had been! He had climbed the Tengu Rock and worshiped at the little shrine of Hachiman, the war-god, on its top, and seen the great black snake who lies always coiled up within the shrine except when the god sends him forth with his messages. Then he had set out in search of roots suitable for his use. For Gunkichi was an artist in roots. His little shop beside O Kimi's kitchen was filled with strange productions of his fancy. By smoothing here and hollowing there, by cunningly reinforcing and adding in another place, by a spot of red or black or white paint judiciously applied, Gunkichi would evolve from the most hopeless-looking roots and snags griffins, *tengus*, devils, monsters of all sorts, which found a ready sale among the summer visitors at the hot baths in the village. As he opened his bundle and drew out his new-found treasures one by one, he discoursed eloquently on the wonderful things that they would become in his hands.

"Look, mother, this will make a grand dragon!" He pulled a long, twisted root with many branches from the heap in front of him. "Here is his head now, with horns and wide-open mouth. I will paint his mouth red, and give him two great white eyes. Then when I have soaked his long body in the hot water, and coiled it about, these branches will make his legs, and this long slender one his tail. Perhaps some of the Tokyo people will buy it. I wish the Emperor could see it! I'd give it to him if I could."

He stopped, abashed by the temerity

into which his enthusiasm had led him, and added humbly, "But of course it would not be worthy," and bowed low at the name that he had invoked.

"Father, you have given to the Emperor the only thing you had to give." There was a pride, carefully veiled, in O Kimi's voice. Gunkichi, who had by this time slipped out of his sandals and seated himself on the mats, turned his head aside and vigorously rubbed his face with his blue-and-white towel.

Just then the storm broke. With vivid lightning, a crash of thunder, and the roaring as of a waterspout, it rushed down the mountain gorge. O Kimi San drew the outer rain-doors of the house, sliding them along their grooves on a full run. The monkey, a moment before a motionless ball of gray fur, on the top of his perch, scuttled down, with much angry chattering and rattling of his chain, into his little house. They were none too soon, for the rain, like a solid column of water, was rushing and swirling about them, the river foaming and roaring beneath, almost before O Kimi and Gunkichi could fasten the house securely. Then O Kimi stirred about the kitchen preparing supper, while Gunkichi smoked thoughtfully in the shuttered twilight of the little guest-room.

As O Kimi brought in the tray and the rice-bucket, she suddenly bethought herself of her visitor.

"Ma!" she exclaimed. "Poor Suzy! I wonder where she is now!"

"What Suzy?" asked Gunkichi.

Then Kimi told him all the story of her afternoon, and of how Suzy had left the house only just before he came home.

"If she got across the bridge before the storm came she will be safe," said Gunkichi, "but if she tries to cross it in the storm she may be carried away with it."

There was nothing to be done. Supper cleared away, the old couple sat and talked. Once or twice O Kimi tried to light the O Bon lanterns, but with a swirl and a rush the wind blowing through the funnel-like gorge extinguished them each

time. She was perturbed, and a look of fear came into her eyes, a wail into her voice, "It will be dark for him, and he will think we have forgotten him! Gunkichi, what shall we do?"

Gunkichi answered her gently, "Our Taro knows we would not forget him. He knows that we would light the lanterns for him if we could, but the wind-gods will not let us. You have set the food and trimmed the light before the spirit altar. He has been away so short a time, he cannot lose his way home, even if there is no light outside."

"If I could only open the *amado* a crack so that he could come through," O Kimi moaned, and pushed the shutter aside a little. But the howling wind filled the house, and shook the flimsy structure as a terrier shakes a rat. Both tugged together to close the door again, and then sat down in the darkness, for the wind had put out their light. Only the tiny lamp before the altar continued to burn. It flickered in the searching wind, and threw strange creeping shadows on the walls.

And then there came a cry, a wail of terror from the stream below. Gunkichi started up. "What's that? Some one is in trouble in the river!" He threw open the *amado*, and the wind and rain nearly took his breath away. He felt the road with his bare foot. It was a running torrent, but he stepped in, and out from the shelter of the roof. The wind took him and pinned him fast against a rock, while the pouring rain nearly drowned him. He could see the river by the pale light of the full moon behind the clouds. It was boiling white among the great black rocks far below, and he knew that to reach its level in the wind and rain would be useless. Spent and water-soaked, he crawled back at last to the house.

All night the wind blew, the thunder roared, and the rain fell in torrents, but when morning came the clouds cleared away, the wind blew fair, the sun shone, and every rock and leaf and twig seemed new-created after the storm.

Gunkichi started out early, to go up the

river and see what had happened in the night. "If I can get across, I will go to Shio no Yu and see if Suza reached there safely," he said, as he tied on his sandals.

O Kimi set about her household tasks. She was thinking a great deal about her own Taro, and then, again, of Suza and her little Botchan. Her heart ached to hold the chubby baby form close to her breast, to put food between the soft baby lips, to hear the cooing baby voice; and somehow Taro and Botchan seemed to mingle in her mind until she felt that yesterday she had held her own boy in her arms, and then had sent him away into the storm with an unknown woman.

She was sitting at her sewing, looking from time to time out into the road, her eyes dim and misty, and with an occasional tear dropping upon the blue cotton of Gunkichi's new blouse. Did she see aright, or was that mist before her eyes deceiving her? There was a great black snake gliding down the road! She rubbed her eyes and looked. Never had she seen such a snake. He was eight feet long or more, and of ample girth, and his black, scaly body glistened in the sunshine. He came on to the little rest-house, and paused before it, lifted his head, and waved it back and forth, raising it higher and higher until his gleaming eyes looked over the edge of the piazza right at O Kimi San.

"It is the messenger of Hachiman," whispered O Kimi, and prostrated herself in reverence, face down upon the mats. She raised her head, the snake was still looking at her. Again she bowed, and when she looked up there was still that shining waving head and the glittering eyes fixed full upon her. Once more O Kimi bowed low, and in her heart was a prayer to Hachiman that he would call his dread messenger back to his shrine. When she lifted her head, no snake was there, but there was a slight rustle on the side of the Tengu Rock, and O Kimi knew that her petition had been answered.

"Did he send a message to me?" she thought. And then, in spite of her grief and perturbation, she laughed at the au-

dacity of her question. "Of course he had no message for me. I am too low a person to have a message from a god." She went back to her sewing, her hand shaking a little, and her eyes dimmer than ever. Presently she looked up, brushing her hand across her eyes as she did so. Would wonders never cease? What was coming along the road now?

He looked very small, and very fat, and very bullet-headed, as he walked nonchalantly along against a background of towering cliffs, waving trees, and blue, white-flecked sky. He was dressed in a small diamond of bright-colored cloth tied over his fat stomach, and he carried in one hand a stick, while the other was crumpled tightly about a struggling, gauzy insect. When he saw the rest-house standing by the road he crowed merrily, and hastened his steps. O Kimi could hardly believe her eyes. It was Suza's Botchan coming back to her! All the love and longing of her bereaved soul went out to the brave baby marching serenely toward her.

"O kaeri!"¹ she called out, afraid that he might go by and out of her life again. The baby stopped at the familiar voice, stood motionless a moment regarding her, then bowed solemnly, and nearly double.

"Tadaima,"² he responded gravely, then toddled toward her holding out his doubled fist, in which was firmly clenched a dragon fly. "My horse," he explained cheerfully. "If I had a long thread I would harness him." He caroled ponderously on his small chubby feet. "I am a soldier just come home from the war!"

"Mamma's soldier boy!" said O Kimi in a rapture. "Come in, and we will tie up the horse and give the soldier some rice." She seized him in her arms and hugged him, carried him across the way to the hot water pipe where she washed the mud from his little bare feet, then set him down in her guest-room. He pointed

with delight to the rude semblances of animals before the spirit altar. "Taro's horses," he shouted, and clapped his chubby hands.

O Kimi looked at him with a curious awe. How could he know that those things were set out for her Taro's spirit? He was such a baby, he could not have listened to their talk of yesterday. She questioned him, "Where did you come from, Botchan? Where is mamma?"

He looked at her, puzzled, "You are mamma," he said. "Taro come home from war."

She spoke very gently, half afraid at his strangeness, "But, Botchan, don't you remember mamma who brought you here yesterday? Where is she?"

His baby face quivered, and he looked woebegone at her obtuseness. "Taro can't remember yesterday," he whimpered, "Taro come home to mamma."

O Kimi hugged him close. "Never mind, Botchan, sit here a minute, and grandma will get you some breakfast."

"Not grandma, mamma," insisted Botchan, his round mouth puckering.

"Kimi! Kimi!" sounded Gunkichi's voice up the road. O Kimi slipped into her sandals, and ran to him as he came toward her on a trot. He was breathless with excitement: "O Suza San's body is on the rocks, way down below the bridge! She must have tried to cross after the storm broke!"

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" wailed O Kimi, "I should never have let her go! And now Botchan"—

"Botchan must have been drowned too," interrupted Gunkichi, anxious to tell all he knew. "His dress was still tied fast to his mother's back; so he fell and went down with her, that is certain. Then he was washed down by the current. Poor baby! They will find his body farther down the stream."

"Father," said O Kimi in an awestricken voice, "the baby is in our house. I was getting him some rice when you called me."

"Impossible, Kimi. If he went down

¹ "Honorable return," the greeting to a returning member of the household.

² "Just now," the conventional reply to the greeting.

with his mother, he must surely have been drowned. Why, she was held fast, head downward against a rock, and both must have been drowned as they fell."

"Gunkichi,"—O Kimi's voice was low and solemn,—"there is something very strange that I must tell you before we go back and look at the baby. Sit down here and cool yourself, and listen."

They sat down at the edge of the road, out of sight of the little house, while O Kimi told her story. She told of Hachiman's messenger, and of how he stopped and looked at her. "I think, Gunkichi, that he really brought a message, and that Hachiman was pleased with your visit yesterday to his shrine. For then the baby came, and what do you think he had in his hand? A dragon fly! and he said it was his horse!"

Gunkichi sat up, excited. "I have heard that dragon flies are horses' spirits!" he said.

"That is one of the strange things," answered O Kimi; "and then he told me he was a soldier just come home from the war. I thought he was playing, and played with him, but when I brought him into the house, he went right to the spirit altar, and when he saw the animals he clapped his hands and said, 'Taro's horses!' Then I began to wonder. How did he know about Taro? How did he know those things were set out for him? So then I questioned him about his mother, and he said I was his mother. He could n't remember yesterday, only that he was a soldier just come back from the war. He nearly cried when I called myself grandma; 'Not grandma, mamma,' he insisted. Gunkichi, what does it all mean? You say that the child was surely drowned, but he is here, or rather, his body is here, but his spirit is changed. Hachiman has sent us back our Taro. He gave his body in the war, and now Hachiman has let him enter a new body so that he could comfort us."

Gunkichi was doubtful. He had heard that such things used to happen, but every instance that he had ever heard of

was at least a hundred years old. Things were different in those days. This was Meiji, the era of enlightenment, and though strange things were still happening daily, they were not of just this kind. There were two persons who must be consulted before they could be quite sure what to do. One was the policeman at the far end of the village, the other was the parish priest.

He explained this to O Kimi, in whose mind no shadow of doubt now existed, and while she hastened home to feed and fondle her baby, he walked along to the police station. There, after bowing low and offering many polite excuses for troubling his excellency, he told the whole story to the dignified little man in his white, new-style uniform. The policeman listened with interest, making notes the while in his little book. Then he saluted forth, taking with him Gunkichi and a number of the villagers, to study the situation. Poor Suzu's body was first recovered, and the opinion of the villagers, endorsed by the policeman, was that the baby must have fallen with his mother, and been washed out of his lashings and his kimono in the boiling current. How he could have lived through it no one could understand.

"And may we keep the baby, your honor?" said Gunkichi appealingly.

"If, when I have investigated, I find that the brother at Shio no Yu does not want him, I think you can keep him," was the guarded reply.

With many bows of deep respect, and effusive thanks for the hope held forth, Gunkichi parted from the officer, and took his way toward the village temple. It was a great, old, shabby sanctuary, with wide-eaved curving roof of blackened thatch, and two stone statues of Jizo, buried almost to the eyes in pebbles, sitting in mild serenity outside the gate. Gunkichi stooped and threw a stone to each as he passed in, murmuring a prayer to the gentle guardian of the children's ghosts, and thinking the while of the poor baby's spirit, wandering beside the river

of death. He stood beside the veranda of the priest's house that adjoined the temple, and lifted up his voice in the polite "Excuse me for troubling you," that announces the presence of a guest. The old priest came himself to greet him and bid him come in. Gunkichi bowed and bowed, but remained humbly without, and told once more his story. It was spiritual enlightenment that he wanted. Might he and O Kimi believe that their Taro's spirit, coming that first night of the Feast of the Dead to visit his parents, had found the baby's body lying where the river had tossed it, and entered in, through the favor of Hachiman? He gave all the quaint bits of evidence, the coming of the messenger, the dragon fly in the baby's hand ("You know our Taro and his horse were found shot down together," explained Gunkichi with some pride), the child's use of the name Taro, his reiteration of the fact that he was a soldier, his insistence that O Kimi was his mother.

The priest listened with reverent interest. "My son," he said, "it is plain that you and O Kimi San have been blessed by a miracle. The gods have seen your kindness to the poor traveler, your worship of the great Hachiman, your patience under your loss, and they have vouchsafed to you this wonderful thing. Without doubt the spirit of your own Taro has come back to you clothed in the body of poor Suzy's baby. Give thanks to Hachiman, whose messenger brought you your son again."

Gunkichi fell on hands and knees upon the pebbled walk, and laid his forehead to the ground. "Reverend priest," he said, "since the gods have indeed condescended to grant so great a gift to our unworthiness, we would show our gratitude by some offering. What humble thing may we do?"

And the priest made answer, "Upon the river bank, close to the spot where Suzy's body was found, build ye a shrine to the memory of her and of her child. And at the full moon carry thither, you and Kimi and Taro, offerings of food and

wine to their spirits. And each year, when the O Bon feast comes around, hang there a lantern and erect a spirit altar, so that when they return they may not be lonely, but may join in the good cheer of the festival. And teach Taro, and bid him teach his children, and his children's children, that the shrine is holy, and that they must continue throughout their generations the monthly and yearly offerings. For by the death of Suzy and her baby your family is continued, and your spirits shall be loved and tended. Therefore, so long as your generations continue must they love and tend the spirits of Suzy and her son."

Gunkichi lifted his forehead from the earth. "Surely," he said, "we and our children and our children's children will pay honor to the spirits of the mother and her child." Then with grateful words of farewell he went back, subdued and thoughtful, to his home.

Up and down the road in the bright sunshine galloped little Taro, driving his great dragon fly attached by a thread to a long bamboo stick. "O uma!" (horse!), he shouted gleefully when he saw Gunkichi, "O Totchan! O uma!" (Papa, horse!) O Kimi had hunted out from her iron-bound chest of drawers a tiny blue-and-white kimono in which she had enveloped his chubby body, and she sat, the picture of cheer and happiness, watching his play, and working, when she could take her greedy eyes away from him, upon another small garment ready cut upon her lap. When she saw Gunkichi she called out, "Father, his excellency has been here again, and he says we may keep the baby. The man at Shio no Yu does n't want him. His honor said for you to come and register at the police station. Please go quickly."

Gunkichi pattered eagerly away; Taro played on in the sunny road; O Kimi San sat and crooned a nursery song as she worked on the little garment; and in the shrine of Hachiman, on the top of the Tengu Rock, a great black snake, coiled in the damp coolness, awaited another message from the god.

CRITICISM AND MR. SAINTSBURY¹

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

I

WHAT Montaigne said in his easy way of Man is no less true of the history of criticism: "certes c'est un subiect merveilleusement vain, divers, et ondoyant." Yet Mr. Saintsbury has adventured it nobly, and however far we may conclude to differ from the upshot of his trivoluminous work, no one who will thoroughly acquaint himself with it, and with the excellent series, *Periods of European Literature*, edited by Mr. Saintsbury, will fail to know him a very Paladin of critics. In considering the quality and import of Mr. Saintsbury's recent work as a whole, the *Periods* are hardly second in significance to the *History of Criticism* itself. Two of the eight volumes already published are from his pen; and the other six display the views of the general editor in their sequence and plan, as in tone and manner they reflect something of his unquenchable animal spirits. They consti-

¹ *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe*. From the Earliest Texts to the Present Day. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 3 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1900-1904.

Loci Critici. Passages illustrative of critical theory and practice from Aristotle downwards. Selected, partly translated, and arranged with notes. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903.

Periods of European Literature. Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. I. *The Dark Ages*. By W. P. KER. 1904. II. *The Flourishing of Romance*. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 1897. III. *The Fourteenth Century*. By F. J. SNELL. 1899. IV. *The Transition Period*. By G. GREGORY SMITH. 1900. V. *The Earlier Renaissance*. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 1901. VI. *The Later Renaissance*. By DAVID HANNAY. 1898. VIII. *The Augustan Ages*. By OLIVER ELTON. 1899. IX. *The Mid-Eighteenth Century*. By J. H. MILLAR. 1902. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tute the best complete and coördinated account of the general course of European letters that we have. Yet, full as they are of instruction, and — paradoxical as it may seem — of entertainment, we must seek from them here only an infrequent sidelight upon Mr. Saintsbury's "diploma - piece," the *History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe*.

At the outset of the study of Mr. Saintsbury's work considerable habituation is needed to establish peaceful relations with his extraordinary literary manner. He is rarely humorous, less rarely facetious; the common temper of his writing is of a certain erudite jocularity that runs over into footnotes and even into corrigenda. The diction of his great, sprawling periods is no less remarkable. He is a free - lover of words; he has explored the very bottoms of Babel; and his *History* is perhaps the most miscellaneous warehouse of queer phrase that we have had since Democritus Jr. poured all the verbal curios collected from his gigantic reading into *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. Mr. Saintsbury, like a third Democritus, has the audacity to quote from Thomas Wilson's *Art of Rhetoric* the story of "Phavorinus the philosopher," who "as Gellius telleth the tale) did hit a young man over the thumbs very handsomely for using over old and over strange words;" and then he proceeds to adorn his page with words like "legerdeped," "pantoprismatic," "diamondiferous," "topsyturvyfication." He is not exactly wordy, yet he wastes words in palaver with quite impossible imaginary objectors. He is, too, the reverse of single-minded in his quest. It is quite true, as he asserts in a preface, that in this great task of building a passable road through the wilderness he has turned aside to construct no Bel-

videres, to ascend no Pisgahs. Yet, if one may venture to employ Mr. Saintsbury's own figure a little further, he has left his right line of survey more than once; now wantonly to demolish some ancient idol of the country, with little heed to its dignity or its beauty; now to climb some tall tree of excogitation; now to erect a curiously constructed shrine to some pet idol of his own. Yet these are but minor incidents in the long adventure of a theme so vain, diverse, and billowy. The reader *does* become habituated to them at last, and is perhaps rather grateful than otherwise for this relief from the tedium of a difficult and sometimes a dull matter. In any case, Mr. Saintsbury's round "Ich kann nicht anders" is, at least, a plausible excuse.

A history of criticism may conceivably take one of two forms. It may take the form of that projected but unwritten work of Dr. Johnson's noted by Boswell in his list of the Leviathan's forty-odd dream-children in this kind, *A History of Criticism as it Relates to the Judging of Authors*, that is to say, of the definite applications of literary taste to literary productions; or, on the other hand, it may take the form of a history of critical theory, combining with this, by virtue of the natural gravity of the subject, a history of poetics, of the metaphysics of literature. Mr. Saintsbury's affair is, in the main, of the former sort. He must perforce deal at times, despite his distaste for them, with "long-winded tractates hunting the red herrings of critical theory;" and in the helpful series of "Interchapters," where-with he lays down his course through his vast and billowy subject, he does occasionally take an observation of the heavens; but for the most part his concern is with the actual judging of authors, the development of literary taste, the evolution of literary self-consciousness.

On the criticism of Greece and Rome he is not quite at his best. He is himself — we shall see it more clearly as we go on — a vigorous rather than a fine critic;

and none but a fine critic can be very sympathetic to the ideal and far-reaching principles, — notably of the typicalness of tragic character, of the generalizing power of the drama, and of the inseparableness of form, — that may be soundly deduced from the *Poetics* of Aristotle. But his knowledge of the texts is extraordinary, and his account of the "rhetoric" which was the staple of ancient criticism is, at least so it seems to one who must needs speak as a child in those matters, excellently adequate. When he comes to deal with Longinus on the Sublime, he is for a time at his very best. Longinus was perhaps the first great critic with a keen sense for the sudden glories of literature, for "the spurt of the match when soul of writer touches reader's soul, the light and the warmth that follow;" herein he is a critic after Mr. Saintsbury's own heart, and if there is fault in the treatment of him, it is only that a little too much is made of him, in view of the fact that there is at least one chance in two that he did not write the treatise on the Sublime at all.

With Roman criticism, essentially prosaic as it was, Mr. Saintsbury is naturally less in sympathy, though on its two chief exemplars, Horace and Quintilian, he is very good. In defense of the latter we have a passage which is worth quoting, because it shows within a little space both Mr. Saintsbury's notion of criticism and his conception of the nature of its development from Aristotle to the Renaissance: —

"Quintilian can only be despised by those who consider themselves defrauded if critics do not attempt the *meteorosophia* [ware your thumbs, dear sir] of the highest æsthetic generalizations. It is, on the other hand, certain that these airy flights, in this particular matter, have too often had the ultimate Icarian fate, and have not often met even with the temporary Icarian success. The 'high priori way' has never led to any permanent conquest in literary criticism; and is never likely to do so, because of the blessed infinity and incalculableness of human

genius. It has constantly led that genius into deserts and *impasses*. Even things that look like generalizations firmly based on actual experience have to be cautiously guarded, and put forth merely as working hypotheses. You make, with the almost superhuman compound of learning and reason belonging to an Aristotle, a general theory of Poetry, and a special one of tragedy, which require, and command, almost universal agreement. In a few hundred years there drops in a graceless sort of prose tale-tellers, who, by establishing, slowly and uncertainly at first, but after a couple of thousand years unmistakably, the kind of prose fiction, sap the very foundations of your theory of poetry. Later still arises a more graceless sort of strolling actors, ne'er - do - well university men in England, cavaliers or shavelings in Spain, who in the same way bring it about that your theory of tragedy has to acknowledge itself to be only a theory of one kind of tragedy."

As he passes from the Roman decadence to the Middle Age, Mr. Saintsbury comes to the field wherein he is most happily at home. So the first volume ends with an admirable section upon the criticism, explicit in the prose, implicit in the poetry, of Dante, who, as Mr. Saintsbury says finely, "expressed consummately all the enormous gain of dream, which the sleep of the Dark Ages had poured into the heart and soul of the world."

In the second volume, which deals with the multifarious criticism of the Renaissance, with the crystallizing of the neoclassic creed, and with eighteenth century "orthodoxy," our Paladin wins his way through a wilderness of books too vast and tenebrous and spectre-haunted to admit of any very satisfactory summary. For one thing, the case is here complicated by the changes in the national primacy of European letters. In the ancient period he had only to deal with the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. In the Middle Age what critical writing there was, was cosmopolitan, and geography could be conven-

iently disregarded. And in both ancient and mediæval times actual critics were few. But from the Renaissance onward, not only were the critics legion, but there was a constant and bewildering succession in the hegemony of European literature. At first Italy was the source of all critical light and leading; in the later Renaissance England and Spain took the centre of the stage; in the Augustan Ages France and England were joint primates; in the time of the romantic revolt it was England, Germany, and France. In his progress through this dangerous international field, Mr. Saintsbury has not escaped some passages of sword-play with specialists who have done him no slight damage, yet there is little to abate from his conclusion and interpretation of this part of the whole matter:—

"And, yet once more, let us recognize that adjustment of criticism to creation — mysterious or simply natural as it may seem to different temperaments and different systems of thought — which we have observed before in the cautious check of Renaissance criticism on the heady exuberance of the great Renaissance creation, in the support given by Seventeenth-century classicism to such mediate powers and dispositions as those of Corneille and even Racine, of Dryden and even Pope; in the salutary deterrence of Eighteenth-century orthodoxy, which saved us from more Beatties and more Anne Radcliffes when the time was not ready for Keatses or for Scotts. For so also in literature — and even in that, as some would have it, not the divinest part of literature, Criticism — do all the works of the Lord, the lesser as well as the greater, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

Mr. Saintsbury's third and last volume is concerned only with the nineteenth century. Here again the oceanic amplitude of detail frustrates anything like adequate summary; but toward the close of the volume we have an able formulation of the modern catholic critic's creed, which, coming as it does with the accent of

Mr. Saintsbury's personal adherence, will serve at once to hint at the substance of the volume and to furnish a definite brief for our disputation. Here is the Creed:—

“All periods of literature are to be studied, and all have lessons for the critic.

“One period of literature cannot prescribe to another. Each has its own laws; and if any general laws are to be put above these, they must be such as will embrace them.

“Rules are not to be multiplied without necessity: and such as may be admitted must rather be extracted from the practice of good poets and prose-writers than imposed upon it.

“‘Unity’ is not in itself uniform, but will vary according to the kind, and sometimes within the kind, itself.

“The kind is not to be too rigidly constituted: and subvarieties in it may constantly arise.

“Literature is to be judged ‘by the event:’ the presence of the fig will disprove the presence of the thistle.

“The object of literature is Delight; its soul is Imagination; its body is Style.

“A man should like what he does like: and his likings are facts in criticism for him.”

To which the extremer men (with whom, apparently, Mr. Saintsbury would go only a part of the way) would add these, or some of them, or something like them:

“Nothing depends upon the subject; all upon the treatment of the subject.

“It is not necessary that a good poet or prose writer should be a good man, though it is a pity that he should not be. And Literature is not subject to the laws of Morality, though it is to those of manners.

“Good Sense is a good thing, but may be too much regarded: and Nonsense is not necessarily a bad one.

“The appeals of the arts are interchangeable: Poetry can do as much with sound as Music, as much with colour as Painting, and perhaps more than either with both.

“The first requisite of the critic is that he should be capable of receiving impres-

sions: the second that he should be able to express and impart them.

“There cannot be monstrous beauty: the beauty itself justifies and regularizes.”

Finally, we have but to add Mr. Saintsbury's ultimate definition of criticism, and we shall at least have the root of the matter uncovered. “Criticism,” he says, “is the endeavour to find, to know, to love, to recommend, not only the best, but all the good that has been known and thought and written in the world.”

II

In Mr. Saintsbury's dealings with his myriad of separate authors there is much that provokes dissent. It would be hard to imagine any happier lot than to sit down with him in some timeless slope of the further shore, and there dispute through the two thousand pages of his *History*, page by page. But here the stealing shadow upon the dial warns even critics to be brief. Yet it is hard to part from him without at least entering a protest against the full and complete acceptance of that final creed, and that last definition of the critic's whole duty.

There is so much in Mr. Saintsbury's muscularity of mind to recall the temper of those stout judges of literature, Jonson, Dryden, and Johnson, that one is surprised to find him, in his definition of criticism, making so little account of the actual “judging” of authors. It may well be that to find, know, love, and recommend all the good that has been known, thought, and written in the world means, by implication, to discover and damn what is not good. Yet surely, in this hour of the creamy “appreciation,” it had been well to say somewhat more of the wholesome rigors of the tenth Muse, to give us at least a brief discourse to that ancient text, “*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*” It is a fact of the literary consciousness that the instinct to judge in this stricter sense is both universal and strongly impulsive, however it may be disguised by the brief fashions of a com-

placent age. It is a historic fact, whether it denotes a causal relation or not, that in the golden ages of Athens and of the Renaissance, when the popular "judgment" of authors in the stricter sense was most ready and widespread, literature did most mightily flourish. Knowledge and love of "the best" produced more of "the best," more of "good" even, than the recommendations of "all the good" can ever compass.

The creed, like the definition, suffers, at least so it seems to the present writer, from partiality. In its more moderate form it summarizes tolerably well the critical doctrine of Sainte-Beuve and, a little less well, that of his liegeman, Mr. Arnold. In its more extreme form it represents roughly the articles of faith of Walter Pater, whom Mr. Saintsbury considers the chief critic of his generation, and almost precisely those of *his* liegeman, Mr. Arthur Symons. It does not, however, at all represent the temper of such excellent critical writing as that of Newman, who, by the way, is not mentioned by Mr. Saintsbury, or of the still not uncommon critic who holds with those who prefer an ordered literature to even a genial and romantic will-worship; who still steadfastly believe that there is a law in taste, a categorical imperative inherent in the very form of our common mind, to which, at the last, perverse individual likings must yield. Theoretically, doubtless Mr. Saintsbury would admit pretty much all of this, yet he has a native bias of taste in books, which, whether always consciously or not, makes him minimize all such considerations. We shall know better what allowance to make for this deflection of the needle, if we study for a little his literary prejudices.

Ostensibly Mr. Saintsbury is all for catholicity. "Charles Wesley," he says piquantly, "is not the less a poet because he is not Charles Baudelaire." Yet throughout the three volumes we find him saying in effect over and over again. "Virgil is less of a poet because he is Virgil." No sooner does he anywhere find a critic

showing the least symptoms of the diseases of "Virgilomania," "Maronolatry," or "Virgil worship," than his irresistible impulse is to "eave 'alf a brick at 'im," so to say. It is needless here to offer anything in defense of those marvelously noble and tender poetic qualities which have given to our speech the rich adjective "Virgilian." But it is worth while saying something of the semipertinal potency of the "classic" mood in literature, and of that apostolic succession of poets drawing poetic sanctity from St. Virgil, against whom our non-conformist author is so loudly recalcitrant.

The truth is that Mr. Saintsbury is an extreme partisan of Romance, whose spirit, as he says in the conclusion to his *Flourishing of Romance*, "makes classical grace and finish seem thin and tame, Oriental exuberance tasteless and vulgar, modern scientific precision inexpressibly charmless and jejune." And at the very end of his *History of Criticism* he lays down as the sum of the whole matter that the end of all criticism is to help one "to listen when the horns of Elfland blow." The trouble here is that the spirit of one great section of literature is unfairly offset against the mere external form of another, and that Mr. Saintsbury sometimes forgets that *il tromba rimbomba* with the breath of Tasso as well as of Turpin. Nor is the whole judgment anything else than an *obiter dictum*. The present writer has not been deaf to the horns of Elfland, nor even to the barking of Cain's dog from the moon; he is as prompt as the next man to thrill with the wonder and freshness of the romantic world, to feel the glamour of old fairy-lands forlorn, to tremble with the passions of Venusburg or of Montsalvat; yet he confesses without shame that for him the little finger of Roman Virgil, lord of language, weighs heavier than the thigh of any burly Longobard of them all, whether his name be Robert de Borron or Robert Browning. For him Tasso even, a pseudo-classic—if you will—with his melodious propriety of speech, his artful manner that shows

us this dusty, surging world as if through an inverted opera glass, cool, composed, clear, and far away, — makes all but the very greatest in the other kind seem “inexpressibly charmless and jejune.”

It is, in short, a temperamental matter whether one prefers the romantic or the classic *mood*, purple light or white light, excitement or self-possession; but the choice between classic and romantic *form*, between the classic and romantic kinds of unity, between precision and suggestion, is an intellectual matter, and it is the business of the critic and of the historian of criticism to grasp it firmly and state it fairly; and this Mr. Saintsbury does not quite do. He is, as he freely acknowledges, “a nasty Hedonist.” What he seeks in poetry is “the instant and mirific kiss of the spouse,” the poetic moment rather than the poetic hour in which one learns to know some complete, wisely-ordered, and harmonious poem, finding

“ Nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us.”

Now this dalliance with the poetic moment is pleasant business for a miscellaneous reader, but it is a dangerous affair for the critic. In the end it will bring him to subscribe to that perverse creed of the extreme moderns set down above, and it will lead him to turn more and more to a single section of literature, namely Romance, and it will cause him to read constantly more with his mood, and constantly less with his mind. Finally, this excessive preoccupation with romantic literature, and with romantic qualities in literature, is likely to lead a working critic to sad blunders. The romantic manner may conceal second or even third-rate stuff for a considerable time. An excellent example is the case of Alexander Smith, whose meteoric poetry afforded instant and mi-

rific kisses, if not of the spouse, at least of an amiable lady who did beguile the best judges in England. The true classic manner, on the other hand, admits of no such disguise, for the third-rate classic will seduce no one past his literary teens.

All this is directed rather against the implication of the whole of Mr. Saintsbury's work than against its explicit teaching in any part. In his concrete dealings with the false classicism of the Augustan Age, a classicism of the understanding rather than of the imagination, he contrives to remember that it was the age of Bossuet as well as of Boileau, of Swift as well as of Pope. And so, after stating in set form the neo-classic creed, he adds: —

“ You may fly in the face of almost every one of these precepts and be a better poet for it; fly in the face of almost any one of them in prose, and you must have extraordinary genius if you do not rue it.”

The poet is always in some sense exceptional. In the long run the general march of the human affections and human ideals, captained though it be by poets militant below, is expressed in prose. If, as seems not unlikely, the growing comparative and historical study of literature shall bring in a new and greater classicism, and, as also seems not unlikely, in large measure a classicism of prose, even Mr. Saintsbury and his critical heirs may come to see that perfection is not so bad a quality in literature, even when it springs from so shameful an attribute as self-possession. From all of which it appears that we have but illustrated, perhaps too amply, the lesson of that essay of Montaigne's where from at the beginning we took a scrap to bless us, “ Par divers moyens on arrive à pareille fin.”

IN RETREAT

BY AGNES REPLIER

WE were on the eve of a "spiritual retreat," — four whole days of silence, — and, in consideration of this fact, were enjoying the unusual indulgence of an hour's recreation after supper. The gravity of the impending change disturbed our spirits, and took away from us — such is the irony of fate — all desire to talk. We were not precisely depressed, although four days of silence, of sermons, of "religious exercises," and examinations of conscience, might seem reasonably depressing. But, on the other hand, — happy adjustment of life's burdens, — we should have no lessons to study, no dictations to write, no loathsome arithmetic to fret our peaceful hearts. The absence of French for four whole days was, in itself, enough to sweeten the pious prospect ahead of us. Elizabeth firmly maintained she liked making retreats; but then Elizabeth regarded her soul's perils with a less lively concern than I did. She was not cursed with a speculative temperament.

What we all felt, sitting silent and somewhat apprehensive in the lamplight, was a desire to do something outrageous, — something which should justify the plunge we were about to make into penitence and compunction of heart. It was the stirring of the Carnival spirit within us, the same intensely human impulse which makes the excesses of Shrove Tuesday a prelude to the first solemn services of Lent. The trouble with us was that we did not know what to do. Our range of possible iniquities was at all times painfully limited. When I recall it, I am fain to think of a pleasant conceit I once heard from Professor Royce, concerning the innocence of baby imps. Thanks to the closeness of our guardianship, and to the pure air we breathed, no little circle of

azure-winged cherubim were ever more innocent than we; yet there were impish promptings in every guiltless heart. Is it possible to look at those cheerful, snub-nosed angels that circle around Fra Lippo Lippi's madonnas, without speculating upon the superfluity of naughtiness that must be forgiven them day by day?

"We might blow out the lights," suggested Lilly feebly.

Elizabeth shook her head, and the rest of us offered no response. To blow out the schoolroom lamps was one of those heroic misdeeds which could be attempted only in moments of supreme excitement, when some breathless romping game had raised our spirits to fever pitch. It was utterly out of keeping with our present mood, and besides it was not really wrong, — only forbidden under penalties. We were subtle enough — at least some of us were, nobody expected subtlety from Lilly — to recognize the difference.

A silence followed. Tony's chin was sunk in the palm of her hand. When she lifted her head, her brown eyes shone with a flickering light. An enchanting smile curved her crooked little mouth. "Let's steal the straws from under the Bambino in the corridor," she said.

We rose swiftly and simultaneously to our feet. Here was a crime, indeed, a crime which offered the twofold stimulus of pillage and impiety. The Bambino, a little waxen image we all ardently admired, reposed under a glass case in the wide hall leading to the chapel. He lay with his dimpled arms outstretched on a bed of symmetrically arranged straws; not the common, fuzzy, barnyard straws, but those large, smooth cylinders, through which all children love to suck up lemonade and soda water. Soda water was to

us an unknown beverage, and lemonade the rarest of indulgences; but we had always coveted the straws, though the unblissed thought of taking them had never entered any mind before. Now, welcoming the temptation, and adding deceit to all the other sins involved, we put on our black veils, and made demure pretence of going to the chapel to pray. Except to go to the chapel, five little girls would never have been permitted to leave the schoolroom together; and, under ordinary circumstances, this sudden access of piety might have awakened reasonable suspicions in the breast of the Mistress of recreation. But the impending retreat made it seem all right to her (she was no great student of human nature), and her friendly smile, as we curtsied and withdrew, brought a faint throb of shame to my perfidious soul.

Once outside the door, we scuttled swiftly to the chapel hall. It was silent and empty. Tony lifted the heavy glass cover which protected the Bambino,—the pretty, helpless baby we were ruthlessly going to rob. For a moment my inborn reverence conquered, and I stooped to kiss the waxen feet. Then, surging hotly through my heart, came the thought,—a Judas kiss; and with a shudder I pulled myself away. By this time, I did n't want the straws, I did n't want to take them at all; but, when one sins in company, one must respect one's criminal obligations. "Honor among thieves." Hurriedly we collected our spoils,—ten shining tubes, which left horrid gaps in the Bambino's bed. Then the case was lowered, and we stood giggling and whispering in the corridor.

"Let's —" said Tony.

But what new villainy she meditated, we never knew. The chapel door opened,—it was Madame Bouron,—and we fled precipitately back to the schoolroom. As we reached it, the clanging of a bell struck dolorously upon our ears. Our last free hour was over, and silence, the unbroken silence of four days, had fallen like a pall upon the convent. We took off

our veils, and slipped limply into line for prayers.

The next morning a new order of things reigned throughout the hushed school. The French conversation, which ordinarily made pretence of enlivening our breakfast hour, was exchanged for a soothing stillness. In place of our English classes, we had a sermon from Father Santarius, some chapters of religious reading, and a quiet hour to devote to any pious exercise we deemed most profitable to our souls. Dinner and supper were always silent meals, and one of the older girls read aloud to us,—a pleasant and profitable custom. Now the travels of Père Huc — a most engaging book — was laid aside in favor of Montalembert's *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, — which also had its charm. Many deficiencies there were in our educational scheme,—it was so long ago,—but the unpardonable sin of commonplaceness could never be counted its shortcoming. After dinner there was an "instruction" from one of the nuns, and more time for private devotions. Then came our three-o'clock *goûter*, followed by a second instruction, Benediction, and the Rosary. After supper, Father Santarius preached to us again in the dimly lit chapel, and our fagged little souls were once more forcibly aroused to the contemplation of their imminent peril. Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven—which the catechism says are "the four last things to be remembered" — were the subjects of the four night sermons. Those were not days when soothing syrup was administered in tranquillizing doses from the pulpit.

A sense of mystery attached itself to Father Santarius, attributable, I think, to his immense size, which must have equalled that of St. Thomas Aquinas. It was said that he had not seen his own feet for twenty years (so vast a bulk intervened), and this interesting legend was a source of endless speculation to little, lean, elastic girls. He was an eloquent and dramatic preacher, versed in all the arts of oratory, and presenting a striking

contrast to our dull and gentle chaplain, one of the kindest and most colorless of men, to whose sermons we had long ceased to listen very attentively. We listened to Father Santarius, listened trembling while he thundered his denunciations against worldliness, and infidelity, and pride of place, and many dreadful sins we stood in no immediate danger of committing. The terrors of the Judgment Day were unfurled before our startled eyes with the sympathetic appreciation of a fifteenth-century fresco, and the dead weight of eternity oppressed our infant souls. Father Santarius knew his Hell as well as did Dante, and his Heaven (but we had not yet come to Heaven) a great deal better. Moreover, while Dante's Hell was arranged for the accommodation of those whom he was pleased to put in it, Father Santarius's Hell was prepared for the possible accommodation of *us*, — which made a vast difference in our philosophy. Perhaps a similar sense of liability might have softened the poet's vision. The second night's sermon reduced Annie Churchill to hysterical sobs; Marie was very white, and Elizabeth looked grave and uncomfortable. As for me, my troubled heart must have found expression in my troubled eyes, when I raised them to Madame Rayburn's face as we filed out of the chapel. She was not given to caresses, but she laid her long, delicate fingers gently on my black-veiled head. "Not for you, Agnes," she said, "not for you. Don't be fearful, child!" thus undoing in one glad instant the results of an hour's hard preaching, and sending me comforted to bed.

The next afternoon I was seated at my desk in the interval between an instruction on "human respect" — which we accounted a heavy failing — and Benediction. We were all of us to go to confession on the following day; and, by way of preparation for this ordeal, I was laboriously examining my conscience, and writing down a list of searching questions, which were supposed to lay bare the hidden iniquities of my life, and to pave

the way to those austere heights of virtue I hopefully expected to climb. It was a lengthy process, and threatened to consume most of the afternoon.

"Is my conversation always charitable and edifying?"

"Do I pride myself upon my talents and accomplishments?"

"Have I freed my heart from all inordinate affection for created things?"

"Do I render virtue attractive and pleasing to those who differ from me in religion?" — I wrote slowly in my little, cramped, legible hand.

At this point Elizabeth crossed the schoolroom, and touched me on the shoulder. She carried her coral rosary, which she dangled before my eyes for a minute, and then pointed to the door, an impressive dumb show which meant that we should go somewhere, and say our beads together. There were times when the sign language we used in retreat became as animated as conversation, and a great deal more distracting, because of the difficulty we had in understanding it; but the discipline of those four days demanded above all things that we should not speak an unnecessary word. We became fairly skilled in pantomime by the time the days were over.

On the present occasion, Elizabeth's rosary gave its own message, and I alacrily abandoned my half-tilled conscience for this new field of devotion. We meant to walk up and down the chapel hall (past the despoiled Bambino), but at the schoolroom door we encountered Madame Rayburn.

"Where are you going, children?" she asked.

This being an occasion for articulate speech, Elizabeth replied that we were on our way to the corridor to say our beads.

"You had better be out of doors," Madame Rayburn said. "You look as if you needed fresh air. Go into the avenue until the bell rings for Benediction. No farther, remember, or you may be late. You had better take your veils with you to save time."

This *was* being treated with distinction. Sent out of doors by ourselves, just as if we were First Cours girls, — those privileged creatures whom we had seen for the last three days pacing gravely and silently up and down the pleasant walks. No such liberty had ever been accorded to us before, and I felt a thrill of pride when Julia Reynolds — walking alone in the avenue — raised her eyes from the *Pensées Chrétiennes* of Madame Swetchine (I recognized its crimson cover, having been recently obliged to translate three whole pages of it as a penance), and stared at us with the abstract impersonal gaze of one engrossed in high spiritual concerns. It was a gray day in early June, a soft, windless day, and, as we walked sedately under the big mulberry trees, a sense of exquisite well-being stole into my heart; a faint appreciation of the tranquillity that breathed around me, some dim groping after the mystery of holiness, some recognizable content in the close companionship of my friend. I forgot that I was going to free myself from all inordinate affection for created things, and only knew that it was pleasant to walk by Elizabeth's side.

"Let us contemplate in this second joyful mystery the visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to her cousin St. Elizabeth," she said.

Why, there it was! The Blessed Virgin's cousin was named Elizabeth, too. Of course they were friends; perhaps they were very fond of each other; only St. Elizabeth was so much too old. Could one have a real friend, years older than oneself? My mind was wandering over this aspect of the case while I pattered my responses, and my pearl beads — not half so pretty as Elizabeth's coral ones — slipped quickly through my fingers. When we had finished the five decades, and had said the *De profundis* for the dead, there was still time on our hands. The chapel bell had not yet rung. We walked for a few minutes in silence, and then I held up my rosary as a suggestion that we should begin the sorrowful mysteries. But Elizabeth shook her head.

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"Let's have a little serious conversation," she said.

Not Balaam, when he heard the remonstrance of his ass, not Albertus Magnus, when his brazen head first opened its lips and spoke, was more startled and discomfited than I. Such a proposal shook my moral sense to its foundations. But Elizabeth's light blue eyes — curiously light, by contrast with her dark skin and hair — were raised to mine with perfect candor and good faith. It was plain that she did not hold herself a temptress.

"A little *serious* conversation," she repeated with emphasis.

For a moment I hesitated. Three speechless days made the suggestion a very agreeable one, and I was in the habit of consenting to whatever Elizabeth proposed. But conversation, even serious conversation, was a daring innovation for a retreat, and I was not by nature an innovator. Then suddenly a happy thought came to me. I had brought along my Ursuline Manual (in those days we went about armed with all our spiritual weapons), and I opened it at a familiar page.

"Let's find out our predominant passions," I said.

Elizabeth consented joyfully. Her own prayer-book was French, a *Paroissien Romain*, and the predominant passions had no place in it. She was evidently flattered by the magnificence of the term, as applied to her modest transgressions. It was something to know — at twelve — that one was possessed of a passion to predominate.

"We'll skip the advice in the beginning?" she said.

I nodded, and Elizabeth, plunging, as was her wont, into the heart of the matter, read with impressive solemnity: —

"The predominant passion of many young people is pride, which never fails to produce such haughtiness of manner and self-sufficiency as to render them equally odious and ridiculous. Incessantly endeavoring to attract admiration, and become the sole objects of attention, they

spare no pains to set themselves off, and to outdo their companions. By their conceited airs, their forwardness, their confidence in their own opinions, and neglect or contempt of that timid, gentle, retiring manner, so amiable and attractive in youth, they defeat their own purpose, and become as contemptible as they aim at being important."

There was a pause. The description sounded so little like either of us that I expected Elizabeth to go right on to more promising vices. But she was evidently turning the matter over in her mind.

"I think that's Adelaide Harrison's predominant passion," she said at length.

Somewhat surprised, I acquiesced. It had not occurred to me to send my thoughts wandering over the rest of the school, or I should, perhaps, have reached some similar conclusion.

"Yes, it's certainly Adelaide Harrison's passion," Elizabeth went on thoughtfully. "You remember how she behaved about that composition of hers, 'The Woods in Autumn,' that Madame Duncan thought so fine. She said she ought to be able to write a good composition when her mother had written a whole volume of poems, and her brother had written something else, I don't remember what. That's what I call pride."

"She says they are a talented family," I added maliciously. ("Is my conversation always charitable and edifying?") "That she taught herself to read when she was six years old, and that they all speak French when they are together. I don't believe that."

"It must be horrid, if they do," said Elizabeth. "I'm glad I'm not one of them. *Vous ne mangez rien, ma chère Adelaide. Est-ce que vous êtes malade?*"

"Hélas! oui, mon père. J'ai peur que j'étude trop. Go on, Elizabeth, I'm afraid the bell will ring."

Thus adjured, Elizabeth continued: "There are many young people whose predominant passion is a certain ill-humor, fretfulness, peevishness, or irritability, which pervades their words, man-

ners, and even looks. It is usually brought into action by such mere trifles that there is no chance of peace for those who live in the house with them. Even their best friends are not always secure from their ill-tempered sallies, their quarrelsome moods. Pettish and perverse, they throw a gloom over the gayest hour, and the most innocent amusement. As this luckless disposition is peculiarly that of women, young girls cannot be too earnestly recommended to combat the tendency in youth, lest they become, when older, the torment of that society they are intended to bless and ornament."

Another pause,—a short one this time. Elizabeth's eyes met mine with an unspoken question, and I nodded acquiescence. "Tony!" we breathed simultaneously.

It was true. Tony's engaging qualities were marred by a most prickly temper. We knew her value well. She played all games so admirably that the certainty of defeat modified our pleasure in playing with her. She was fleet of foot, ready of wit, and had more fun in her little brown head than all the rest of us could muster. She would plunge us into abysses of mischief with one hand, and extricate us miraculously with the other. She was startlingly truthful, and lived nobly up to our wayward but scrupulous standard of schoolgirl honor, to the curious code of ethics by which we regulated our lives. She might have been Elizabeth's vice-regent; she might even have disputed the authority of our constitutional sovereign, and have led us Heaven knows whither, had it not been for her pestilential quarrelsome ness. How often had she and I started out at the recreation hour in closest amity, and returned, silent and glowering, with the wide gravel walk between us. If she were in a fractious mood, no saint from Paradise could have kept the peace. Therefore, when Elizabeth looked at me, we said "Tony!" and then stopped short. She was our friend, one of the band, and though we granted her derelictions, we would not discuss them. We

could be ribald enough at Adelaide Harrison's expense, but not at Tony's.

"Why don't you lend her this book?" said Elizabeth kindly.

I shook my head. I knew why very well. And I rather think Elizabeth did, too.

By this time it looked as if we were going to fit the whole school with predominant passions, and not find any for ourselves; but the next line Elizabeth read struck a chill into my soul, and, as she went on, every word seemed like a barbed arrow aimed unswervingly at me.

"A propensity to extravagant partialities is a fault which frequently predominates in some warm, impetuous characters. These persons are distinguished by a precipitate selection of favorites in every society; by an overflow of marked attentions to the objects of their predilection, whose interests they espouse, whose very faults they attempt to justify, whose opinions they support, whether right or wrong, and whose cause they defend, often at the expense of good sense, charity, moderation, and even common justice. Woe to him who ventures to dissent from them. The friendship or affection of such characters does not deserve to be valued, for it results, not from discernment of merit, but from blind prejudice. Besides, they annoy those whom they think proper to rank among their favorites by expecting to engross their whole attention, and by resenting every mark of kindness they may think proper to show to others. However, as their affections are in general as short-lived as they are ardent, no one person is likely to be long tormented with the title of their friend."

I was conscious of two flaming cheeks as we walked for a moment in silence, and I glanced at Elizabeth out of the tail of my eye to see if she were summing up my case. It was n't true, it could n't be true that extravagant partialities (when they were my partialities) were short-lived. I was preparing to combat this part of the accusation when Elizabeth's cool voice dispelled my groundless fears.

"I think that's silly," she said. "Nobody is like that."

The suddenness of my relief made me laugh outright, and then,—Oh, baseness of the human heart! I sought to strengthen my own position by denouncing some one else. "Not Annie Churchill?" I asked.

Elizabeth considered. "No, not even Annie Churchill. What makes you think of her?"

It was an awkward question. How could I say that two nights before the retreat Annie had slipped into my alcove, — a reprehensible habit she had, — and, with an air of mystery, had informed me she was "trying to do something," — she did n't like to tell me what, because she thought that maybe I was trying to do it, too. Upon my intimating that I was trying to go to bed, and nothing else that I knew of, she had said quite solemnly, "I am trying to gain Elizabeth's affections." As it was impossible for me to adduce this piece of evidence (even an unsought confidence we held sacred), I observed somewhat lamely: "Oh, she does seem to get suddenly fond of people."

"Who's she fond of?" asked the unsuspecting — and ungrammatical — Elizabeth.

"Oh, do go on!" I urged, and even as I said it, the Benediction bell rang. A score of girls, serious, black-veiled young penitents, appeared, as if by magic, hastening to the chapel. We joined them silently, and filed into rank. Already my conscience was pricking. Had our "serious" conversation been either charitable or edifying? Was it for this that Madame Rayburn had sent us out to walk under the mulberry trees?

It pricked harder still — this sore little conscience — the next day, when Lilly came to me, looking downcast and miserable. "Madame Duncan said I might speak to you," she whispered, "because it was about something important. It is important, very. Father Santarius is sure to tell us we must put those straws back, and I've broken one of mine."

Straws! I stared at her aghast. Where were my straws? I did n't know. I hadn't the faintest idea. I had lost them both, as I lost everything else, except the empty head so firmly, yet so uselessly, fixed upon my shoulders. It was really wonderful that a little girl who had only three places in the world in which to put anything,—a desk, a washstand drawer, and a japanned dressing-case (our clothes were all kept for us with exquisite neatness in the vestry),—should not have known where her few possessions were; but I could have lost them all in any of these receptacles, and never have found one of them again. When a mad scramble through my desk had furnished incontestable proof that no straws were there, and Lilly had departed, somewhat comforted by my more desperate case, I sat gloomily facing the complicated problem before me. I must confess my sin, I would be called upon to make restitution, and I had nothing to restore. The more I thought about it, the more hopeless I grew, and the more confused became my sense of proportion. If I had stolen the Bambino himself—as a peasant woman, it is said, once stole the Baby of Ara-Cœli—I could not have felt guiltier.

"Agnes," said Madame Rayburn's voice, "you had better go to the chapel now, and prepare for confession."

She was looking down on me, and, as I rose to my feet, a light broke in upon my darkness. I knew where to turn for help.

"If you've taken a thing, and you have n't got it any more to give it back, what can you do?" I asked.

The suddenness with which my query was launched (I always hated round-about approaches) startled even this seasoned nun. "If you've taken a thing," she echoed. "Do you mean stolen?"

"Yes," I answered stolidly.

She looked astonished for a moment, and then the shadow of a smile passed over her face. "Is it something you have eaten?" she asked, "and that is why you cannot give it back?"

I laughed a little miserable laugh. It

was natural that this solution of the problem should have presented itself to Madame Rayburn's mind, albeit we were not in the fruit season. But then, it had once happened that a collation had been set for the Archbishop and some accompanying priests in the conference room, and that Elizabeth, Lilly, and I, spying through a half-open door the tempting array of sandwiches and cake, had descended like Harpies upon the feast. This discreditable incident lingered, it was plain, in Madame Rayburn's memory, and prompted her question.

"No, it was n't anything to eat," I said; and then, recognizing the clemency of her mood (she was not always clement), I revealed the sacrilegious nature of my spoliation. "And I've lost them, and can't put them back," I wound up sorrowfully.

Madame Rayburn looked grave. Whether it was because she was shocked, or because she was amused and wanted to conceal her amusement, I cannot say. "Did you do this by yourself?" she said; and then, seeing my face, added hastily: "No, I won't ask you that question. It is n't fair, and besides, I know you won't answer. But if there are any more straws in anybody's possession, I want you to bring them to me to-night. That's all. Now go to confession. Say you've told, and that it's all right."

I was dismissed. With a light heart I sped to the chapel. To see one's way clear through the intricacies of life, to be sure of one's next step, and of a few steps to follow,—at eleven, or at threescore and ten, this is beatitude.

It was Saturday morning when we emerged from retreat, a clear, warm Saturday in June. Mass was over, and we filed down in measureless content to the refectory. Because of our four days' silence, we were permitted to speak our blessed mother tongue at breakfast time. Therefore, instead of the dejected murmur which was the liveliest expression of our Gallic eloquence, there rose upon the startled air a clamorous uproar, a full,

deep, joyous torrent of sound. A hundred girls were talking fast and furiously to make up for lost time. We had hot rolls for breakfast, too, a luxury reserved for such special occasions; and we were all going to the woods in the afternoon, both First and Second Cours, — going for two long, lovely hours, which would give us time to reach the farthest limits of our territory. Elizabeth came and squeezed herself on the bench beside me, to propose a private search for the white violets that grew in the marshy ground beyond the lake. Tony shouted across two intervening benches that she did n't see why we could not secure the boat, and have a

row, — as if the Second Cours girls were at all likely to get possession of the boat when the First Cours girls were around. "We can, if we try," persisted Tony, in whom four days of peaceful meditation had bred the liveliest inclination for a brawl. As for me, I ate my roll, and looked out of the window at the charming vista stretching down to the woods; and my spirits mounted higher and higher with the rising tide of joy, with the glad return to the life of every day. Heaven, an assured hereafter, had receded comfortably into the dim future. Hell was banished from our apprehensions. But, oh, how beautiful was the world!

EXPERIENCES OF A PRISON CHAPLAIN

BY CLYDE ELBERT ORDWAY

THE study of the criminal, and of methods of punishing and reforming him, is one that has been occupying a steadily growing place in the thought of society. In no other branch of social science has there been more progress. The writer does not pose as an authority on the subject, or put forth the claim of being a special student of it, but as the chaplain of the state prison in one of our smaller states, for several years residing almost within a stone's throw of the prison, and being familiar with its workings and intimately acquainted with its officials, as well as closely associated with the superintendent of its manufacturing industry, he gained some impressions which may have interest for the average reader.

The first fact to be emphasized as a result of observation is the one that is just now rapidly coming to be recognized by society in general, — namely, that there is in reality no distinct criminal class, but that criminals are mixed in with others in every class. That is, there is no particular body of people that is differentiated

from the rest of the human family by reason of certain psychological and physiological characteristics, marked by certain hereditary traits, and possessed of special personalities, training, and environment, which can be gathered into a group by itself and correctly be designated as a criminal class. This used, until within very recent years, to be the popular notion, and was the basis of the treatment of the criminal. But modern social science, biology, and psychology, as well also as practical experience with the inmates of our penal institutions and the people of the slums, are disproving this old theory, notwithstanding Lombroso and his school.

In the prison in which I served there was during my term of office a college graduate, a man of previous high character and social standing, and of more than average literary and business ability; a revivalist; the son of a Baptist minister; and, I believe, a Methodist minister or exhorter; also, among the women, one or two not at all unlike or below the average woman of the common or working class. None of

these named had the peculiar face, temperament, origin, or willful wickedness supposed to belong to every criminal. Crime was not in any sense their profession, as it was of the veteran safe-cracker who was serving a long sentence at the time. In fact, the one hundred and fifty inmates of this prison were as heterogeneous a company as any body of people of equal number one could find at large in the world, so great a majority of them being so dissimilar in mental and physical characteristics, appearance, features, and origin, as to prevent any possible correct designation of them as a class by themselves. Taken all together, they were exactly like the people one meets every day in the varied walks of life in the different strata of society. At a safe estimate, two thirds of them were imprisoned for crimes committed while the person was intoxicated, or as a direct result of intemperance, and the victims were not a whit different, when sober, from thousands and thousands of others who constantly drink to excess, but do not happen to commit any open or flagrant crime while in their cups. Of the other third some were serving a sentence for crimes known by every well informed person to be constantly practiced by both men and women in both high and low society, the only difference being that the few in prison were unskillful or unfortunate, and were discovered, while those outside were not. Others were there for crimes very common in society, but not common to any particular type or class of people. A few were professional criminals, making burglary, swindling, and the like, their vocation. Still others were the intellectually and morally weak who had become the victims of their laziness, weakness, passions, or low aims and desires, and the creatures of untoward circumstances.

It is true there are peculiar specimens of humanity in prisons, — cranks, freaks, degenerates, and hardened and vicious characters, — but so are there all these outside the prisons, mixed in with the other people of the world in the different

grades of society. The deliberate, professional criminal, with peculiar and pronounced characteristics, and forming a different type of man and woman, is too infrequent to constitute a definite class, unless he, with many others not in prison, be considered as a member of a diseased class in humanity. Those who do not agree with this impression, and persist in believing that there is a distinct, typical, criminal class must, if they study society, and also become familiar with the inmates of our penal institutions, admit that only a small portion of the class is confined in those institutions.

This fact, that the average convict is not distinctly different from other people in manners and appearance, when dressed like his fellows and mingling with them in the common life, is shown by the many instances in which I failed to recognize discharged prisoners whom I afterward met on the street or at the railroad station, or who came to see me for a talk or for help before leaving the town. They were men whom I had spoken to Sunday after Sunday in the chapel, and seen time and time again at their benches in the shops, yet when I met them in citizen's dress I did not know them, saw nothing about them different from the hundreds of people I met daily in the various walks of life; and the thought never entered my mind that they were or had ever been criminals until they made themselves known to me. In no instance was there a hall-mark on them to separate them into a class.

Strange as it may seem to most people, I found the prisoners on every occasion most interested and attentive listeners. Nor have I ever found a company of people in any church under any preacher who listened more attentively, more eagerly, throughout the speaker's sermon or address, than did the congregation of prisoners to whom I spoke every Sunday morning in the plain, bare chapel. The same was true of them also in regard to the music and other parts of the service. And it was not that they were under guard and compelled under pain of discipline

to observe the utmost quiet and order. Nearly every one of them was really interested, — was thoughtful and questioning in his mental attitude, — if the speaker gave them anything with sense and thought in it. However stale or indifferent to my word I might sometimes feel my regular church congregation on Sunday morning, I was always sure of real interest in my utterances when I faced the convicts in their unsightly garb at the chapel service. They were alert and keen, and often showed by their expression, or by a straight look at the speaker, that they approved of his words, or wanted to argue them. And when it came to the question of really touching the heart and influencing it for good, or of stirring the sluggish mind to better thoughts and actually helping a person in his deeper life, I am confident I never did it to such a degree with any other people as with these convicts, and confident also that no minister can do it with his church people as he can with these people, if he be a minister of the right sort.

One cause of the deeper and keener interest of these criminals in the religious service and the preacher's words was doubtless the fact that they had so little of these things, indeed, so little variety of any kind, in their lives. Many of these men had never attended church until they got into prison; but this newness would certainly wear off in a year or two, whereas the interest of these men seemed always manifested. On the other hand, there were a goodly number of Catholics who had always been familiar with religious services. The key to the matter is found in the fact that they were persons who were not and never had been overfed with all kinds of religious and mental food. They were not surfeited with ethical teachings, religious knowledge, music, public speaking, and all that is called culture, an article which some of the most indifferent Christians and church-goers pride themselves on possessing. The reason why the personal word and association of the chaplain impressed these peo-

ple more strongly than the ordinary minister's work does his regular congregation was because their need was greater, their lives had been harder, and the earnestness of a minister and man really interested in their welfare appealed to them more strongly and brought forth greater response. The poverty of their present life, and their need of deeper and higher things, were powerful levers for the chaplain. Work among them was always interesting, sometimes inspiring, and often fruitful of definite, helpful results.

But having said this much, which seems rather flattering to the convicts, I must add that the preaching I gave them was not of the conventional kind, either in matter or method. That would hardly have made so favorable a showing with them, though even then I venture the belief that they would not have been much, if any, behind the average church congregation in attention and interest.

In associating with these men and women, and speaking to them, I always appeared and spoke as I felt, an interested, sympathetic, natural, real, human fellow man. I believe they felt I was a real man, and in earnest with them. I always spoke in a simple, direct, and conversational way, and on the practical themes of life. I did not deal with theology or the higher criticism, though I always interpreted the scripture lessons and texts according to the best knowledge at my command. I did not tell them how sinful they were, but how good. I made my appeal straight for the good life, and tried to show how religion, the faith, ideals, and good sense of Christianity, helped men and women to live that life. In a straightforward fashion I showed them the advantages of an honest, industrious, high-aimed life over the kind they had lived. I told them they were not so much *wicked* as *weak*, and urged upon them the strength to overcome the low and mean and criminal impulses and temptations which beset them. I strove to make them feel that we were brothers in the great family of man and of God, and told them they had but fallen

clear down on the path of life along which we had all stumbled. I aimed to appeal to their manhood (and they all had some), not to their fear or credulity or highly wrought up emotions. I reasoned with them more than I dogmatized, pleaded more than I condemned. I illustrated all my points as far as I could with incidents and arguments from actual life, using as much humor as I could command, and pervading it all with an earnestness that, though simple and quiet, was always real. I never allowed myself to indulge in mawkish sentiment or emotion, or to harrow up their feelings by pathetic and remorseful pictures, either of the past or present of their lives. I did not torture or antagonize them by referring to aged, sorrowing, and broken-hearted parents, blighted homes, and blasted hopes; to ruined lives and early graves as a result of their weak and sinful careers. They got enough of that from their own consciences in the silence and solitude of their cells; but I held before them always the worth and beauty of the strong and good life and the inevitable penalty of debasement and wrong-doing. Neither did I ever speak on any subject in a way to produce excitement in them and leave them with highly wrought up thoughts and feelings. Instead, I quietly appealed to their reason, then to their conscience, and then to their heart, — their better selves.

A few instances will illustrate in part the effect of some of the preaching and teaching provided by the prisons for the convicts. One day I was met on the street by a well dressed and rather fine-looking man of about thirty, who spoke to me, and held out his hand for the usual handshake of acquaintances. I returned the greeting, but stared at him a little blankly, for I did not recognize him. He smiled, and remarked, "I see you do not know me, but I am one of the inmates of the State House up there," pointing up the street to the prison. "My sentence expired this morning, and I leave town on the noon train. I have been to the stores buying some clothes, and

have been trying to find you. I wanted to have a talk with you before I went away, and tell you how much good your preaching at the prison has done me. It will be a help to me as I make a new start in life, now that I am free again. I also wanted to tell you how much the rest of the men in there like your sermons, or rather your personal, practical talks, and are being influenced for good by them. I have been a teacher in the evening classes there of late, and the men often speak of you and say they like what you say and that it will help them to do better the rest of their lives. I wanted, too, to tell you about my case, and how I came to be serving a sentence in the prison, and have a good talk with you about my future plans, and your work with the men up there. You have helped me, and I thought it would be a pleasure to you to know it, and to know how much the other convicts think of you." He then took a cigar case from his pocket and handed me a cigar, asking if I ever smoked. Receiving an affirmative answer, he said, "I wanted you to smoke this with me while we talked, but it is now so near my train time that I cannot stop. Take it and smoke it sometime when you are alone, and remember me. It is one of a package sent me by a friend at Christmas [it was now June], and I have saved these two or three to smoke with you and another friend or two when I got out." We talked pleasantly for a few moments on the village street about the prisoners, prison life, the chaplain's work, and that of education in the institution, and of his own case and future plans and hopes, and then he shook hands with me warmly, and we parted. I have never seen or heard from him directly since, but I believe he had enough manhood and strength of character left in him to keep his word and live a reputable life after this experience and the new ideals and conception of life he had gained. He was not a criminal by nature or intention. His case was a peculiarly unfortunate, almost pathetic one, and is explained by the word intemperance.

The following instance will illustrate how a different type of man was affected in another way by the religious services and the words and work of the chaplain. It occurred with my predecessor just previous to my taking up the work. A convict who had served his time and been discharged called at the chaplain's study the morning of his release for a personal and parting talk, and offered this evidence of his interest in the chaplain's preaching. It was the custom of this minister not to announce the chapter and verses of his scripture readings at the chapel service, but simply to give the book, chapter, and verse of his text, which might or might not be in the passage read as a lesson. The ex-prisoner presented, carefully written out, a complete and correct list of the texts used and of the scripture readings, stating book, chapter, and verses, which were given for a period of two years in the preaching services. The location of the texts he could easily remember, and set down upon reaching his cell, but the passages of scripture read during this whole period he had had to find with no other clue than his memory of certain words and phrases that occurred in them. This he had done, and without the aid of a concordance, even, and the list was correct. The amount of time and patience it took to accomplish this,—find the book, chapter, and verses of a hundred or more Bible readings with nothing but a verbal memory of certain words and sentences to guide one,—can hardly be estimated by one who has not attempted the task. If his religious improvement was equal to his manifested interest, he was certainly greatly helped by the chaplain's service.

The following incident is suggestive as showing the attitude of some of the convicts toward the chaplain, and their ingenious attempts to win his sympathy and assistance in their particular cases. On one occasion I received the following letter from one of the veterans in the violation of law. It is copied exactly, excepting that names and place and the prison stationery heading and rules are omitted:

"Reverant Mr. O—

Luther M—, *alias*, etc., etc.

W— Vt., Feb. — 189—

Dear sir; you probably never heard of me, but i am part unitarian and part dutch, and if you can spare the time some time, to call here, i would like to talk with you very much. Fact is, i need a friend just now, and i think you can aid me materially, without much inconvenience, or any injury to your self, otherwise be sure i would never apply to you. For i know a real man, and have as much respect for a real man, as the next one.

Respectfully yours,

M—, etc."

The interesting part of this letter is the writer's statement that he is part Unitarian and part Dutch, made with a view of strengthening his appeal to my sympathy by trying to establish a kinship with me. He had heard somehow in the prison that I was a Unitarian minister, not knowing that Unitarian was the name of a religious denomination and not of a nationality. I went and saw the poor man, who had begun to break down in mind and body, and had a long talk with him, but the things he wished me to do for him were impracticable and entirely useless. So I could only reason with him as tactfully as possible, and give him what little hope or encouragement I could discreetly offer.

The way the very rudimentary education which was attempted in the prison appealed to some of the men is shown by this remark of one of them, a man past fifty, who was struggling desperately to learn to read and write. He said to his teacher, a fellow prisoner, after a particularly hard struggle with a lesson one evening, "If I learn to read and write while I am in here, I shall be glad I got in." And he had two or more years to serve.

As a rule, the convicts were not sullen over their fate as prisoners, or rebellious at the attempts made by the prison officials to help them. The following instance is an exception. One Easter the women of my church conceived the idea of pur-

chasing small bouquets and tying to each a card with a verse of scripture written thereon, and giving one to each of the prisoners at their Easter morning service. Two young girls were stationed either side of the chapel door with the flowers, and were to hand each convict a bouquet as he crossed the threshold and broke the lock-step with which he is compelled to march until inside the building. I watched the proceeding from the low platform of the pulpit, and it was a striking, almost a touching scene; those two fair and innocent maidens in all the grace and purity of youth handing a bunch of fresh and beautiful flowers to those coarsely garbed and hardened men as they filed silently through the door and to their seats. As I looked, I noticed that one man, rather young and of good appearance, sullenly ignored the whole matter, and refused to take from the little maid the simple token of beauty and of others' thoughtfulness which she tried to hand him. His act impressed me deeply, and I felt there was little hope of any appeal touching a person whose heart was so hardened and rebellious against society, and all attempts to brighten and uplift his life. I looked up his case later, and found that he was not a vicious or hardened criminal; that his offense was not a bad one or his sentence a long one; but that he felt the injustice of society, and hated the laws and people and circumstances that placed him where he was; and that he stolidly refused to accept any expression of sympathy or kindness from the people whom he considered to be against him.

A study of the religious side of these men's lives I found to be interesting. A little more than half classed themselves as Protestants, a little less than half as Catholics, and about one sixth claimed no religion at all. It must be said that those who professed no religion of any kind were not only no worse than those who did, but in some cases much better prisoners. The warden once told me that in his long experience the worst cases he had to handle were the men who made

profuse profession of religion. Said he, "When you find one of them who sings hymns and prays a good deal and professes to be very pious, look out for him; he'll make trouble." And in a measure I found this to be true, as it also was that the one who talked the most about himself, boasted of his courage, and threatened suicide if he could only get a weapon, was the weakest and most cowardly. That kind you never found trying to escape or attempting to take his own life. But the silent, non-communicative man you might find gone some morning, or dead in his cell by his own hand. The warden had a quick and effective way of silencing those who cursed their fate, and boasted they would take their own life if only they could get something with which to do it, usually a pistol. To such he always said, when he heard them talking, "Come with me to the office, and I will give you a revolver or a knife for the purpose, if you really want to do it." That always ended their bravado, and none ever accepted the invitation. As a rule there was very little of this, however, or of exaggerated religious profession, and I found but little difference in the character and attitude and conduct of the men, whatever religion they professed, or whether they professed none at all.

While on this point, I may as well state, what was a surprising and puzzling fact to me at first, that I found the women convicts on the whole much more unsatisfactory to deal with than the men. They seemed much less interested and responsive to religious things and to all high appeals, being either less intelligent or more hardened and depraved. Their indifference to religious services and to my talks to them may have been owing partly to the fact that the service for them was held on a week day instead of Sunday, and in the parlor of their quarters instead of in the chapel (they were not allowed to attend the Sunday service with the men, and they were too few to have a separate service in the chapel), and was thus very plain and informal, partaking not at all

of the dignity and churchly nature of the usual religious service. But in any case they seemed to me more hopeless of improvement than the men. The case of one of the women will illustrate this fact, or at least show the grounds for my impression. She was tried for murdering her husband, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. During the course of the trial, the pronouncing of the sentence, and the transfer to the prison, she manifested not the slightest concern, giving no sign of fear, sorrow, or remorse. She journeyed to the prison bedecked in ribbons and loud colors, and carried her head high and defiantly. But when, in the prison chambers, she was being divested of her tawdry ornaments and glass jewelry, she broke down and wept bitterly, and pleaded like a broken-hearted child to be allowed to retain this trash.

The funerals in the prison were naturally most sad and depressing and hard to conduct. They were for men of whose life little indeed could be said, those who died there being, of course, as a rule, the more hopeless cases, since almost all but the very long or life-term convicts lived to leave the prison. I did not have to officiate at an execution during my service. Several inmates were under sentence of death, and the date of execution for a man and woman jointly convicted of murder occurred while I was in office, but just a month before the day their sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life by the governor, and I thus was spared the hardest, most trying duty, and the necessity of witnessing the most painful and barbarous scene of prison experience.

I found one particular in which the men in prison differed radically from mankind at large,—they would always rather work than loaf. Without exception they dreaded the holidays when the outside shops closed and their own was compelled to do the same. The punishment for any slight misdemeanor which they dreaded the worst was that of keeping them from work when they were feeling well. And in the majority of cases the

men were intelligent and fairly careful workmen, learning to operate their machines and use their tools readily.

The discipline and customs of prison life I always found provocative of thought. Particularly impressive to me was the scene of the convicts in their coarse suits of red and black marching in long files, silently, and with the lock-step, to and from the chapel on Sunday mornings, and the shop on week days. There was almost never a Sunday service or a mid-day meal when there were not one or more visitors. To watch the men file across the prison yard into the chapel, or past the slide in the kitchen wall where they all took their dinners on tin plates, and passed into their cells to eat their silent and solitary meal, while officers in the yard and guards with rifles on the walls kept close watch,—this scene invariably deeply impressed the spectators, and sent them away with serious thoughts on the great problems of civilization.

The phase of prison life against which I protested was the way the men are dressed when confined there. To take a man who has committed crime and whom society desires to see *reformed* as well as *punished*, and to brand him as an outcast and object of fear or contempt by clothing him in an ugly and fantastic garb and cropping his hair, and then to provide a minister to preach religion to him, by talking of the beauty and blessing of human brotherhood, love, and kindness, and of equality before God, always impressed me as pathetically incongruous, a travesty upon Christianity, and a mockery of humanitarianism. The doing away with this custom is, I believe, one of the first steps to be taken in making the religious and reform work in penal institutions effective. It is not in accordance with natural methods for a man to grow rapidly better in character and truer to society while he is thus marked as an object of dread and contempt, and his wrong-doing and degraded position are so coarsely and constantly emphasized.

A word should be said, in passing, on

the subject of a maudlin sort of sentiment for prisoners which is sometimes manifested by the public, particularly by a certain class of women. This sort of thing is more harmful than otherwise in the work of controlling and reforming them. Convicts are not sentimentalists or fools, in the vast majority of cases, far from it. They are cold, hardened, shrewd men, thoroughly acquainted with human nature and the ways of the rougher world, and they quickly see through the weakness of oversympathetic and emotional persons, and are likely to take advantage of it.

These men know their guilt and what they deserve better than any one else, and do not, as a rule, cry baby or pretend innocence. The way to appeal to them and help them is not by pity, sentimentalism, or effeminate gush, but by virile manhood, a rugged sense of justice, and the calm, strong reasonableness of a better character and truer life. And the first step toward the end to be accomplished by this method is for the would-be helper of the criminal to become thoroughly acquainted, if possible, intimate, with him. For it is, after all, the contact of personality, and the personal, humane touch, that accomplish the most and the best with the vicious and unfortunate of mankind. But just as there should be zeal with wisdom in every good work of life, so there should be sympathy with discretion, sentiment with sense, in dealing with criminals. I was told of one chaplain in the history of the prison where I served whose sympathy for the convicts became so strong, and at the same time so foolish, that he went so far as to plan with some of them for their escape, and had to be dismissed from his office as unfit.

Of course I could not have this contact with convicts and prison life without being led to think deeply over the causes for it all. My feeling is (and I am only giving impressions, not dogmatizing) that they lie largely and fundamentally in the economic and industrial conditions of society, conditions which make the production and distribution of wealth

so unequal, often unjust; and which as a result create extreme riches and dire poverty, produce artificial social classes and array them against one another; which cause hard times and take away the opportunity from large numbers for remunerative employment for long periods; which make the poor man who steals a loaf of bread to be called a thief and punished, while the rich man who steals half a million from the public is called a financier and let alone; conditions that thus fill certain persons with a sense of injustice, make them reckless or dissipated, and then lead them to crime. Closely connected with this lies the second basic cause, which is a lack of proper education and training in early life. The truth of this is evidenced by the change in some of the prisoners after they have learned a trade or mastered a machine, and had the benefit of even the meagre education, religious and secular, which the prison gives them. Of course intemperance, passion, lust, and perverted natures are fruitful immediate causes, but they are only immediate. These others lie at the bottom, working both directly and indirectly to produce criminals.

The great trouble with these men is that their souls as well as their bodies are in prison. Their minds persistently dwell on the lower levels of life. The first great step toward the prevention of crime (since the economic conditions of society cannot be changed except by slow and long methods), and the first great duty of the state, is to provide for all its children early in life compulsory mental and manual education and training. The record of Tuskegee Institute under the wisdom of Booker Washington is an example to every state in this particular. Very few, if any, of its graduates have ever been found in jail or in prison, intemperate or poverty stricken. And what they received at the hands of the institution was a little of the education that fits one for life, makes one intellectually and industrially competent in the economic struggle of civilization. Some such training as this, provided by

the state for all who do not get it in other ways, would go to one of the roots of criminality.

But having already a body of criminals on its hands, with which it is trying to deal in a humane and reformative way, a second great duty devolves upon the state. This duty is, I feel, to maintain industries which will provide work, a fairly comfortable home, respectable associates, and a thoroughly democratic treatment for the convict who has served a sentence and come out of prison, and who wants to do better, and will try to, if only he can get decent employment and wages and be treated like other human beings. Here is the weakest point in our whole penal system. When a man comes out of prison now, no matter how good his intentions are and how hard he tries to live right and to get on, the world is against him. Unless he has influential friends or some unusual thing in his favor, it is well-nigh impossible for him to find reputable employment and maintain the better life he desires to lead. He is branded as a criminal, and the world distrusts him. In many cases it forces him down and out, and sends him back to the old life. It does not answer this point to say he can go where he is not known and begin all over again. Most men do not have money enough to go very far when they come out of prison, and if they did, it is next to impossible in these days for a man to obtain employment without furnishing references or giving some account of his past career. I have tried this as a clergyman in disguise, and know whereof I speak. Of course this plan will not save all those who are discharged from prison from going back to dissipation and crime. Some of them, perhaps, nothing will ever permanently redeem. But I am confident that the first state, or the first individual, that establishes an industrial centre where discharged convicts can always be employed

at a variety of occupations on something like an equal footing with the rest of their fellow men, socially and economically, and can stay as long as they behave properly, and desire to stay, will render a great service to humanity. Such an enterprise would do more than anything to reduce the number who go back to the old way after once serving a sentence in prison, and who thus swell the list of that worst of all classes of men and women, the chronic criminal and habitual time-server.

It is my impression that the work of the right kind of chaplain, together with that of the lay officials of our prisons, is most interesting and fruitful of good for society. The convicts are not the terrible creatures public imagination often pictures them, but are instead exceedingly human, especially on the better side of their nature. They are responsive to strong and manly personality, to the efforts and appeal of the sensible, earnest clergyman who ministers to them, and the officers and others who come in contact with them. The best preaching, even of the right kind of a chaplain, will not, probably, make church-goers of many of them after they leave the prison, but it will make better men of some of them. As I went among the prisoners, preached to them, and became familiar with them all, I grew to have a deep interest, and almost an affection, for them as a whole. As it is said that there is only a very faint psychological line which separates the sane man from the insane, so there is a very slight difference between convicts and many who are not. A very small circumstance or a slight turn of fate will often determine which is which. I am convinced that the work that is being done by the students of criminology, and by the officials in our prisons to-day, is among the most important of the time, and that the advance made in this particular is one of the things that marks most surely our progress in civilization.

THREE SONNETS

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

NEW YORK IN SUNSET

THE island city of dominion stands
Crowned with all turrets, o'er the waters' crest,
Throned, like the bright Cybele of the West,
And hailed with cymbals in a million hands
Around her: yet serenely she commands
The inland vision and the ocean quest,
The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands.

She sees the fields of harvest sown for her,
She sees the fortress set beside her gate,
Her hosts, her ships, she sees thro' storm and fire;
And hers all gifts of gold and spice and myrrh,
And hers all hopes, all hills and shores of fate,
And hers the fame of Babylon and Tyre.

WITH THE AGE

FOR good or ill, I master thy desire,
O Age and Country, making thy life mine;
I fell the forest and I lay the line,
I guide the cranes that swing the steel from fire
And flaring blast; I ride the inland flyer
Thro' the sown fields; in earth's vast rain and shine
I coast the sea with many a bold design,
And visit cities, climbing tower and spire,

And look abroad and say, "How strong ye are!
How ominous and wide! What new-born will
Is housed among ye, Cities near and far
By coast and river and the changeless hill!
How large your dreams, when 'neath the polar star,
The winter night lies round ye, cold and still."

FOR A DRUDGER

THOU shalt win victory from this dull routine
And crown thy head with laurel when 'tis won:
This sure restraint thy youth was fain to shun
Will put new manhood in thy step and mien,

And in thy words, that something strong and keen
Which comes of life when life has bravely done—
Nor wilt thou all forget the mountain sun,
Nor the wild Alps with winds and snows between.

Thou shalt win life: for thou shalt learn with awe
How life is passion, but passion self-controlled,
That flames, even as the stars, by ancient law,—
Even as the stars that flame o'er field and fold,
Beyond earth's nether coasts of gust and flaw,
Bright, beautiful, unalterable, and old.

ABOUT LAURENCE STERNE

BY WILBUR L. CROSS

ABOUT the Reverend and ingenious Laurence Sterne, as the reviewers were wont to call him, there was nothing at hand a half-century ago beyond vague traditions, and an ill-arranged collection of letters with the brief memoir. Thackeray may have divined the true character of the great humorist; but he was mistaken in the crucial facts from which he professed to infer that character. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has since collected many interesting and authentic details concerning Sterne; and within a decade or so much fresh information has found its way into print, or drifted in manuscript to the British Museum. Wherefore Sterne may now be followed in his career more closely than Richardson or Fielding, or any other novelist contemporary with them.

And it is the most extraordinary career of them all. Sterne is among those men who awake, as the phrase runs, to find themselves famous. When the first installment of *Tristram Shandy* made its appearance, Sterne was an obscure country parson, already in middle life, and long since broken in health. He was then living at Sutton-in-the-Forest, a small parish some eight miles from York, where he was vicar. Of the nearby Stillington—two miles distant through the fields—he

was also curate; and two prebendal stalls had been given him in the minster at York. Sterne began *Tristram Shandy* mainly to amuse himself and a few friends who met on winter evenings at the house of Stephen Croft, the squire of Stillington. After hesitancy and delay, "a lean edition" was printed by a local bookseller, and a bundle of copies was sent to Dodsley, the London publisher, "merely to feel the pulse of the world." Two months thereafter—it was early in March, 1760—Sterne and Croft followed the book up to London; and the Yorkshire parson at once met his fame. Within a fortnight he wrote back to York: "From Morning to night my Lodgings, which by the by, are the genteest in Town, are full of the greatest Company. I dined these 2 days with 2 ladies of the Bedchamber; then with Lord Rockingham, Lord Edgecomb, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Littleton a Bishop, &c., &c." The bishop in this company was Warburton, just consecrated at Gloucester. He sent for Sterne, and gave him a purse of guineas and some books for the improvement of his style. Sterne kept the guineas, but treated the literary advice with the contempt it deserved. Garrick, one of the first to read *Tristram Shandy* and recommend it,

sought Sterne out and presented him with the freedom of Drury Lane. Dodsley hurried a new edition of the fashionable book through the press within three weeks. Hogarth drew the frontispiece, and Pitt accepted the dedication. Six weeks later came the *Sermons of Mr. Yorick*, with "the largest and most splendid list" of subscribers that "ever pranced before a book." Feeling himself "the richest man in Europe," this country parson, who had been "franked" up to London by Stephen Croft, now set up a carriage and drove "down into Yorkshire in superior style."

It was much like this, except for minor details, on the subsequent visits to London for the season. At another time it was Lord Spencer, instead of the Bishop of Gloucester, who presented the guineas. Instead of Rockingham or Lyttleton, it might be Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope and Swift and Addison, who introduced himself with "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne." The aged patron of letters — then above eighty — went on to say that he had long ago closed his accounts in despair of finding again equals of the men he once knew, but that he was now ready to open the books once more before he died. "Go home, Mr. Sterne, and dine with me." In a race with death, Sterne fled across the Channel for southern France, but he had difficulty in passing beyond Paris. Dinners awaited him there "a fortnight deep." On returning a call from the Comte de Bissy, he found him trying to read *Tristram Shandy* in the original. Choiseul, then prime minister, struck by Yorick's lean and lank figure, — "a scarecrow with bright eyes," — asked for an introduction; and the Duke of Orleans ordered his portrait to be painted at full length, that it might hang in his gallery of eccentrics. Hume, who had come to Paris as secretary to the English embassy, brought him into the coterie of philosophers, among whom were Diderot and Holbach; and before leaving Paris finally, Yorick preached for them and the world of fashion in the hall

of ambassadors. It was an odd sermon on the mistake made by Hezekiah in exposing the treasures of his palace to the messengers from the King of Babylon. A farewell dinner followed, at which the philosophers waxed merry over the parson's description of "the astronomical miracle" that was performed in honor of Hezekiah.

And so it went on, at home and abroad, until Sterne came to London for the last time. On that last evening a company of Sterne's friends were dining not far from his lodgings in Old Bond Street. There were present the Dukes of Roxbury and Grafton, the Earls of March and Ossory, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and others distinguished for rank or achievements. "Go," said the host to a footman, "and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day." "I went into the room," said the footman on returning, "and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, 'Now it is come!' He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute." When the news of Sterne's death reached Germany, where the younger writers were losing their heads over him, Lessing said: "I would gladly have given Yorick ten years of my own life, could I thereby have prolonged his career for a single year."

Men partial to Sterne have long wished to know something about him in the less strenuous days before the period of "dinners a fortnight deep." How did Yorick conduct himself in his northern parishes? And what was thought of him there? Isaac D'Israeli, so curious in out-of-the-way learning, once hinted that there existed a body of Yorkshire anecdotes relative to that early time; and it now proves to be so. They are contained in a long letter and part of another written in 1795 by John Croft to Caleb Whitefoord, the wit and diplomatist, remembered, perhaps, here in America as an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin. This John Croft who wrote the letters was younger brother to the Stephen Croft already mentioned. He grew up under

Sterne at Stillington, and saw a good deal of him in later times. What he says of Sterne may not be all true, but it is most interesting.

"I generally act from the first impulse" or "according as the fly stings," said Sterne, describing himself in the character of Parson Yorick. His parishioners observed the same volatile temperament, but they expressed themselves less playfully. "They generally considered him," says Croft, "as crazy, or crack-brained. He was not steady to his Pastimes, or Recreations. At one time he wou'd take up the Gun and follow shooting till he became a good shott, then he wou'd take up the Pencil and paint Pictures. . . . Once it is said that as he was going over the Fields on a Sunday to preach at Stillington it happened that his Pointer Dog sprung a Covey of Partridges, when he went directly home for his Gun and left his Flock that was waiting for him in the Church, in the lurch."

After Sterne had won his fame, he was in much demand as a preacher on unusual occasions. He then carried into the pulpit the wit, humor, and pathos of *Tristram Shandy*. In those days he seemed, said Gray, who read him exactly, "tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." But on the average Sterne was, according to Croft, a rather poor preacher. "When it was Sterne's turn," says the antiquary, "to preach at the Minster half of the Congregation usually went out of the Church as soon as he mounted the Pulpit, as his Delivery and Voice were so very disagreeable." This one may well believe, for his voice was weak and broken from asthma and consumption.

Of Mrs. Sterne, who figures so humorously and sentimentally in the printed correspondence, it is said: "Tho' she was but a homely woman, still she had many Admirers, as she was reported to have a Fortune, and she possessed a first rate understanding. He [Laurie] had paid his addresses to her during the space of two years, when she as constantly refused him,

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till at length she asked him the question herself and they went off directly from the Rooms [the assembly rooms at York] and were married. Afterwards they did not live on the best terms and harmony together. . . . They kept a Dairy Farm at Sutton, had seven milch cows, but they allways sold their Butter cheaper than their Neighbours, as they had not the least idea of oeconomy, [so] that they were allways behindhand and in arrears with Fortune." Mrs. Sterne, it is recorded further, "went out of her senses, when she fancied herself the Queen of Bohemia. He treated her as such, with all the supposed respect due to a crowned head."

It was while Mrs. Sterne imagined herself the Queen of Bohemia that her husband began *Tristram Shandy*. Neither his friends nor the publishers thought well of it at first. "When he read some of the loose sheets . . . to a select company assembled at Mr. Croft's for that purpose after dinner, they fell asleep, at which Sterne was so nettled that he threw the Manuscript into the fire, and had not luckily Mr. Croft rescued the scorched papers from the flames, the work wou'd have been consigned to oblivion. . . . And when he produced the Copy, to severall Gentlemen of York, they considered it merely as a laughable book, and when that he offered it to the Booksellers, they wou'd not have anything to say to it, nor wou'd they offer any price for it. The same happened when he offered it to Dodsley in London . . . and so it hung on his hands, till after some time a Mr. Lee, a Gentleman of York and a Bachelor of a liberal turn of mind, lent him One hundred pounds towards the Printing the Work."

But once in print *Tristram Shandy* "made a great noise, and had a prodigious run." "The next morning [after reaching London] Sterne was missing at breakfast. He went to Dodsley's, where, on inquiry for *Tristram Shandy*'s works, his Vanity was highly flattered, when the Shopman told him, that there was not such a Book to be had in London either

for Love or money. . . . He frequently had cards of Invitation from the Nobility and People of the first Fashion, for a month to come, that it almost amounted to a Parliamentary Interest to have his company at any rate, all which was more than his feeble Frame cou'd bear . . . Sterne's Popularity at one time arose to that pitch, that on a Wager laid in London that a Letter addressed to Tristram Shandy in Europe shou'd reach him, when luckily the Letter came down into Yorkshire and the Post Boy meeting Sterne on the road to Sutton pulled off his hatt and gave it him."

Of greater moment to literature than these anecdotes of a York antiquary are certain manuscripts in Sterne's own hand that have recently come to light. In the printed correspondence of Sterne, covering the summer while he was at work on the *Sentimental Journey*, there is frequent mention of a *Journal* that he was then keeping for Eliza,—Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, a young woman out of India, with whom Sterne had become fascinated. This remarkable document, long supposed to have gone astray, has had a curious history through the silent years. It was discovered by a Mr. Gibbs of Bath among waste books and papers that came to him from his father, a small local collector. Thackeray was permitted to see the manuscript when he was preparing the lectures on the *English Humourists*, and he afterwards related an incident from it in *A Roundabout Journey*. But for some unknown reason the *Journal* was not mentioned in the lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith; and the passage in the *Roundabout* was suppressed when the essay went into the collected edition. Mr. Gibbs showed the *Journal* to others besides Thackeray; and in 1878 he read an account of this and other Sterne manuscripts before a literary society at Bath. On his death in 1894, these manuscripts passed under his will to the British Museum.

The *Journal to Eliza* (it may be so called from its resemblance to Swift's

Journal to Stella) depicts in minute detail the emotional state which gave impulse to the *Sentimental Journey*. There are, indeed, indications that Sterne intended to print it at some time as a supplement to that exquisite study in sensation. Crude it is as Sterne left it, but it is precisely the crudeness one must expect when the emotions are recorded just as they arise, without waiting for the imagination to select and recombine them into the beauty of art and form. In places the *Journal* is also, it must be admitted, grossly human; but of that it is unnecessary to speak now. Sterne first met Mrs. Draper in London society early in January, 1767. Three months later she sailed for India, and Sterne shut himself up in his London lodgings, where he lay ill of fever for weeks,—“the room allways full of friendly Visitors” and “the rapper eternally going with Cards and enquiries.” Though near death at one time, Sterne's sense of humor never deserted him. Indeed, the account he gave of his illness in the *Journal* is, in his own opinion, as ludicrous as anything in *Tristram Shandy*. Yorick, it is duly related with all circumstance, took cold from an overdose of Dr. James's Powder, the nostrum that was destined to kill Goldsmith; eminent members of the faculty were summoned, and then dismissed after their diagnosis, only to be summoned again to take twelve ounces of blood from the patient, and to prescribe Van Sweeten's corrosive mercury; the patient finally cured himself with a French tincture, to the surprise of the wise physicians, who felt Yorick's pulse, stroked their beards, and smiled. “I am going”—wrote Sterne on an evening; and corrected himself the next morning with “Am a little better—so shall not depart as I apprehended.” All this part of the *Journal* amused Thackeray greatly, who wrote of it to Mr. Gibbs.

Returning to his northern parish in the summer to write the sentimental travels for the next season, Sterne still kept up the record of his daily sensations. More and more he now let his fancy play

sentimentally about the incidents in the friendship with Eliza. "Your Figure," he records one day, "is ever before my eyes — the sound of your voice vibrates with its sweetest tones the live long day in my ear." He sits down to the *Sentimental Journey*, and Eliza enters the library, takes a seat opposite to him, and "softens and modulates" his feelings for a sentimental portrait, — the grisette he met in a Parisian glove-shop, it may be, or the beautiful Fleming of the remise door. A little apartment is fitted up daintily in the "thatched palace," and called Eliza's room, which Yorick enters ten times every day to render his devotions in "the sweetest of earthly Tabernacles." And in "a retired corner" of the house-garden is built in her honor a pavilion, where he sits of an afternoon in reverie, — another Adam in fancy waiting for that day's sleep which is to bring another Eve.

As an aid to realizing the idea of Eliza, there is always by him a miniature that was painted before their separation. It is placed on his desk every morning, as he resumes the *Sentimental Journey*. He visits his friend Hall-Stevenson over at Crazy Castle, and at dinner the portrait is passed round the table while noisy Yorkshire squires drink to the health of the original. Or he takes a wheel into York with the portrait as his companion; it is shown to the Archbishop, — his Grace, his lady, and sister, — who listen to the story of the friendship that existed between Yorick and Eliza. And finally, in allusion to the *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne writes eloquently: "I have brought your name, Eliza! and Picture into my work — where they will remain — when you and I are at rest for ever."

The Eliza whom Sterne would place among the immortals, along with Swift's Stella and Waller's Saccharissa, was from all accounts a woman of great beauty. "Your eyes," wrote her admirer, "and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) . . . are equal to any of God's works in a similar

way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels." The oval face and brilliant eyes were also destined to startle out of propriety another ecclesiastic. The Abbé Raynal, the historian of the Indies, who made the acquaintance of Mrs. Draper after Sterne's death, stopped short in his work to indulge in mad eulogy. "Every instant," he said, "increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting . . . there was no one she did not eclipse because she was the only one like herself." And James Forbes of the *Oriental Memoirs*, — a cool head, — who saw much of Mrs. Draper at Bombay, thought that Anjengo would ever be remembered as the birthplace of this woman of "refined tastes and elegant accomplishments."

Among these accomplishments was, according to her friends, a spirited and original style. Men of genius, we are told, would not have disavowed her pages. She exalted, it is said again, the art of writing to a science. Hitherto it has been impossible to form an independent opinion as to what truth may lie at the basis of exaggerated praise like this, for the letters that have been published as from Eliza to Yorick are all forgeries. But attached to the *Journal* there is a long letter — some hundred pages — in Mrs. Draper's own hand, which she sent from Bombay to her friend Mrs. James in London. The letter is a sort of autobiography, in which are given with much detail the incidents that led to the friendship with Sterne, and the writer's subsequent life after returning to India. In the course of the narrative, Mrs. Draper carelessly throws off brief essays on conduct or education, character sketches, and sentimental episodes, half fact and half fiction, doubtless to show what she could do in these lines. She did not write exactly, as Sterne says somewhere, "with the pen of an angel," but her style would do no discredit to Miss Chapone or to Margaret Duchess of Newcastle. Her ideal was Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, whose assemblies of bluestockings were then becom-

ing famous. "I would rather be an attendant on her person," she wrote, after reading Mrs. Montagu's essay on the *Genius of Shakespeare*, "than the first peeress of the realm."

The beautiful Mrs. Draper of facile pen was twenty-three years old when the friendship began between her and Sterne. Born in India of English parents belonging on each side to a good family,—the present Lord Basing, of Hoddington House, Hants, is a descendant of her father's brother,—she was sent to England when a mere child for "the frivolous education," regarded as good enough for "girls destined for India." "The generality of us," she wrote in sorrowful retrospect, ". . . were never instructed in the Importance of any thing, but one Worldly Point, that of getting an Establishment of the Lucrative kind, as soon as possible, a tolerable complexion, an Easy manner, some degree of taste in the adjustment of our ornaments, some little skill in dancing a minuet, and singing an air." With this sort of training, she returned to India, in her fourteenth year, to become, six months later, the wife of Daniel Draper, her elder by some twenty years. Her husband, who had been for some time in the service of the East India Company, proved a faithful and efficient

servant, but he was withal heavy and unimaginative. After Mrs. Draper's memorable visit to England when she met Sterne, she went back to India, spoiled by flattery and literary ambitions, for the humdrum life that awaited her. For a time she assisted Mr. Draper in his correspondence, taking the place of two clerks; but this could not last long. She naturally enough felt, as one of her sentences runs, a "great Dearth of every thing which could charm the Heart—please the Fancy, or speak to the judgment." So came the inevitable quarrel between husband and wife, a life apart, and eventually Mrs. Draper's flight to England. The period of freedom was destined to be rather brief. Five years in England, and she died at the age of thirty-five.

Mrs. Draper lies buried in the cloisters of Bristol Cathedral, where to her memory stands a monument symbolizing in its two draped figures Genius and Benevolence, the qualities with which the inscription endows her. But her spirit, it was once a superstition, long continued to haunt Belvidere House,—her home overlooking the harbor of Bombay,—and might be dimly seen on any night, "flitting about in corridor or verandah in hoop and farthingale."

MY NEIGHBOR'S

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

THE tenth commandment has never greatly troubled me. My neighbor's house, his lands, his children, his manservants, his maidservants even, I can allow him with a quiet mind; his ox and his ass far be it from me to lure into less juicy pastures. There are many people, and my neighbor is one of them, whose satisfaction flourishes only in a soil of personal possession. They are always scheming to bring the widest possible acreage of *things* under the sway of one little two-lettered pronoun. I for pure and unalloyed pleasure go to that which is my neighbor's. Against his nine points of the law I set up my ten of enjoyment. What is mine has never held for me the irresponsible thrill of delight my neighbor's yields. My playhouse of a cottage with its quaint inconveniences within and its close-shorn fringe of green without — a poor thing but mine own — impels me to neither rampant independence nor couchant apology. My neighbor has ample elegance for his body-servant, and all outdoors for his playground, but so far as I am concerned he exists for my benefit. Why, then, should I make covetous comparisons? True, he may have aims of his own; he is not one to adopt readily the low estate of a means to my gratification, — who would not be an end in himself? — and it is not in human nature to recognize an unwelcome destiny without spectacles. I do not pretend to know his views; he speaks a language to which I hold no key.

My neighbor's grounds run far back from the road until, shaking off the lines of artful naturalness they have been forced into by the landscape gardener, they lose themselves in a delicious tangle of nonconformity. Their master is no freethinker. His mind is an intellectual

Noah's ark. Inherited in pairs from his fathers, culled in couples from the books he read in his youth, ideas have made entrance from time to time as into a life-boat warranted to outfloat the flood of new thought, and once within they have found security. My neighbor permits no leakage. I have a fancy he gives them air and exercise twice a day, when morning and evening he strolls with his cigar, never very widely, through his grounds. The gardens suffice for his constitutionals. Other minds have planned the direction of their paths, other hands have laid them out, and between their trim borders my neighbor's feet walk placidly. His climbing roses fling themselves over the fence in an ardor of new emprise; my neighbor calls his gardener's attention to their need of pruning. His is an existence doubling upon itself with comfortable complacency. A paradox is this neighbor of mine: the physical law of inertia personified, yet a busy man; an owner of much wealth, yet fully possessed of nothing; blind and deaf and dumb, yet saying, "I see, I hear, I speak — who to more purpose?"

Last year he put in hundreds of bulbs along the path that wanders sociably beside the brook: crocuses spreading a many-colored carpet over winter's ravages; narcissuses, companies of gay heralds, catching the May sunshine in their golden trumpets; flocks of tall iris, lanes of lilies, rich in Oriental splendor; and I know he never got half the pleasure out of them that I did. Really my neighbor and I are joint proprietors. He holds the title-deeds, I enjoy; he labors, I enter into the fruit of his labors. His is the substance; the earth of the gardens and their products, the wood of the trees and their fruitage, the sticks and stones of the

house, that which may be billed, crated, and catalogued; mine is the glory of sunshine on dew-drenched flowers, the still delight of ferny woods, the fine-lined contour of rocks and trees and noble architecture, the intimate beauty of it all. And mine, I take it, is the more profitable ownership. The birds do not sing for my neighbor, his roses do not bloom for him; the alchemy of sunshine is to him a locked science, with him the silversmith of night holds no dealings. His responsibilities impoverish him. But I am carefree as a denizen of Vagabondia, without the drawbacks of such citizenship. I am rich in the secrets of field and wood, of garden and lawn, in the sight of my eyes and the hearing of my ears, and the worries of wealth are far from me. I do not dream o' nights that tramps are riffling my imported grapevines, or that thieves are making off with my silver plate; fire and flood and insurance have no terrors for me.

There is no miserliness possible to the possessor of my wealth. It grows by giving. I share my riches with every passer-by,—if he be blessed with the use of his five senses, and of a sixth, appreciation, without which the five are but half-senses,—and am no poorer. I would share it with my neighbor, but he knows no sixth sense, and I am not surgeon enough to quicken his mental vision.

Every theory has its parasite of fallacy. I have no justification for those who hold that enjoyment carries with it the right to personal possession. I should as soon think of clambering over my neighbor's spiked stone wall and helping myself to his pears as of opening his gate and picking a bunch of his Jacqueminot roses. His house is crowded with books and pictures and curios from all corners of the earth. I may be the intellectual owner of an Aldine, but I do not consider myself thereby vested with the title to its print and pages. Before I go into my neighbor's house and take a Corot from his walls, I shall have decided to try a few months of first-hand research in the subject, How

the criminal classes live in the workhouse. The law does not concern itself with appreciations. Nowhere is it written: To him that hath shall be given of that which he hath not. The currency of enjoyment is not quoted in tables of exchange. Material wealth buys no spiritual possessions; how, then, shall spiritual wealth give title to material possessions?

Being a woman, I realize that I am putting in jeopardy my reputation for truth-telling when I say that I do not envy my neighbor's wife. I write it with trepidation. The words stare up at me with an air of stern Hebraic virtue. Yet there are hundreds like me, with whom it is not a question of morals at all, but of compensations. I have known women of indifferent character to be strict keepers of the law because of a complacent assurance that other women looked on them with longing. I have no such supposition as this in regard to my neighbor's wife. I am convinced the idea of coveting anything of mine has never entered her pretty head. But I prop my moral scaffolding with the theory that if she were wise she would envy me. Perhaps it is as well she is not wise. The woman who would change her identity for another's has said good-by to happiness. I can imagine but one fate worse than to be my neighbor's wife, and that is to be his wife and understand the haplessness of it. So we two make interchange of wasted pity over a fence of neighborly civility.

I own there are times when the thought of her maidservants would go far toward reconciling me to her lot. The average servant is a will-o'-the-wisp. Now you see her, and now you see the week's wash heaped in the middle of the kitchen floor, the unscraped dishes dumped in the sink, the little gray kittens of dirt frolicking under the tables and chairs. She belongs to that questionable order of small evils tolerated for the sake of ultimate good, plants which have always flourished on the shady side of the tree of ethical discussion. Expressed in ratio the formula for a model servant is

$$\frac{\text{good}}{\text{evil}} = \text{infinity.}$$

Perhaps my mathematics are at fault, but I have never yet succeeded in getting one I could write above zero. Here, I confess, is the vulnerable point in my armor: only circumstance — saint in cramped cloisters — saves me from sorry overthrow. My playhouse is, as I have remarked, small, almost painfully small; furthermore it is in the last stages of congestion. Already I am contemplating moving the piano out on the piazza and reversing the excellent advice of the Lady from Philadelphia. Otherwise even I might indulge in a little harmless wishing for a maid like those that swarm at my neighbor's. My neighbor's wife is a past mistress of the dexterous art of making and keeping servants. I sometimes fancy she must develop them by rule, the results are so irreproachable. Give her the rawest material, and in a month she has a cook from Arcady, a Utopian parlor maid, a waitress fit for the gods. And they stay, — how they stay! Only death or a man can drag them off.

But when I get a bit blue thinking of my neighbor's maidservants, I look around, and laugh. The proverbial bull in the china closet would be a Lilliputian beast beside a maid in my playhouse. Verily I think she would have to sleep on the roof, or I might sling a hammock for her beside the piano on the front piazza, — the refrigerator lives on the back porch, — but I doubt whether she would take kindly to such a camper's arrangement, especially in winter. After all, the treasure of greatest price slips an iron hand into her velvet glove. Would I exchange my easy, undragoned solitude for the lightest rule of the most model servant? On second thoughts, let my neighbor keep the clockwork machinery of his domestic establishment; for me the old sundial with nothing but the slipping shadow of my unstudied desires is still the best.

Another of my neighbor's holdings from which I clear a clean-conscienced

enjoyment is one of his children. Your own children are either a rebuke to pride or a cause of vainglory, but how much solid comfort or discomfort you can take in your neighbor's children! There is no prejudice of possession to deflect the eyesight, no cringing for their manners, no magnifying their brightnesses. They are a torment and a tease, food for reflection and matter for gossip, a terror by day and a relief by night, a diversion in free hours and a distraction in busy, a long way removed from angels, and sometimes not far from imps.

This child of my neighbor is a healthy little girl. She looks clean, until she begins to play, and kissable — when she is clean. She wears her hair in the prevailing fashion, cut short off in her neck and tied on one side of her head with a big bow. Her clothes are sturdy and plain, — my neighbor's wife is, after all, a sensible woman. Should a stranger chance to speak to her at play, he would not think her an unusual child, yet to me she is the most delightful of my neighbor's possessions.

Her name? No matter. I did not wish to know it myself. I am distrustful of names; they are smiling villains, innocent-looking cheats, not what they seem. They look to be mere harmless bits of word-economy; they are really emotional shortcuts, and many travel therein. Because I happen to have been born very long after Adam, I rebel against being therefore cheated out of the freshness of my impressions. Habitual borrowers do not please me. If I would do a little independent thinking, if I would sound my own possibilities of feeling, let me not be dogged by the thought and feeling of all the past crystallized in five letters, or in a dozen. My friends are too hot for knowing the names of things. Sometimes I think this is a children's age, only the children are not young in years. These friends of mine have countless clubs, curiosity shops, where for a moderate expenditure of their curious coin they pick up glib phrases, pat combinations of

words, which they fling around indiscriminately in their walks. It gives them such child-like pleasure to display their little learning! And when they have named a thing, they rest satisfied, not knowing that its subtlest quality has escaped them.

My neighbor's wife has often urged me to join her club for bird study. "Why, you don't know the names of even the commonest birds," she cries. And I do not. I have been at some pains not to be sure about them. A little ignorance is so much more comfortable to live with than a little knowledge. "A bird is as beautiful by one name as another," I answer her. "His flight is as swift, his song is as sweet, his life is as shy. Literary allusions to him are not the bird, they are poetry, essay, story. When I stand in your woods, and one flutters noiselessly to the branch over my head and flits again, I have no wish to squander my precious moment craning my neck to see if he has a spot on his tail, running through a catalogue of names, or ecstatically murmuring something that Shakespeare or Wordsworth or neither has said of him. I want no literature, no word with its definite associations to blot out from me that unlettered poetry of the woods which the first poet read untrammeled in the morning of the world."

Of course she does not understand, but I can forgive her anxiety to supply me with a full list of birds' names. What I do not like is her forcing the child's upon me. We had become acquainted without my making the stereotyped bid for a child's acquaintance, "What is your name, little girl?" That has always seemed to me close cousin to the highwayman's method. A child has as much right to the unlooted possession of its name as have I to my watch and pocket-book, and at the muzzle of the question it is no better defended. If my neighbor's wife had not insisted on calling her small daughter by name in my presence, I might have had my choice of Margaret or Mary Ann. Better still, I should have brought to her acquaintance none of those precon-

ceived notions, those shreds of remembered qualities and tatters of crisscrossed associations, that cling about a name.

It was five years ago when I first spoke to the child. She has bothered me a good deal since, but I do not haggle over the price of her friendship. We tramp and talk together, we explore the unfrequentèd corners of her father's acres, and the odd nooks in our own thoughts. I air my prejudices, and she hers. Outwardly she is much the same little girl I first met, distinguished only in that she plays harder than the other children. But I can see she is growing up in more than stature (her brown head has crept to the level of my shoulder). I have a fancy that before long I shall be called on to share my subtlest claims to the joint ownership of my neighbor's lands. Already his library is his daughter's. Not as she will be some day, but still in a very real sense, she is rich in books. Long lines of calf and morocco bindings throng my neighbor's shelves. On the margins of some he jotted notes years ago, with many he has never been on speaking terms, with none has his acquaintance passed beyond an impersonal intercourse. Not to my neighbor do the book people send their cards of invitation. But many a time in passing the gate I have hesitated, seeing the child at play, as I first thought, alone upon the lawn, — hesitated and dared not enter where so gay a company was gathered. It is not for a plain American, just home from a tramp, to mingle with King Arthur's court, to feast with Robin Hood on the king's deer, to jest with Rosalind, to laugh with gay Prince Hal, to bandy quips with Puck the irresponsible, to hear Sinbad the Sailor spin his yarns, and Old World minstrels sing their lays.

Where does the child get her appreciations, I sometimes wonder. What ancestor of hers loved the beauty of the world, and the wholesome sweetness of books? Sensitiveness to these things is not in my neighbor or in his wife. Did they have its possibility once, and have they starved it to death? You can kill a liking and a

love. Neglect, starvation, the will power to drown the little blind kittens of a nature groping for light, — these are deadly weapons. Or may it be that this responsiveness has been developed in the child in answer to the impelling beauty of her surroundings? has the outward moulded the inward? Who shall tell? Perhaps each surmise holds a kernel of truth. The child is a dreamer, and there is no sure rule whereby to account for such.

I did not know till lately that she was also a bit of a magician. Knights and

ladies, monsters and children, a motley company now fall under her spells. Should she grow up to capture life as vividly as she has mastered fairyland, to weave in a many-colored web of words the warp of things that are with the woof of fancy, my neighbor will be very proud of her. With his blind old eyes that think they see he will look at her work, and will not understand. He will say "my daughter," but he will never know a kinship closer than the physical, a possession higher than the material.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN AN APPENDIX

Two generations ago the lovers of humor used to give a little time to the story of one Timothy Dexter, a curious compound of knave, crank, and fool, who made a fortune, it was believed by fantastic means, built a fantastic house in Newburyport, and published a fantastic book. In the second impression of this book, he tells us that, people having complained because there were no stops in it, he had added two pages full of punctuation marks in an Appendix, and they might "pepper and salt it," as much as they chose.

It has seemed to me that not a few of our current publications would be improved by a similar system, whereby a good deal of matter, which is somehow deemed essential for what one might call constructional purposes, but needless for comfort or beauty, might be relegated in mass to an appendix, whence those who like such things might select for insertion in the text as much as they liked, without requiring those who do not care for it to wade through it. It is especially in novels that such a plan seems feasible.

For instance: modern novels have a great deal of tobacco in them. The he-

roes, villains, and confidants are eternally lighting cigarettes, varied by a certain amount of pipes and cigars. These do not help on the plot, the action, or the dialogue. They can hardly be conceived to give local color, for they are introduced independent of all locality; and as they are impossible in stories of more than four centuries ago, they would not appear to be essential to create an interest in the narrative. Now there are still living those who do not want any tobacco in their novels, and a large number who do not want such an endless amount of it. Would it not be possible to leave out all smoking from the body of the book, and print as an appendix two or three pages of tobacconists' advertisements, out of which those who really cannot breathe without nicotine might spice the chapters at their pleasure. The dealers would gladly pay for this exploitation of their wares.

Another opportunity for this hygienic inoculation with appendicitis is given by descriptions of scenery, — particularly cloud-effects. When one is reading along with interest, rapidly passing from mere keenness to almost breathless excitement, eager to know whether Ethel is going to accept the duke, or whether Herbert is

going to make that fortune which will enable him to come in as a machine god and rescue her, one has to stop and wade through an evening in the Dolomites, or a sunrise in the Yosemite. These may be very well done; they may be as exact as a reproduction of the Arundel Society. But they are fearfully in the way; there is nothing done, said, or thought, till the last color of the Tyrolean sunset has "died like the dolphin," or the last gauzy veil has been lifted from the geysers. If they only affected the result,—if the Dolomite peak only reflected a ray of resolution upon Ethel's purpose, if the Yosemite slope only revealed to Arthur a bonanza in quartz,—one could be grateful. But nothing of the sort; they are padding,—artistic, suggestive padding, if you will. Now why cannot their lovers let them be all together in the appendix, in the form of photogravures, with notes in the text referring to No. 8 or No. 17, and let the rest of us get on with Ethel and Herbert?

Perhaps also we should fare none the worse if all introspections and self-communings were concentrated into a few supplementary pages. As it is, no sooner is Ethel comfortably established in her piazza chair among her Dolomites, no sooner is Herbert uncomfortably bestowed in his Pullman, "speeding" across the continent, than each begins to review all the hopes, fears, wishes, doubts, that the situation calls up. Undoubtedly such a review is terribly true to life. We all of us have to go through it, much oftener and more thoroughly than we wish to. It does not help us; we end where we began, and so do our hero and heroine. Ethel gets a belated letter, covered with postmarks, which tells her that her aunt will not perpetrate that second marriage; Herbert's train is boarded at Flagstaff by some one who brings the latest tip on Northern Securities; and all their nicely balanced self-communings are rendered null and void. A few pages of them might be appended to satisfy the longing hearts of those who love to have events and talks deferred, and they could protract the

agony as long as they liked by recognizing their own interminable worries of days gone by.

In Macaulay's *Life* we are told how the fashionable novels of eighty years ago were punctuated with fainting fits indulged in indiscriminately by both sexes, whenever a crisis in the story occurred. These need not now seek an appendix; they are forever dead and buried. But how much equally superfluous matter is still allowed to haunt our best stories, not because it helps plot, incidents, talk, or character, but because, as Dexter thought of "stops," it is supposed to be the thing? By the use of an appendix, which, like the answers in a school Algebra, might appear in some copies and not in others, all tastes could be gratified.

PET ECONOMIES

What is your pet economy? Mine is collar buttons. You see, I take you into my confidence before you have a chance to deny that you have such a thing. All the same, I'll wager you have. I have yet to meet the individual, man or woman, who has not some pet economy which is cherished with the dogged unreason of early habit. Yes, I confess that mine—the principal one—is collar buttons. Think of it! Ten cents for a collar button! Or twenty-five for a better one; though that is only plated. I have a set, and one or two to spare; but the spare ones are a recent acquisition. One was a Christmas present—one of the most acceptable I ever had! It is a solid gold one. I always had wanted a solid gold collar button, and would like to have three or four more; but never have been able to bring myself to invest so much capital in that particular adjunct to the wardrobe. They are liable to be lost, and have a way of rolling under the bureau, when not observed, or being picked up by the servants. Several times I have been on the point of buying all the collar buttons I want; but the good resolution never happened to be coincident with the opportunity to purchase.

I find no such difficulty in regard to other incidents of apparel. I bought a flamboyant waistcoat the other day, the price of which would have stocked me in collar buttons for the rest of my natural life; and did not feel that it was an extravagance, either. But I shied at the collar-button tray in the haberdasher's, and hurried out, clutching tightly the change from a ten-dollar bill, as if fleeing from some awful temptation.

I have reasoned it out, and know that I could lose six gold collar buttons a year, and not have to cut down on my cigar allowance. And yet,—well, here I am in the condition of destitution to which I stand confessed.

I inflict these personalities upon the reader merely by way of illustration. It is not that my experience is unique. You have your pet economy, too, and will confess, at once, that you have had experiences very like mine. And you know friends whose pet economies seem to you extremely absurd. In fact, it is easier to discover these economies in our friends and acquaintances than in ourselves. Wealth is no eradicator for them. Indeed, it is among the wealthy that the most delightful specimens are to be found. I am reliably informed that one of Mr. Rockefeller's most cherished economies is golf balls. To lose a golf ball wrings his heart. Even an old hacked and dilapidated ball, gone in the tall grass, will weigh on his mind all through dinner, and his man will have orders to make a special search in the afternoon to see if it cannot be recovered. I have in mind a particular occasion, and a particular ball, and it is circumstantially related that, on the same afternoon, while still stewing about that little pellet of india rubber, he called his private secretary, and had him write a cheque subscribing five million dollars to a charitable purpose. Think of it! How many golf balls can be bought for a dollar? How many for a hundred dollars? A thousand? A million? A hundred million? If all Mr. Rockefeller's dollars were converted into

golf balls, and he should spend the rest of his life knocking them into the tall grass, how old would he have to be before he became a pauper? If he lived the span of the Old Testament patriarchs, and worked hard, I fancy he would have quite a pile before him when the Man with the Scythe called time.

String is one of the commonest of the pet economies. Have n't you a friend (I have) who insists, always and inevitably, upon stopping to untie the knots in order to save the string about the parcel? No matter what haste or impatience attends the opening; no matter that there is a great wad of just such strings on the nail in the pantry. Untied it must be, and the string saved. It might come handy. Now I stand here and denounce that practice as an irrational, illogical absurdity. I am emancipated from the string habit, and I know. There is nothing, except matches, so cheap in this day and age, as string. The investment of fifteen cents will stock a household with string enough, of assorted sizes, to last a year. Yes, for that amount you may revel in string—string without knots or tangles, and of interminable length. No fifteen-cent investment that I know of gives such ample and satisfactory returns in a year as the string investment. And, on the other hand, I know of no more laborious way to save fifteen cents a year than by picking the knots and cherishing the twine that comes with every package. But I need not argue the case. The string economy is no more rational than my collar-button, or Mr. Rockefeller's golf-ball, economy. It is just one of those pet economies of which I am speaking.

I know a lady of great wealth and fashion (or, to be more truthful, I know of her) whose pet economy is stationery. I had a note from her once written on that terribly cheap school-store paper folded and ruled in faint blue lines. I marveled, and made inquiries, and learned that, though in all other respects she lived as became her wealth and station, she never could bring herself to pay for anything better

in note paper. Her house is beautiful and perfect in its appointments; she has her carriages, her gowns, and her box at the opera. But when it comes to note paper, she feels that she must economize.

Another lady (this one I know more intimately) balks at the payment of excess baggage charges; and, as she is a great traveler, and always carries more weight than the rules of the railroads allow, this economy costs her a deal of money. I have in mind one instance when she paid her man's fare to New York, and gave him four dollars to bribe expressmen, not to mention the price of his dinner, and three dollars for an extra dray, in order to get out of paying excess charges which would not have exceeded two dollars and thirty cents. She is a generous woman, on the whole, and has an abundance of means; but excess baggage she deems the last straw in the burden of expense, and she will pay double the amount to get around it.

Other instances which occur to me are of the man who borrows his neighbor's newspaper to save one or two cents; and the one who insists on wearing the same tie for a year, despite the protests of his family; and the other who labors, and compromises with his conscience, to "knock down" street car fares. These are all men who are so far removed from penury that the cost of the articles in question is really no consideration. And in other relations of life they are generous and open-handed. For I am not alluding, in any part of this discussion, to the constitutionally or habitually close-fisted or stingy. These are merely pet economies.

I have thought a bit about the matter, and have concluded that pet economies are evidences of a defective education. Not general education — mind you — but education in the grand art of spending money. The science of economics, —the every-day economics which you and I and all of us are compelled to master, and to practice on a larger or smaller scale, — this science is divided into two chapters; one on How to acquire money,

and the other on How to spend money. In the United States more attention is given to the first chapter than to the second. There are nine people who are successful in making money, to one who is successful in spending it. I do not have to explain to this intelligent audience that the mere getting rid of money is not success in the art of spending. To spend money as it should be spent requires intelligence and thought. It requires study — study directed to this one end. I was reminded of this not long ago when I was a guest in the house of my hospitable friend, Senator — but perhaps we had best name no names. He had bought some exquisite taste for his million-dollar mansion, but the shelves of his library offered two subscription sets of the World's Best Literature, and seventy-eight lineal feet of the official records of our late unpleasantness with the South. Poor man! I wanted to take some of his millions, and show him what to do with them. He knows much better than I do how to get them; but I could spend them — oh, ever so much better than he! I do not pretend to have mastered the art of spending, but I could give Mr. Rockefeller valuable pointers. I could show him how not to worry over a thirty-nine-cent golf ball. That's where hereditary wealth gets its show of superiority; in the scramble to get money the art of spending has not been so shamefully neglected. It is a rare thing to see the two requirements evenly balanced. A man devotes a lifetime to the first chapter, and then, after his brain processes have begun to harden, and new lessons are not easy to master, he starts in on the second half of the volume.

In the family the "women folks" are generally the ones to furnish whatever intelligence is directed to this chapter. Not being engrossed in money-getting, they have a little time and thought to devote to money-spending; and many a home has been made beautiful, and the seeming reflection of taste and culture, as the result of their efforts. But they are handicapped. If the Provider does not follow

their enlightened researches, and approve and appreciate their discoveries, but judges only by the precepts of his chapter on acquisition, it is small wonder if they make but slow headway.

Pet economies are the unmastered details in the art of money-spending. The big things are obvious, and are taken in without much question. The big house, the rugs and furniture, the carriages and gowns, are the plain corollaries to a million. But in trifles, in the things which go to make up our less vigorous moments, the sway of the first chapter and its axioms is upon us, and we wrangle over the pennies, and deny ourselves, with the conscientiousness of a trust limiting the output.

Pet economies are limitations. They are telltales, tattling of a time when we were engrossed only in getting. They are sure evidences, also, of slovenly attention to the rudiments of the second chapter on finance.

I know; and some day I shall get a dozen solid gold ones.

BEHIND THE SHOP

I HAVE just discovered what it is I miss from the abundant fiction of the present hour. Many years ago (when I read stories because they were stories and passed the time so pleasantly in an old-fashioned library looking out on an old-fashioned garden), I continually lost myself in the rapt contemplation of a kind of life so filled with romance and quiet enchantment as to leave to this day an ache in my heart that I could never actually experience it. It was the life of certain happy English people who lived behind the shop, and got from their intercourse with the great world sending its ambassadors to their doors all the perfectly pure satisfactions to be gained from a great world. The drama and tragedy of the little shop must have appealed with special strength to the minor writers of my childhood. I cannot remember the name of a single character in the very humble fictions of which I speak, but I remember the tidy

little sums brought in by the sale of tidy little wares, and how the customers came in at inopportune moments, and delayed the cooking of the dinner. I remember how the tape and ribands, and the cotton thread put a dreadful strain on every one in the dressmaking season; and once when an illustrated edition of *Can You Forgive Her?* came into my hands, I lost the thread of the story — positively lost the thread of a Trollope story — wondering at which of my shops had been bought the trimmings for Lady Glencora's voluminous gown. I remember one very sorrowful story in which a small shop-keeper entertained a rival who, in the course of conversation, nefariously extracted all sorts of information about the trade and the neighborhood, and turned out to be the agent for a large dealer who presently set up across the way from "The Teapot," and put out a great sign with the name, "The Two Teapots," cruelly blazoned on it. Whenever I think of that bit of enterprise, all that is said of the modern Corporation and the greed of Trusts falls sweetly upon my ear, mingling curiously with the hum of bumblebees in syringa bushes, and the sound of hammering in a distant blue-stone yard.

When I first read *Evan Harrington*, and the problems of tailordom were forced upon me, I harked back to my little shops, and considered if they were not perhaps the simpler and more dignified of the two kinds of trade. They were never places in which skill of hand and loving labor in a difficult craft were exchanged for lucre. They were merely mediums of exchange, as our banks and trust companies may be, in which commodities were bought and sold without any question of whether the dear work of one's trained fingers was worth the price. One little shop, the most famous and touching and delightful of all those in which I have lingered, is well known to all readers of English fiction, — Miss Matty's shop in Cranford, where the good lady gave five lozenges to an ounce instead of four, and so was out of pocket;

the decorous tea and candy shop whose proprietress was so much afraid of interfering with the business of the regular tea merchant of the town that she went to him, and asked if he thought that by any possibility she could be running the risk of doing him an injury by setting up a rival establishment.

Of course, it can't be helped. The day of the small shop with the lodging rooms behind it is practically over, and writers of the present can hardly concern themselves with such annals of the past. But when I read novels in which the growth of vast golden fortunes is commemorated, and the society to which they give rise is described, I sigh for those canisters of Gunpowder and Pekoe, those cakes and lolypops, that mixture of bread, shoes, tape, and bacon, that viny window looking out upon a thorn tree, that frugal meal of a hot chop and some slices of fried pudding, the smart bow at the neck on a Saturday afternoon, all the homely thrills and busy-ness of pleasant days in and behind the shop.

ON SINGING SONGS WITH ONE FINGER

JAMES HUNEKER, the critic, has pointed out that lovers of the drama, who are sound judges as well, too frequently have so little taste in music that they tolerate or even approve the most atrocious noises emitted in the name of musical comedy; while lovers and sound judges of music are quite as often woefully remiss in their knowledge of stagecraft, accepting scenery and stage management in their opera which would put men less skilled in the creation of theoretic illusion than David Belasco to the blush.

How true it is that unto him who hath shall be denied, and unto him who hath not shall be given what the other man could use to such advantage! The composer who can both pucker the lips of the gallery gods and satisfy the ears of the musical critics, how infrequent a visitor on this planet! so that Offenbach and

Sullivan must often have suffered from loneliness. The singer who can also act, how rare a song bird! The interpreter of the *lieder* of Franz or Schubert or Grieg who will sacrifice vocal display to the composer's meaning, and who has the fineness of soul to grasp and make manifest the mood of the lyric, how welcome a guest! And yet those who could write undying comic music if only they were composers, who could lift the hearts of their hearers into the skies with "Hark, hark, the lark," if only they could sing, are legion in number. How often, in short, like those two in Lord Houghton's poem, are temperament and technique — "strangers yet."

So are they in me, alas! total strangers. From my earliest years I have been filled with the joyous impulse of song, but never were ears more false to the one true pitch than mine, never was voice less commensurate with ambition. My youthful dreams, when they were not of football or swimming, were all of the Sirens, and I deemed Ulysses, if prudent, none the less a lack-sentiment sort of hero, not inspiring to know, because he stopped his ears to their song. The jeers of my fellows long ago taught me the bitter lesson to keep my melody to myself, but the impulse is still in me to sing, the myriad moods of music are still mine, and I still consider Ulysses the first of the Philistines.

For some time I thought my own case unique, but acquaintance with a music critic who cannot hum a tune, and with a celestial tenor (such tenors are so rare I fear this may be too personal for print!) who was the most stupid of men, without the slightest capacity for high passion of any sort, convinced me of my error: and many subsequent conversations with men and women like myself incapacitated by nature for self-expression, as well as much listening to bad singers with good voices, have but forced conviction home. And now, when unfeeling relatives and scoffing friends smile the superior smile of the "musically talented" at sight of my piano which I play with one finger, and at the pile of music upon it, I let them smile,

calm in the assurance that songs and instrument are mine by better right, perhaps, than theirs, who can raise voices quite on pitch to the accompaniment of eight fingers and two thumbs.

For, when none of them are by, I play with my one finger the airs of the world's great *lieder*, and hear from that slight suggestion the songs as they should be sung. As I would rather read Hamlet in my library than see the average actor attempt the part, so I would rather play *Der Atlas* with one finger, with my own imagination calling forth the tragic power and grief, the superb climax of surprise and thunder, than hear it sung by any man at present on the concert stage. The poignant sadness cross-shot with humor of another of Schubert's songs, *The Hurdy Gurdy*, vanishes in the concert room, melts hopelessly into the dulcet tones of the young lady soprano, whose friends twitter when she is done, "What a pretty song." But my one-fingered rendering — aided in this song by occasional jabs with three fingers of the left hand — brings to my inward ear the pathos of the barrel organ, heard over the distant hum of a careless city, laden with the sorrow of all the world; brings memories, too, of that consummate singer of songs, Marcella Sembrich. Under the touch of my blunt forefinger the *lieder* of MacDowell distill their delicate melancholy, that in the homes of my friends, where daughters ripple well dusted piano keys and display expensive voices, yield only treacle and honey. Why should I mind the supercilious smile of my neighbor next door when he occasionally catches me at my unidigital performance, he who is a soloist in a noted church choir, but who, I very well know, prefers *The Palms* or *Mr. Dooley* to Purcell's, *I'll sail upon the Dog Star*, if, indeed, he ever heard the madly melodious boast of the "roaring boy?"

After all, there is nothing wonderful in this. It but shows that the genius which creates and the imagination which appreciates are akin. Even operas and symphonies were composed at a piano.

Strauss heard the one hundred and five instruments which are called on to represent the cry of the baby in his *Symphonia Domestica* all tooting and scraping in the notes his ten fingers evoked from his piano keys. (Personally I should rather have heard them so!) And why cannot I hear at least a simple little song in the melody that my one finger plays? The numerical ratio is in my favor, surely, although my neighbor would doubtless rudely suggest that I am not Richard Strauss. At any rate, for me there is a great joy in singing songs as they ought to be sung, if only with one finger, which has done much to console me for the technical powers nature has so plentifully denied me. I offer the same solution to all others who are in my case, only suggesting that it would be wise of them, perhaps, to learn while they are yet plastic the use of all ten fingers. They will not thereby secure ten times as much enjoyment, but their families will thank them!

THE BURBANKING OF ANIMALS

EVERY one who is interested in the practical application of science, and who ever reads the magazines, must be more or less wonderstruck and excited over the transformations which Mr. Burbank has of late years wrought in the vegetable world. The new forms of plant life which he has developed by judicious manipulation and mingling of the old are more amazing than the marvels of the *Arabian Nights*, and more than justify the threadbare phrase so common on the pen of the journalist, "the miracles of science."

Gratitude for what one has, however, is apt to carry with it the increase of desire for what one has not, and here as elsewhere the appetite grows by what it feeds upon. Once started, the fancy is not to be restricted to the vegetable kingdom, but goes swiftly on to conjure up possibilities in the field of animal combinations. The old fables may surely be realized, now that science has gone so far in the art of combining living elements. Why, with

the horse and the condor at the service of the Burbank of the animal kingdom, need Pegasus remain a mythical creature; or the unicorn exist only in heraldry while the Shetland pony and rhinoceros offer the elements for its appearance in the flesh? The gryphon and the sacred fringed tortoise of the East might not be of any very great practical value, but they would be highly interesting from association, and would lend an admirable air of distinction to the lawn of their fortunate possessor.

In the way of practical combinations the field is unlimited. From the trustworthiness and docility of the dog and the clever agility of the monkey might be developed a domestic creature which would solve the question of servants without giving offense to the most fanatical enemy of slavery; already science has gone far toward producing a race of cows giving pure cream, and it is only a step to a herd producing butter at first hand; the fancy of crossing bees with glow-worms, so that the resulting insects may be able to work at night, has been exploited as a jest, to the utter confounding of the Englishman's perception of American humor, but it may after all come to be a practical possibility; if the strength and marvelous intelligence of the elephant could be tempered by the willingness and placidity of the ox, man would have such a beast for work as the world has never seen; to attempt to give to the horse the jumping powers of the grasshopper or the flea might prove too much even for science, but something might be done by utilizing the splendid lightness of the deer. What a blessing, moreover, would he confer on his race — and the thing seems well within the probabilities blessedly shining through the mists of the future — who should produce a dumb cat! Perhaps the rabbit would do for the dumbness, or the badger; but however it came, nations would arise to call that man blessed by whose skill the tabbies of the back alleys wandered

through the spring nights in their amorous ecstasies — screechless. Combinations undreamed of would undoubtedly develop as science proceeded, and the limit is not to be set to the wonders which would result.

To consider humanity itself as subjected to the will of science, and individuals altered in form for the convenience of the race at large, may seem to some a matter too serious to be even speculated about; yet the bees set man the example, and rear from similar grubs a drone, a worker, or a queen, as best suits the public need, and modern philosophers are not wanting who imagine that here is to be found a foreshadowing of what is to befall the human race in some future stage of development. If humanity is to be thus manipulated, many results long desired may be attained, and possibilities dimly hinted at in mythology be realized here also. Janus may be only the mythical prototype of the future schoolmaster, able to face the blackboard and the school at the same time; the sphinx may in veritable flesh stand sentry at our gates; and, most blessed dream of all! the time may come when six arms may sprout from the shoulders of the overworked mortal who now longs for three pairs of hands when the accumulated tasks cannot be accomplished by any means less. To think of a servant with six hands, the waiter in a restaurant, the taker of tickets, the busy needlewoman, as so abundantly endowed by nature is in itself enough to make one envy our descendants who may see this in the reality. Yet one awful thought intrudes itself; suppose the six-armed mother had offspring of her own sort! A household of children each with six hands devoted to mischief! The fancy reels at the idea, and reason suggests that after all there may be compensations for having been born before the Burbank of the animal kingdom has done his perfect work.